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## The Leatherwood God

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ALREADY, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, the settlers in the valley of Leatherwood Creek had opened the primeval forest to their fields of corn and tobacco on the fertile slopes and rich bottom-lands. The stream had its name from the bush which grew on its banks, and which with its tough and pliable bark served many uses of leather among the pioneers: they made parts of their harness with it, and the thongs which lifted their door-latches or tied their shoes or held their working clothes together. The name passed to the settlement, and then it passed to the man who came and went there in mystery and obloquy, and remained lastingly famed in the annals of the region as the Leatherwood God.

At the time he appeared the community had become a center of influence, spiritual as well as material, after a manner unknown to later conditions. It was still housed, for the most part, in the log cabins which the farmers built when they ceased to be pioneers, but in the older clearings and along the creek a good many frame-dwellings stood, and even some of brick. The population, woven of the varied strains from the North, East, and South which have mixed to form the Middle Western people, enjoyed an ease of

circumstance not so great as to tempt their thoughts from the other world and fix them on this. In their remoteness from the political centers of the young republic, they seldom spoke of the civic questions stirring the towns of the East; the commercial and industrial problems which trouble modern society were unknown to them. Religion was their chief interest, and the seriousness which they had inherited from their Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, and Moravian ancestry was expressed in their orderly and diligent lives; but the general prosperity had so far relaxed the stringency of their several creeds that their distinctive public rite had come to express a mutual toleration. The different sects had their different services, their ceremonies of public baptism, their revivals, their camp-meetings; but they gathered as one Christian people under the roof of the log-built edifice, thrice the size of their largest dwelling, which they called the Temple.

### I

A STORM of the afternoon before had cleared the mid-August air. The early sun was hot, but the wind had carried away the sultry mists, and infused fresh life into the day. Where Matthew Braile

sat smoking his corn-cob pipe in the covered porchway between the rooms of his double-log cabin he insensibly shared the common exhilaration, and waited comfortably for the breakfast of bacon and coffee which his wife was getting within. As he smoked on he inhaled, with the odors from her cooking, the dense, rich smell of the ripening corn that stirred in the morning breeze on three sides of the cabin, and the fumes of the yellow tobacco which he had grown and cured and was now burning. His serenity was a somewhat hawk-like repose, but the light that came into his narrowed eyes was of rather amused liking as a man on a claybank horse rode up before the cabin in the space where alone it was not hidden by the ranks of the tall corn. The man sat astride a sack with a grist of corn in one end balanced by a large stone in the other, and he made as if he were going on to the mill without stopping; but he yielded apparently to a temptation from within, since none had come from without.

"Whoa!" he shouted at the claybank, which the slightest whisper would have stayed; and then he called to the old man on the porch, "Fine mornun', Squire!"

Braile took out his pipe and spat over the edge of the porch before he called back:

"Won't you light and have some breakfast?"

"Well, no, thank you, Squire," the man said, and at the same time he roused the claybank from an instant repose, and pushed her to the cabin steps. "I'm just on my way down to Brother Hingston's mill, and I reckon Sally don't want me to have any breakfast till I bring back the meal for her to git it with; anyway, that's what she said when I left." Braile answered nothing, and the rider of the claybank added, with a certain uneasiness as if for the effect of what he was going to say, "I was up poortty late last night, and I reckon I overslep'." Then, as Braile remained silent, he went on briskly, "I was wonderun' if you hearn about the curious doun's last night at the camp-meetun'."

Braile said, without ceasing to smoke: "You 're the first one I 've seen this morning except my wife. She was n't at the camp-meeting." His aquiline profile, which met close at the lips from the loss of his teeth, compressed itself farther in leaving the whole burden of the affair to the man on the claybank, and his narrowed eyes were a line of mocking under the thick, gray brows that stuck out like feathers above them.

"Well, sir, it was great doun's," the other said, wincing a little under the old man's indifference.

Braile relented so far as to ask:

"Who was at the bellows?"

The other answered with a certain inward deprecation of the grin that spread over his face and the responsive levity of his phrase:

"There was a change of hands, but the one that kep' the fire gown' the hardes' and the hottes' was Elder Grove."

Braile made "Hoonch!" in the scornful guttural which no English spelling can represent.

"Yes, sir," the man on the claybank went on, carried forward by his own interest, but helpless to deny himself the guilty pleasure of falling in with Braile's humor, "he had 'em gown' lively about midnight, now I tell you: whoopun' and yellun', and rippun' and stavun', and fallun' down with the jerks, and pullun' and haulun' at the sinners to git 'em up to the mourners' bench, and hurrahun' over 'em as fast as they was knocked down and drug out. I never seen the beat of it in all my born days."

"You don't make out anything very strange, Abel Reverdy," Braile said, putting his pipe back into his mouth and beginning to smoke it again into a lost activity.

"Well, I hain't come to it yit," Reverdy apologized. "I reckon there never was a bigger meetun' in Leatherwood Bottom anywhere. Folks there from twenty mile' round, just slathers; I reckon there was a thousand, if there was one."

"Hoonch!" Braile would not trouble to take out his pipe in making the sound



now; the smoke got into his lungs, and he coughed.

Reverdy gained courage to go on, but he went on in the same strain, whether in spite of himself or not.

"There was as many as four exhorters keepun' her up at once to diff'rent tunes, and prayun' and singun' everywhere, so you could n't hear yourself think. Every exhorter had a mourners' bench in front of him, and I counted as many as eighty mourners on 'em at one time. The most of 'em was settun' under Elder Grove, and he was poundun' the kingdom into 'em good and strong. When the Spirit took him he roared so that he had the Hounds just flaxed out; you could n't ketch a yelp from 'em."

"Many Hounds?" Braile asked in a sort of cold sympathy with the riotous out-laws known to the religious by that name.

"Mought been 'fore I got there; but by that time I reckon they was most of 'em on the mourners' benches. They ought to tar and feather some of them fellers, or ride 'em on a rail, anyway, comun' round and makun' trouble on the edge of camp-meetun's. I did n't hear but one toot from their horns last night, and either because the elder had shamed 'em back into the shadder of the woods or brought 'em forwards into the light, there was n't a Hound, not to call a Hound, anywheres. I tell you, it was a sight, Squire; you ought to 'a' been there yourself." Reverdy grinned at his notion. "They had eight camp-fires goun' instead o' four, on top of the highest stagun's yit, so the whole place was lit up as bright as day; and when the elder stopped short and sudden, and the other exhorters held back their tommy-hawks, and all the saints and sinners left off their groanun' and jerkun' to see what was comun', now, it was a great sight, I tell you, Squire. The elder he put up his hand and says he, 'Let us pray!' and the blaze from all them stagun's seemed to turn itself right on to him, and the smoke and the leaves hung like a big red cloud over him, and everybody had their eyes fastened tight on his face like they could n't turn 'em anywhere else if they tried.

But he did n't begin prayun' straight off. He seemed to stop, and then says he, 'What shall we pray for?' and just then there come a kind of a snort, and a big voice shouted out, 'Salvation!' and then there come another snort,—'*Hooff!*'—like there was a scared horse got loose right in there among the people; and some of 'em jumped up from their seats and tumbled over the benches, and some of 'em bounced off and fell into fits, and the women screeched and fainted thick as flies. It give me about the worst feelun' I ever had in my life: went through me like a 'ax, and others said the same; some of 'em said it was like beun' scared in the dark, or more like when you think you 're just goun' to die."

Abel Reverdy stopped for the effect on Braile, who had been smoking tranquilly throughout, and who now asked quietly:

"And what was it?"

"What was it? A man! A stranger that nobody seen before, and nobody suspicioned was there till they hearn him give that kind of snort, and they seen him standun' right in front of the mourners' bench under Elder Grove's pulpit. He was in his bare head, and he had a suit of long, glossy, jet-black hair hengun' down back of his ears clean to his shoulders. He was kind of pale-like and sad-lookun', and he had a Roman nose some like yourn and eyes like two coals, just black fire, kind of. He was poortty thick-set round the shoulders, but he slimmed down towards his legs, and he stood about six feet high. But the thing of it," Reverdy urged, seeing that Braile remained outwardly unmoved, "was the way he was dressed. I s'pose the rest, beun' all in brown jeans and linsey-woolsey, made us notice it more. He was dressed in the slickest 'kind of black broadcloth, with a long frock-coat and a white cravat. He had on a ruffled shirt, and a tall beaver hat the color of the fur, and a pair of these here high boots, with his breeches strapped down under 'em."

Braile limbered himself from his splint-bottom chair, and came forward to the edge of the porch as if to be sure of spit-

ting quite under the claybank's body. Not until he had folded himself down into his seat again and tilted it back did he ask:

"Goin' to order a suit?"

"Oh, well," said Reverdy, with a mingling of disappointed hope, hurt vanity, and involuntary pleasure. If he had been deeply moved by the incident which he had tried to make Braile see with his own sense of its impressiveness, it could not have been wholly with the hope of impressing Braile that he had stopped to tell it. His notion might have been that Braile would ridicule it, and so help him throw off the lingering hold which it had upon him. His pain and his pleasure both came from Braile's leaving the incident alone and turning the ridicule upon him. That was cruel and yet funny, Reverdy had inwardly to own, as it touched the remoteness from a full suit of black broadcloth represented by his hickory shirt and his butternut trousers held up by a single suspender passing over his shoulder and fastened before and behind with wooden pegs. His straw hat, which he had braided himself, and his wife had sewed into shape the summer before, was ragged round the brim, and a tuft of his yellow hair escaped through a break in the crown. It was as far from a tall hat of fur-colored beaver as his bare feet were from a pair of high boots such as the stranger at the camp-meeting had worn, though his ankles were richly shaded in three colors from the road, the field, and the barnyard. He liked the joke so well that the hurt of it could hardly keep him from laughing as he thumped his mare's ribs with his naked heels and bade her get up.

She fetched a deep sigh, but she did not move.

"Better light," Braile said; "you would n't get that corn ground in time for breakfast now."

"I reckon," Reverdy said aloud, but to himself rather than Braile, and with his mind on his wife in the log cabin, where he had left her in high rebellion which she promised him nothing but a bag of cornmeal could reduce, "she don't need to wait for me, exactly. She could grate her-

self some o' the new corn, and she 's got some bacon, anyway."

"Better light," Braile said again.

The sound of frying within, which had risen above their voices, had ceased, and after a few quick movements of feet over the puncheon floor, with some clicking of knives and dishes, the feet came to the door opening on the porch, and a handsome elderly woman looked out.

She was neatly dressed in a home-woven linsey-woolsey gown, with a blue check apron reaching to its hem in front, and a white cloth passed round her neck and crossed over her breast; she had a cap on her iron-gray hair.

Braile did not visibly note her presence in saying:

"The woman will want to hear about it."

"Hear about what?" his wife asked, and then she said to Reverdy: "Good morning, Abel. Won't you light and have breakfast with us? It 's just ready. I reckon Sally will excuse you."

"Well, she will if *you* say so, Mrs. Braile." Reverdy made one action of throwing his leg over the claybank's back to the ground, and slipping the bridle over the smooth peg left from the limb of the young tree-trunk which formed one of the posts of the porch. "My!" he said, as he followed his hostess indoors, "you do have things nice! I never come here without wantun' to have my old shanty white-washed inside like yourn is, and the logs plastered outside; the mud and moss of that chinkun' and daubun' keeps fallun' out, and lettun' all the kinds of weather there is in on us, and Sally she 's at me about it, too; she 's wuss 'n I am, if anything. I reckon, if she had her say, we 'd have a two-room cabin, too, and a loft over both parts, like you have, Mis' Braile, or a frame-house, even. But I don't believe anybody but you could keep this floor so clean. Them knots in the puncheons just shine! And that chimbly-piece, with that plaster of Paris Samuel prayun' un it; well, if Sally 's ast me for a Samuel once, I reckon she has a hunderd times. And that clock! It 's a pictur'." He looked



about the interior as he took the seat offered him at the table, and praised the details of the furnishing with a reference to the effect of each at home. In this he satisfied that obscure fealty of the husband who feels that such a connection of the absent wife with some actual experience of his is equivalent to their joint presence. It was not so much to praise Mrs. Braille's belongings to her as to propitiate the idea of Mrs. Reverdy that he continued his flatteries. In the meantime Braille, who came in behind him, stood easing himself from one foot to the other, with an ironical eye slanted at Reverdy from under his shaggy brows; he dropped his head now, and began walking up and down the room while he listened in a sort of sarcastic patience.

"Ain't you goin' to have anything to eat, Mr. Braille?" his wife demanded, with plaintive severity.

Braille pulled at his cob-pipe, which muttered responsively:

"Not so long as I 've got anything to smoke. Gets up," he explained to Reverdy, "and jerks it out of my mouth when we have n't got company."

"I reckon Abel knows how much to believe of that," Mrs. Braille commented, and Reverdy gave the pleased chuckle of a social inferior raised above his level by amiable condescension. But as if he thought it safest to refuse any share in this intimacy, he ended his adulations with the opinion:

"I should say that if these here two rooms was th'owed together, they 'd make half as much as the Temple."

Braille stopped in his walk and bent his frown on Reverdy, but not in anger.

"This *is* the Temple: Temple of Justice—Justice of the Peace. Do you people think there 's only one kind of temple in Leatherwood?"

Reverdy gave his chuckle again.

"Well, Squire, I ought to know, anyway, all the log-rollun' I done for you last 'lection-time. I did n't hardly believe you 'd git in, because they said you was a' infidel."

"Well, you could n't deny it, could

you?" Braille asked, with increasing friendliness in his frown.

"No, I could n't deny it, Squire. But the way I told 'em to look at it was, Mis' Braille was Christian enough for the whole family. Said *you* knowed more law and *she* knowed more gospel than all the rest of Leatherwood put together."

"And that was what elected the family, was it?" Braille asked. "Well, I hope Mrs. Braille won't refuse to serve," he said, and he began his walk again. "Tell her about that horse that broke into the meetin' last night and tried to play man."

Reverdy laughed, shaking his head over his plate of bacon and reaching for the corn-pone which Mrs. Braille passed him.

"You do beat all, Squire, the way you take the shine off of religious experience. Why,"—he addressed himself to Mrs. Braille,—"*it* was n't much as fur as anybody could make out. It was just the queerness of the whole thing." Reverdy went over the facts again, beginning with deprecation for the squire, but gathering respect for them in the interest they seemed to have for Mrs. Braille.

She listened silently, and then she asked:

"And what became of him?"

"Well, that 's where you got me, Mrs. Braille. Don't anybody know what become of him. Just kind of went out like a fire when the Power was workun' the hardest, and was n't there next time you looked where he been. Kind o' th'owed cold water on the meetun', and folks begun gown' home, and breakun' up and turnun' in; well, it was pretty nigh sun-up, anyway, by that time. I don't know! Made me feel all-overish. Seemed like I 'd been dreamun', and that man was a vision." Reverdy had lifted an enraptured face, but at sight of Braille pausing in sarcastic pleasure, he dropped his head with a snicker. "I know the squire 'll laugh; but that 's the way it was."

"He 'll laugh the other side of his mouth some day, if he keeps on," Mrs. Braille said, with apparent reproof and latent pride. "Was Sally at the meetin' with you?"

"Well, no, she was n't," Reverdy began, and Braille asked:

"And did you wake her up and tell her about it?"

"Well, no, I did n't, Squire, that 's a fact. She woke me up. I just crep' in quiet and felt out the soft side of a puncheon for a nap, and the firs' thing I know was Sally havun' me by the shoulder, and wantun' to know about gittun' that corn groun' for breakfas'. My! I don't know what she 'll say when I do git back!" Reverdy laughed a fearful pleasure, but his gaiety was clouded by a shadow projected from the cabin door.

"Well, I mought 'a' knowed it!" a voice at once fond and threatening called to Reverdy's quailing figure. The owner of the voice was a young woman unkempt as to the pale hair which escaped from the knot at her neck and stuck out there and dangled about her face in spite of the attempts made to gather it under the control of the high horn comb holding its main strands together. The lankness of her long figure showed in the calico wrapper which seemed her sole garment; and her large features were respectively lank in their way, nose and chin and high cheek-bones; her eyes wobbled in their sockets with the sort of inquiring laughter that spread her wide, loose mouth. She was barefooted, like Reverdy, on whom her eyes rested with a sort of burlesque menace, so that she could not turn them to Mrs. Braille in the attention which manners required of her, even when she added, "I just 'spicioned that he 'd 'a' turned in here soon 's I smelt your breakfas', Mrs. Braille; and the dear knows whether I blame him so much, nuther."

"Then you 'd better draw up, too, Sally," Mrs. Braille said, without troubling herself to rise from her own chair in glancing toward another for Mrs. Reverdy.

"Oh, no, I could n't, Mrs. Braille. I on'y just meant how nice it smelt. I got me somepun' at home before I left, and I ain't a bit hungry."

"Well, then, you eat breakfast for *me*; I 'm hungry," the squire said. "Sit down!

You could n't get Abel away now, not if you went on an hour. Don't separate families!"

"Well, just as you say, Squire," Mrs. Reverdy snickered, and she submitted to pull up the chair which Mrs. Braille's glance had suggested. "It beats all what a excitement there is in this town about the gown's on at the camp-meetun' last night. If I 've heard it from one, I 've heard it from a dozen. I s'pose Abel 's tol' you?" She addressed herself impartially to Mrs. Braille across the table and to the squire tilted against the wall in his chair, smoking behind his wife.

"Not a word," the squire said, and his wife did not trouble herself to protest; Reverdy opened his mouth in a soundless laugh at the squire's humor, and then filled it with bacon and corn-pone, and ducked his head in silence over his plate. "What goings on?"

"Why, that man that come in while Elder Grove was snatchun' the brands from the burnun', and snorted like a horse. But I *know* Abel 's tol' you. It 's just like one of your jokes, Squire Braille; ain't it, Mrs. Braille?" Sally referred herself to one and the other.

"You won't get either of us to say, Sally,"—Mrs. Braille let the squire answer for both;—"you 'd better go on. I could n't hear too often about a man that snorted like a horse, if Abel *did* tell. What did the horses hitched back of the tents think about it? Any of 'em try to shout like a man?"

"Well, you may laugh, Squire Braille," Sally said, with a toss of her head for the dignity she failed of. She slumped forward with a laugh, and when she lifted her head she said through the victual that filled her mouth, "I dunno what the horses thought, but the folks believe it was a' apostle or somepun'."

"Who said so? Abel?"

"Oh, pshaw! d' you suppose I b'lieve anythun' Abel Reverdy says?" and this gave Reverdy a joy which she shared with him; he tried to impart it to Mrs. Braille, impassively pouring him a third cup of coffee. "I jes met Mis' Leonard comun'



up the cross-road, and she tol' me she saw our claybank hitched here, and I 'spicioned Abel was n't fur off, and that 's why I stopped."

The husband and wife looked across the table in feigned fear and threat that gave them pleasure beyond speech.

"She did n't say it was your claybank that snorted?" the squire gravely inquired.

"Squire Braile, you surely will kill me!" and the husband joined the wife in a shout of laughter. "Now I can't hardly git back to what she *did* say. But, I can tell you, it was n't nawthun' to laugh at. Plenty of 'em keeled over where they sot, and a lot bounced up and down like it was a' earthquake, and pretty near all the women screamed. But he stood there straight as a ramrod, and never moved a' eye-winker. She said his face was somepun' awful—just as solemn and still! He never spoke after that one word 'Salvation,' but every once in a while he snorted. Nobody seen him come in, or ever seen him before till he first snorted, and then they did n't see anybody else. The preacher he preached along, and tried to act like as if nawthun' had happened, but it was no use; nobody did n't hardly pay no attention to him 'ceptun' the stranger himself; he never took his eyes off Elder Grove. Some thought he was tryun' to charm him, like a snake does a bird; but it did n't faze the elder."

"Elder too old a bird?" the squire suggested.

"Yes, I reckon he mought been," Sally innocently assented.

"And when he gave the benediction, the snorter disappeared in a flash, with a strong smell of brimstone, I suppose?"

"Why, that was the thing of it, Squire. He just stayed, and shuck hands with everybody, pleasant as a basket of chips; and he went home with David Gillespie. He was just as polite to the poorest person therè, but it was the big bugs that tuck the most to him."

"Well," the squire summed up, "I don't see but what your reports agree, and I reckon there must be some truth in 'em. Who 's that up there at the pike-cross-

ing?" He did not trouble himself to do more than frown heavily in the attempt to make out the passer. Mrs. Reverdy jumped from her chair and ran out to look.

"Well, as sure as I 'm alive, if it ain't that Gillespie girl! I bet she 'll know all about it. I 'll just ketch up with her and git the news out of her, if there is any. Say, say, Jane!" she called to the girl as she ran up the road with the cow-like gait which her swirling skirt gave her. The girl stopped for her; then in apparent haste she moved on again, and Sally moved with her out of sight; her voice still made itself heard in uncouth cries and laughter.

Braile called into the kitchen, where Reverdy had remained in the enjoyment of Mrs. Braile's patient hospitality:

"Here 's your chance, Abel!"

"Chance?" Reverdy questioned back with a full mouth.

"To get that corn of yours ground and beat Sally home."

"Well, Squire," Reverdy said, "I reckon you 're right." He came out into the open space where Braile sat. "Well, I won't fergit *this* breakfast very soon," he offered his gratitude to Mrs. Braile over his shoulder as he passed through the door.

"You 're welcome, Abel," she answered kindly, and when he had made his manners to the impassive squire and mounted his claybank, and thumped the horse into motion with his naked heels, she came out into the porch and said to her husband, "I don't know as I liked your hinting him out of the house that way."

Braile did not take the point up, but remained thoughtfully smiling in the direction his guest had taken.

"The idea is that most people marry their opposites," he remarked, "and that gives the children the advantage of inheriting their folly from two kinds of fools. But Abel and Sally are a perfect pair, mental and moral twins; the only thing they don't agree in is their account of what became of that snorting exhorter. But the difference there is n't important. If

an all-wise Providence has kept them from transmitting a double dose of the same brand of folly to posterity, that 's one thing in favor of Providence." He took up his wife's point now. "If I had n't hinted him away, he 'd have stayed to dinner; *you* would n't have hinted him away if he 'd stayed to supper."

"Well, are you going to have some breakfast?" his wife asked. "I 'll get you some fresh coffee."

"Well, I *would* like a little,—with the bead on,—Martha, that 's a fact. Have I got time for another pipe?"

"No, I don't reckon you have," his wife said, and she passed into the kitchen again, where she continued to make such short replies as Braille's discourse required of her.

He knocked his pipe out on the edge of his still-uptilted chair as he talked.

"One fool like Abel I can stand, and I was just going to come in when Sally came in sight; and then I knew that two fools like Abel would make me sick. So I waited till the Creator of heaven and earth could get a minute off and help me out. But He seemed pretty busy with the solar system this morning, and I had about given up when He sent that Gillespie girl in sight. I knew that would fetch Sally; but it was an inspiration of my own to suggest Abel's chance to him. I don't want to put that on your Maker, Martha."

"It was your inspiration to get him to stay in the first place," Mrs. Braille said within.

"No, Martha; that was my unfailing obedience to the sacred laws of hospitality; I *did* n't expect to fall under their condemnation a second time, though." Mrs. Braille did not answer, and by the familiar scent from within Braille knew that his coffee must be nearly ready. As he dropped his chair forward, he heard a sound of frying, and "Pshaw, Martha!" he called. "You 're not getting me some fresh bacon?"

"Did you suppose there 'd be some left?" she demanded while she stepped to and fro at her labors. Her steps ceased

and she called, "Well, come in now, Matthew, if you don't want *everything* to get cold, like the pone is."

Braille obeyed, saying:

"Oh, I can stand cold *pone*," and at sight of the table, with the coffee and bacon renewed upon it, he mocked tenderly, "Now, just to reward you, Martha, I 've got half a mind to go with you to the next meeting in the Temple."

"I don't know as I 'm goin' myself," she said, pouring the coffee.

"I wish you would, just to please me," he teased.

## II

No one could say quite how it happened that the stranger went home from the camp-meeting with old David Gillespie and his girl. Many had come forward with hospitable offers, and the stranger had been affable with all; but he had slipped through the hands he shook and had parried the invitations made him. Gillespie had not seemed to invite him, and his shy daughter had shrunk aside when the chief citizens urged their claims; yet the stranger went with them to their outlying farm, and spent all the next day there alone in the tall woods that shut its corn-fields in.

Sally Reverdy had failed to get any light from the Gillespie girl when she ran out from Squire Braille's cabin. The girl seemed still under the spell that had fallen upon many at the meeting, and it appeared to Sally that she did not want to talk; at any rate, she did not talk to any satisfactory end. A squirrel-hunter believed he had caught a glimpse of the stranger in the chestnut woods behind the Gillespie spring-house, but he was not a man whose oath was acceptable in the community, and his belief was not generally shared. It was thought that the stranger would reappear at the last night of the camp-meeting, but the Gillespies came without him, and reported that they had expected he would come by himself.

The camp-meeting broke up after the Sunday morning service, and most of the worshipers, sated with their devotional ex-



perience, went home, praising the Power in song as they rode away in the wagons laden with their camp furniture, and their children strewn over the bedding. But for others the fire of the revival burned through the hot, long, August Sabbath day, and a devout congregation crowded the Temple.

The impulse of the week past held over to the night unabated. The spacious log-built house was packed from wall to wall; the men stood dense; the seats were filled with women; only a narrow path was left below the pulpit for those who might wish to rise and confess Christ before the congregation. The people waited in a silence broken by their deep breathing, their devout whispering, the scraping of their feet; now and then a babe whose mother could not leave it at home wailed pitifully or spitefully till it was coaxed or scolded still; now and then some one coughed. The air was thick; a bat scandalized the assemblage by flying in at the open door, and wavering round the tallow candles on the pulpit; one of the men beat it down with his hat, and then picked it up and crowded his way down the aisle out into the night with it. When he came back it was as if he had found the stranger whom they were all consciously expecting, and had brought him in with David Gillespie and his girl. She was tall and straight, like her father, and her hair was red, like his; her eyes were pearly blue, and the look in them was both wilful and dreamy.

The stranger smiled, and took the hands stretched out to him in passing by several of the different sectarians who used the Temple. Gillespie seemed not to notice or to care for the greetings to his guest, and his girl wore her wonted look of vague aloofness.

Matthew Braile had been given a seat at the front, perhaps in deference to his age and dignity, perhaps in confusion at his presence. He glanced up at the stranger with a keen glint through his branching eyebrows, and made a guttural sound; his wife pushed him; and he said, "What?" and "Oh!" quite audibly; and she pushed him again for answer.

The Gillespies sat down with the stranger on the foremost bench. He wore the black broadcloth coat of the Friday night before; his long hair, combed back from his forehead, fell down his shoulders almost to his middle; the glances of his black eyes roved round the room, but were devoutly lowered at the prayer which opened the service. It was a Methodist who preached, but somehow to-night he had not the fervor of his sect; his sermon was cold, and addressed itself to the faith rather than the hope of his hearers. He spoke as from the hold of an oppressive spell; at times he was perplexed, and lost his place in his exhortation. In the close heat some drowsed, and the preacher was distracted by snoring from a corner near the door. He lifted his voice as if to rouse the sleeper or to drown the noise, but he could not. He came to the blessing at last, and the disappointed congregation rose to go out. Suddenly the loud snort that had dismayed the camp-meeting sounded through the heavy air, and then there came the thrilling shout of "Salvation!"

The people did not need to look where the stranger had been sitting; he had done what they hoped, what they expected, and he was now towering over those near him, with his head thrown back, and his hair tossed like a mane on his shoulders. The people stopped; some who had gone out crowded in again; no one knew quite what to do. The minister halted on the pulpit stairs; he had done his part for the night, and he did not apparently resent the action of the man who now took it on him to speak.

A tall, stout man among those who had lingered spoke from the aisle. He was the owner of the largest farm in the neighborhood and he had one of the mills on the creek. In his quality of miller everybody knew him, and he had the authority of a public character. Now he said:

"We want to hear something more than a snort and a shout from our brother here. We heard *them* Friday night, and we've been talkin' about it ever since."

The appeal was half joking, half en-

treating. The minister was still hesitating on the pulpit stairs, and he looked at the stranger.

"Will you come up, Brother ——"

"Call me Dylks—for the present," the stranger answered with a full voice.

"Brother Dylks," the minister repeated, and he came down, and gave him the right hand of fellowship.

The Gillespies looked on with their different indifference. Dylks turned to them.

"Shall I speak?"

"Speak!" the girl said, but her father said nothing.

Dylks ran quickly up the pulpit steps.

"We will join in prayer," he called out, and he held the congregation, now returned to their places, in the spell of a quick, short supplication. He ended it with the Lord's Prayer; then he said, "Let us sing," and line after line he gave out the hymn,

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay.

He expounded each stanza as to the religious sense and the poetic meaning before he led the singing. He gave out a passage of Scripture as a sort of text, but he did not keep to it; he followed with other passages, and his discourse was a rehearsal of these rather than a sermon. His memory in them was unerring. Women who knew their Bibles by heart sighed their satisfaction in his perfectness; they did not care for the relevance or irrelevance of the passages; all was Scripture, all was the one inseparable Word of God, dreadful, blissful, divine, promising heaven, threatening hell. Groans began to go up from the people held in the strong witchery of the man's voice. They did not know whether he spoke long or not. Before they knew, he was as if sweeping them to their feet with a repetition of his opening hymn, and they were singing with him

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay.

It ended, and he gave his wild, brutish snort, and then his heart-shaking cry of "Salvation!"

Some of the chief men remained to speak with him, to contend for him as their guest; but old David Gillespie did not contend with them. "You can have him," he said to the miller, Peter Hings-ton, "if he wants to go with you." He was almost rude, and his daughter was not opener with the women who crowded about her trying to make her say something that would feed their hunger to know more. She remained hard and cold, almost dumb; it seemed to them that she was not worthy to have had him under her father's roof. As for her father, they had no patience with him for not putting in a word to claim the stranger while the others were pressing him to come home with them. In spite of the indifference of Gillespie and his girl, Dylks elected to remain with them, and he went away into the night between them.

When Matthew Braile made his escape with his wife from the crowd and began to walk home through the dim, hot night, he said:

"Is Jane Gillespie any particular hand at fried chicken?"

"Now you stop, Matthew!" his wife said.

"Because that would account for it. I reckon it was fried chicken the ravens brought to Elijah. All men of God are fond of fried chicken."

His wife would not dispute directly with his perversity; she knew that in this mood of his it would be useless trying to make him partake the wonder she shared with her neighbors that the stranger had chosen David Gillespie again for his host out of the many leading men who had pressed their hospitality upon him, and that he should have preferred his apathy to their eagerness.

"I wish he had worn his yellow beaver hat in the pulpit," Braile went on. "It must have been a disappointment to Abel Reverdy, but perhaps he consoled himself with a full sight of the fellow's long hair. He ought to part it in the middle, like Thomas Jefferson, and do it up in a knot, like a woman. Well, we can't have everything even in a man of God; but maybe





“ He was now towering over those near him, with his head thrown back, and his hair tossed like a mane on his shoulders ”

he is n't really a man of God. That would account for a good many things. But I think he shows taste in preferring old Gillespie to Peter Hingston; next to Abel Reverdy he 's the biggest fool in Leatherwood. Maybe the prophet knew by instinct that there would be better fried chicken at Gillespie's."

His wife disdained to make a direct answer.

"You may be sure they give him of their best, whatever it is. And the Gillespies may be poor, but when it comes to respectability and good works, they 've got a right to hold their heads up with the best in this settlement. That girl has done all the work of the house since her mother died, when she was n't a little thing half grown; and old David has slaved off his mortgage till his farm 's free and clear, and he don't owe anybody a cent."

"Oh, I don't say anything against Gillespie; all I say is that Brother Dylks knows which side his bread is buttered on; inspired, probably."

"What makes you so bitter, to-night, Matthew?" his wife halted him a little with her question.

"Well, the Temple always leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I hate to see brethren agreeing together in unity. You ought n't to have taken me, Martha."

"I 'll never take you again," she said.

"And that man 's a rascal, if ever there was one. Real men of God don't wear their hair down to their waists and come snorting and shouting in black broadcloth to a settlement like this for the good of folks' souls."

"You 've got no right to say that, Matthew. And if you go round talking that way, you 'll make yourself more unpopular than you are already."

"Oh, I 'll be careful, Martha. I 'll just think it, and perhaps put two or three of the leading intellectuals like Abel and Sally on their guard. But come, Martha, you know as well as I do he 's a rascal. Don't you believe it?"

"I believe in giving everybody a chance. Don't your own law-books say a man 's innocent till he 's proved guilty?"

"Something like that. And I 'm not trying Brother Dylks in open court at present. I 'll give him the benefit of the doubt if he 's ever brought before my judgment-seat; but you 've got to allow, Martha, that his long hair and black broadcloth and his snort and shout are against him."

"I don't believe in them any more than you do," she owned. "But don't you persecute him because he 's religious, Matthew."

"Oh, I don't object to him because he 's religious, though I think there 's more religion in Leatherwood already than any ten towns would know what to do with. He 's got to do more than preach his brand of religion before I 'd want to trouble him."

They were at the hewn log which formed the step to the porch between the rooms of their cabin. A lank hound rose from the floor, and pulled himself back from his forward-planted paws, and whimpered a welcome to them; a captive coon rattled his chain from his corner under the porch roof.

"Why don't you let that poor thing go, Matthew?" Mrs. Braile asked.

"Well, I will some day; but the little chap that brought it to me was so much like our—"

He stopped; both were thinking the same thing and knew they were.

"I saw the likeness from the first, too," the wife said.

### III

THE Gillespies arrived at their simpler log cabin half an hour later than the Brailes at theirs. It was on the border of the settlement, and beyond it for a mile there was nothing but woods,—walnut and chestnut and hickory,—not growing thickly, as the primeval forest grew to the northward along the lake, but standing openly about in the pleasant park-like freedom of the woods-pastures of that gentler latitude. Beyond the wide stretch of trees and meadow-lands the corn-fields and tobacco-patches opened to the sky again. On their farther border stood a new log cabin,



defined by its freshly barked logs in the hovering dark.

Gillespie pulled the leatherwood latch-string which lifted the catch of his door, and pushed it open.

"Go in, Jane," he said to his daughter, and the girl vanished slimly through, with a glance over her shoulder at Dylks, where he stood aloof a few steps from her father.

Gillespie turned to his guest.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"Yes, I walked over to her house this morning."

"Did any one see *you*?"

"No. Her man was away."

Gillespie turned with an effect of helplessness, and looked down at the woodpile where he stood.

"I don't know," he said, "what keeps me from splitting your head open with that ax."

"I do," Dylks said.

"Man!" the old man threatened, "don't go too far!"

"It was n't the fear of God, which you pretend is in your heart, but the fear of man." Dylks added, with a vulgar drop from the solemn words: "You would hang for it. I have n't put myself in your power without counting all the costs to both of us."

Gillespie waved his answer off with an impatient hand.

"Did she know you?"

"Why not? It has n't been so long. I have n't changed so much. I wear my hair differently, and I dress better since I've been in Philadelphia. She knew me in a minute as well as I knew her. I did n't ask for her present husband; I thought one at a time was enough."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing—first. I might have told her she had been in a hurry; but if she don't bother me, I won't her. We got as far as that. And I reckon she won't; but I thought we'd better have a clear understanding, and she knows now it's bigamy in her case, and bigamy's a penitentiary offense. I made that clear. And now see here, David: I'm going to stay here in this settlement, and I don't want any

trouble from you, no matter what you think of my doings, past, present, or future. I don't want you to say anything or *look* anything. Don't you let on, even to that girl of yours, that you ever saw me before in your life. If you do, you'll wish you *had* split my head open with that ax. But I'm not afraid; I've got you safe, and I've got your sister safe."

Gillespie groaned. Then he said desperately:

"Listen here, Joseph Dylks! I know what you're after here, because you always was—other people's money. I've got three hundred dollars saved up since I paid off the mortgage. If you'll take it and go—"

"Three hundred dollars! No, no! Keep your money, old man. I don't rob the poor." Dylks lifted himself, and said with that air of mysterious mastery which afterward won so many to his obedience: "I work my work. Let no man gainsay me or hinder me." He walked to and fro in the starlight, swelling, with his head up, and his mane of black hair cloudily flying over his shoulders as he turned. "I come from God."

Gillespie looked at him as he paced back and forth.

"If I did n't know you for a common scoundrel that married my sister against my will, and lived on her money till it was gone, and then left her and let her believe he was dead, I might believe you *did* come from God—or the devil, you—you turkey cock, you stallion! But you can't prance *me* down or snort *me* down. I don't agree to anything. I don't say I won't tell who you are when it suits me. I won't promise to keep it from this one or that one or any one. I'll let you go just so far, and then—"

"All right, David; I'll trust you, as I trust your sister. Between you I'm safe. And now you lay low! That's my advice." He dropped from his mystery and his mastery to a level of colloquial teasing. "I'm going to rest under your humble roof to-night, and to-morrow I'm going to the mansion of Peter Hingston. His gates will be set wide for me, and all

the double log-cabin palaces and frame-houses of this royal city of Leatherwood will hunger for my presence. You could always hold your tongue, David, and you can easily leave all the whys and wherefores to me. I won't go from your hospitality with an ungrateful tongue; I will proclaim before the assembled multitudes in your Temple that I left you secure in the faith, and that I turned to others because they needed me more. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; they will understand that. So good night, David, and good morning. I shall be gone before even you are up."

Gillespie made no answer as he followed his guest indoors. Long before he slept he heard the man's powerful breathing, like that of some strong animal in its sleep, an ox lying in the field or a horse standing in its stall. At times it broke chokingly, and then he snorted it smooth and regular again. At daybreak Gillespie thought of rising, but he drowsed, and he was asleep when his daughter came to the foot of the ladder which climbed to his chamber in the cabin loft and called to him that his breakfast was ready.

## IV

THE figure of a woman who held her hooded shawl under her chin stole with steps often checked through the limp, dew-laden grass of the woods-pasture and slipped on the rotting logs. But she caught herself from tumbling, and safely gained the border of Gillespie's corn-field. There she sat down trembling on the stone door-step of the spring-house, and waited rather than rested in the shelter of the chestnut-boughs that overhung the roof. She was aware of the spring gurgling under the stone on its way into the sunshine from the crocks of cream-covered milk and of butter in the cool dark of the hut, she sensed the thick August heat of the sun already smiting its honeyed odors from the corn, she heard the scamper of the squirrels preying upon the ripening ears and whisking in and out of the woods or dropping into the field from the tips of the boughs overhanging the nearer rows;

but it all came blurred to her consciousness.

She was recognizably Gillespie's sister, but her eyes and hair were black. She was wondering how she could get to speak with him when Jane was not by. He would send the girl away at a sign from her, but she could not have that; the thing must be kept from the girl, but not seem to be kept.

She let her arms rest on her knees; her helpless hands hung heavy from them; her head was bowed: and her whole body drooped under the burden of her heart, as if it physically dragged her down. Jane would be coming soon with the morning's milk to pour into the crocks. She heard a step; the girl was coming; but she must rest a moment.

"What are you doing here, Nancy?" her brother's voice asked.

"Oh, is it you, David? Oh, blessed be the name of the Lord! Maybe He 's going to be good to me, after all. David, is he gone?"

"He 's gone, Nancy."

"In anger?"

"He 's gone; I don't care whether he 's gone in anger or not."

"Did he tell you he saw me?"

"Yes."

"And did you promise him not to tell on him? To Jane? To any one?"

"No." Gillespie stood holding a bucket of milk in his hand; she sat gathering her shawl under her chin as if she were still coming through the sun-cleft shadows of the woods-pasture.

"O David!"

"What do you want me to do, Nancy?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I have n't slept all night."

"You must n't give way like this. Don't you see any duty for you in this matter?"

"Duty? O David!" Her heart foreboded the impossible demand upon it.

Gillespie set his bucket of milk down beside the spring.

"Nancy," he said, "a woman cannot have two husbands. It 's a crime against the State; it 's a sin against God."



"But I have n't *got* two husbands! What do you mean, David? Did n't I believe he was dead? Did n't you? O David, what— Do you think I 've done wrong? You let me do it!"

"I don't think you 've done wrong; but look out you don't do it. You *are* doing it now. I can't let you do it. I can't let you live in sin."

"In sin? I?"

"You. Every minute you live now with Laban you live in sin. Your first husband, that was dead, is alive. He can't claim you unless you allow it; but neither can your second husband now. If you live on with Laban a day longer—an hour—a minute—you live in deadly sin. I thought of it all night, but I had not thought it out till this minute, when I first saw you sitting there and I knew how miserable you were, and my heart seemed to bleed at the sight of you."

"You may well say that, David," the woman answered with a certain pride in the vastness of her calamity. "If it was another woman, I could n't bear to think of it. *Why* does He do it? *Why* does He set such traps for us?"

"Nancy!" her brother called sternly.

"Oh, it 's easy enough for you! But if Rachel was here, she 'd see it different."

"Woman," her brother said, "don't try to hide behind the dead in your sin!"

"It 's *no* sin! I was as innocent as the babe unborn when I married Laban—as innocent as he was, poor boy, when he would *have* me, and we all thought *he* was dead. Oh, *why* could n't he have been dead?"

"This is murder you have in your heart now, Nancy," the old man said, with who knows what awful pleasure in his casuistry, so pitilessly unerring. "If the life of that wicked man could buy you safety in your sin, you could wish it taken."

"Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!" She wailed out the words, with her head fallen forward on her knees and her loose hair dripping over them.

"Do? Go home, and bring your little one, and come to me. I will deal with Laban when he gets back to-night."

She started erect.

"And let him think I 've left him? And the neighbors, let them think we 've quarreled, and I could n't live with him?"

"It won't matter what the world thinks," Gillespie said, and he spoke of the small backwoods settlement as if it were some great center of opinion such as in large communities dispenses fame and infamy and makes its judgments supremely dreaded. "Besides," he faltered, "no one is knowing but ourselves to his coming back. It can seem as if *he* left *you*."

"And I live such a lie as that? Is this *you*, David?"

It was she who rose highest now, as literally she did, in standing on the stone where she had crouched, above the level of his footing.

"I—I say it to spare you, Nancy. I don't wish it. But I wish to make it easy—or a little bit easier—something you can bear better."

"Oh, I know, David, I know. You would save me if you could. But maybe—maybe it ain't what we think it is. Maybe he was outlawed by staying away so long."

Neither of them named Dylks, but each knew whom the other meant, throughout their talk.

"A lawyer might let you think so till he got all your money."

"Matthew Braille would n't."

"That infidel?"

She drooped again.

"Oh, well, I must do it. I must do it. I 'll go and get ready and I 'll come to you. What will Jane think?"

"I 'll take care of what Jane thinks. When do you expect Laban back?"

"Not before sundown. I 'll not come till I see him."

"We 'll be ready for you." He moved now to open the spring-house door; she turned, and was lost to him in the lights and shadows of the woods-pasture. On its farther border her cabin stood, and from it came the sound of a pitiful wail; at the back door a little child stood, staying itself by the slats let into grooves in the jambs. She had left it in its low cra-

dle asleep, and it must have waked and clambered out and crept to the barrier and been crying for her there; its small face was soaked with tears.

She ran forward with long leaps out of the corn-field and caught it to her neck, and mumbled its wet cheeks with hungry kisses.

"Oh, my Honey! my Honey! Did it think its mother had left—"

She stopped at the word with a pang,

and began to go about the rude place that was the simple home where after years of hell she had found an earthly heaven. Often she stopped, and wondered at herself. It seemed impossible she could be thinking it, be doing it, but she was thinking and doing it, and at sundown, when she knew by the eager shadow of a man in the doorway, pausing to listen if the baby were awake, all had been thought and done.

( To be continued )



## The Last Guest

By FRANCES SHAW

WHY have you lit so bright a fire  
For chatterers to sit about,  
While wistful at the door,  
And lonely at the door,  
One waits without?

Why have you spread so rich a feast  
For careless and insatiate,  
While eager at the door,  
And wanly at the door,  
Waits one most delicate?

When the night deepens, and the guests  
Have passed to some new clamorous goal,  
Let in the quiet one,  
Let in the longing one:  
Close to the last red embers draw  
Your welcome soul.



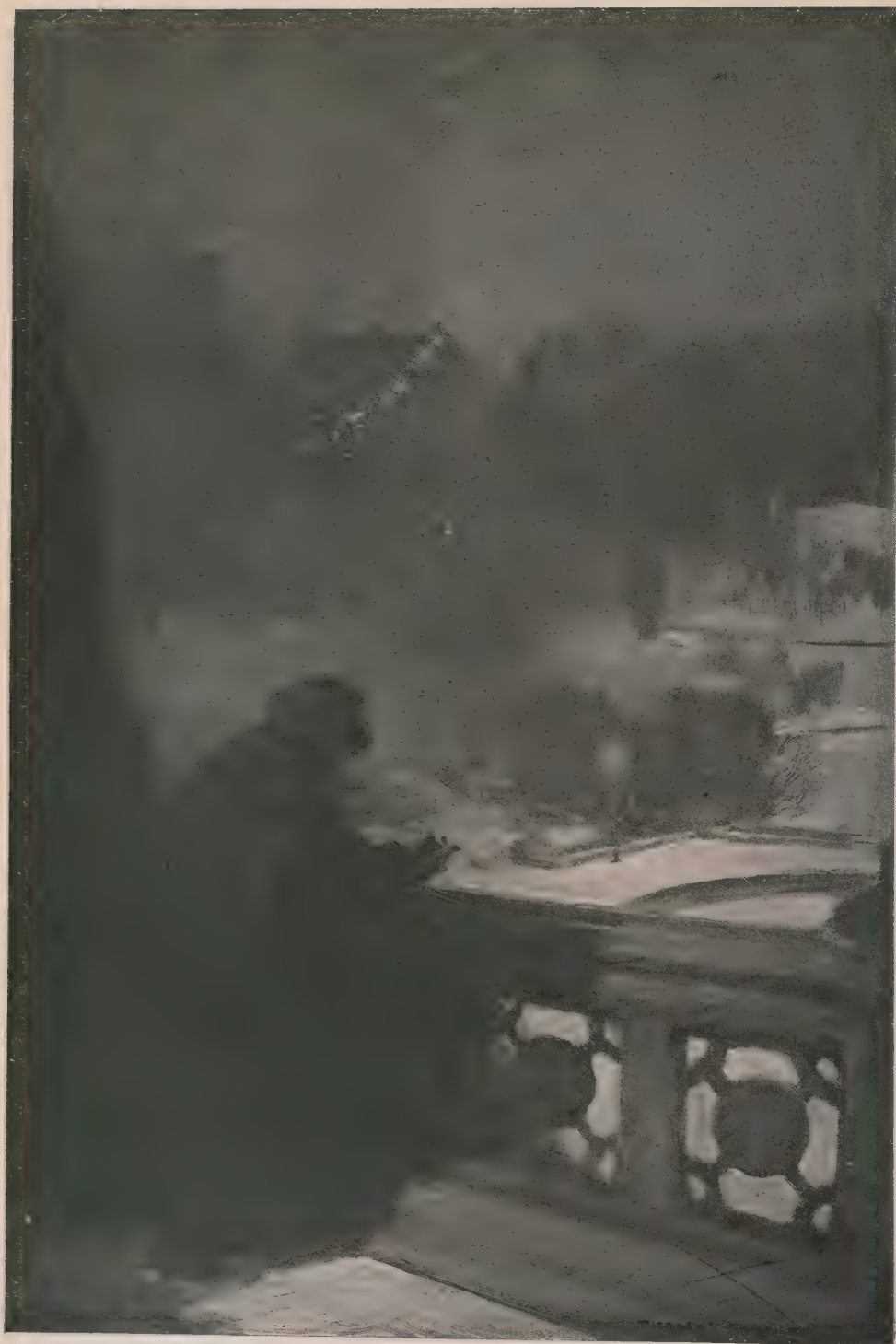




From the painting by Marie Danforth Page

## “The Mother”

Reproduced through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts



“For seven nights I searched from dark till daybreak, standing, willing her to come, pacing wildly, silently calling. I remembered then that I did n’t even know her name”



# Souls on Fifth

By GRANVILLE BARKER

Author of "The Madras House," etc.

Illustrations by Thomas J. Fogarty

MANY times have I paced the relentless street on its stones, which are harder than stone was ever meant to be, and smoother than any false welcome in the world. I have paced it at all hours and seasons, when it was shadowless in a burning sun, with the snow clouding and whitening the night. Why I started up it that early autumn morning is no matter to any one but myself; but never had I seen the avenue emptier, found it more silent. Day would not dawn yet for an hour. The sky was clear; as I went on, it grew opaque, pressing down upon the world. There was an eddying wind, which surprised one at the street corners. Since I was alone, and rather lonelier than that, my spirit sought refuge among impossible things. Even Fifth Avenue itself was not at that moment very real to me; a place for the body to tire in, that was all.

I had noticed somewhere about Forty-fourth Street, at a good height from the ground, a whirl in the air of what seemed—snow, ashes, dead leaves? Not snow, I thought, and too gray for snow, besides. Not ashes; and what would dead leaves do there? I did not stop. By the cathedral, too, there was something curious. It seemed as if large gray flakes of many shapes and sizes were being blown about and caught upon the crockets of the spires. "My eyes are queer to-night," I said. Up against the great door there seemed to be a shadowy drift of gray, thick and fermenting. Still, I did not cross the road. I looked about, though, now for these strange things, and, heavens! when I looked the air of the avenue was full of them. They were much larger than snow-flakes, and some were of the queerest shape. One saw them best when they blew up against the sky, though by peering carefully I could find them, too, gray against the gray walls, well above my head. From

every corner and crevice the gusty wind was dislodging them, and it seemed as if they clung to the walls. I looked on the ground. I thought I saw several blowing past. I thought I saw one flat and still. I went up to put my foot on it. No, that was only a little facet of the pavement that had lost the reflection of the street lights. Then I turned to go back to inspect the cathedral door.

As I turned, there, quite distinctly, in the corner of a window-sill, within my reach, was one small gray shape. Against the red stone one could n't miss it. I went closer. It was thicker than I'd fancied, and might have been almost transparent but that it was patchily covered with a sort of silvery fur not unlike the growth on an edelweiss flower. Beneath the fur it was of a rather mottled, dirty gray. There were odd markings on it that might have been made by hand. It was just about as wide at its widest as my palm and as long as a glove would be; but the shape of the shape was no shape you could name: it looked like a rag. It was indeed very ugly, and more than anything else looked like a dirty little bit of soiled gray flannel. I noticed that the thing seemed somehow to palpitate. That was queerest of all, though then I remembered the fermenting mass against St. Patrick's door. After a moment I took it gingerly in my hand. It had no weight; but by this time I was so surprised that I think I spoke aloud.

"What on earth is it?" I said.

And there seemed to come from it a sound like the echo of a scraped violin shaping into words which were:

"I am the soul of the late Mrs. Henry Brett van Goylen, and I'll trouble you to put me down."

Politely and in some alarm I put her down, and as I did so one of the eddying gusts of wind blew the shape of her away.

Thus then I began my search for souls. I caught no more that night, for the dawn came soon; but many a night after, for an hour or two before the morning broke, would I adventure up the avenue and make my bag. They were easy to find when one knew how to look, and after a time easy enough to catch. I thought first of buying a butterfly-net for the sport, but policemen would have noticed that. As it was, I had to mind not to loiter long.

I was alone in New York and knew nobody, though ten years before, visiting it with my father, a man of some fame, I had known everybody there was to know. But now I had only work to do which took me day by day to the library at Forty-second Street. "This time, then," I had said, "I will know nobody." It needed not any effort. But now it seemed that I was to know New-Yorkers as no one had ever known them before.

For a long time it was absorbingly interesting. There were nights on which one could n't catch a soul. It depended a good deal on the weather, but I soon found out the quite impossible times. When the night was still, they hung—a cubic layer of them, four miles long and more and very thick—a hundred feet or so high in the air. It was a long while before I could discover the general laws of their being, but I gathered for one thing that, normally, a sort of double river of souls was always flowing up and down Fifth Avenue, not side by side, as the traffic flows, but above and below; below, of course, to come up and above to go down. This was the general law, and, despite interruptions and scatterings, the flow never ceased. They are supposed to be quite invisible, and in nothing like daylight have I ever caught a glimpse of one. Heavy rain is hard on them. It beats them to the ground in a sort of jellified mass. I went out one pouring night to discover what did happen then. For a long time I could see nothing; the wet had made them transparent to my eyes. But soon I found that I was actually treading inches deep in a mess of souls. While such a thing can give them no actual pain, yet

the indignity of it was great, and I felt that I could not stop and talk to any of them that night. Besides, they were all mashed up one with the other, like jujubes that a child has warmed in its pocket. I should have had to pick them apart.

A blizzard upsets them badly. I remember a soul telling me that once for a long time she was blown and blown between Forty-second and Forty-fifth streets, never farther either way. She 'd get into the stream flowing down, but every time, at Forty-second Street, a gust would whirl her up and round, and at Forty-fifth the same thing happened if she 'd got into the stream flowing down. She said it went on like that for a year. She probably did n't mean to be inaccurate (these disembodied beings quickly lose our sense of time), but I 've no doubt she was blown about so for days. It is the light, eddying wind which brings them down to earth or near it, and scatters them into corners singly or by twos and threes. That was the great weather for soul-hunting, and I did my best never to miss a night of it.

From first to last I suppose I had talks with quite five hundred souls, but they were difficult to get on with; that 's the truth. I had thought at first that any of them would be thankful for a terrestrial chat. Not a bit of it. In the first place they took no interest whatever in the affairs of the world. They knew of nothing that had happened in it since their death and, as a rule, they cared to know nothing. I believe that not more than a dozen times was I questioned. A woman might ask me if I knew her widower; but it was purely to make conversation, the habit of small talk not having died with her. Three men at various times wanted to hear about the last Presidential election. But two of them I found did not in the least know how long they had been dead; it was Bryan's chances against McKinley they were fussed about. No doubt they had been keen politicians, for when they learned that eighteen years had passed since then in which many most serious things had happened to the world, they at once lost all interest.



Usually they would talk only about themselves; they would n't even recognize the existence of other souls. They were not more egotistic than they had been in the material world, but now there was no false shame about it, and it was carried to extremes for which even forty years of growing contempt for the human race found me unprepared.

I remember, for instance, how the lady who was blown wildly for what had seemed to her, poor dear, a year between Forty-fifth and Forty-second streets would keep on insisting that such a thing had never happened to any soul before. I sympathized with her for the uncomfortable time she had had; but, no, that was n't enough. She kept at it till I bettered her by saying that, quite obviously, such a thing never could happen to any soul again. Then she was satisfied.

There were exceptions. There was the Rev. Mr. Evan Thomas. It was from him, indeed, that I gathered most information, by his help that I was able to grasp at last what really was happening to them all in this future life.

I found the soul of this once popular preacher on a September night wedged in the shutters of a candy shop. I dug him out, and he thanked me. He was about seven inches long by three broad, quite straight down one side, but with undulatory indentations upon the other; of no thickness to speak of, with rather a rubbery surface, and in color a sort of bluish gray. It was a fine night. The harsh gust of wind that had wedged him in the shutter had died down, and we had a long and pleasant chat.

He spoke with equal ease and cheerfulness about his past life and his present death. Was this state of things the heaven he had spent much time and energy preaching about? No; on the whole he did n't think it was. But in that case had his soul (I had to put this delicately) and the thousands upon thousands of other souls besides that we knew were drifting up and down—had they taken, so to speak, the wrong turning? No, he did n't exactly think that either. I must remem-

ber, of course, that he had not been dead long. I must also remember that for many years now the world or, at any rate, that part of it that lived and moved on Fifth Avenue had ceased to believe in hell. Now, people cannot possibly go to a place they don't believe in; that stands to reason. And he quoted me a line from the Acts about the man who died and went to his own place. That had furnished him, he thought, with a solution of the question.

"When I first died," he told me, "and found myself floating lightly about here, I will own that I was puzzled and even, though I had and still have every faith in God's goodness, a little disappointed. It was true that in the exercise of my calling I had refrained from painting any very definite picture of the state of bliss to which the souls of the righteous should be called. My own congregation was certainly not the sort to permit me to indulge in any highly colored or romantic vision of that future. They were well educated, practical people. Besides, as far as I could see, the use that they did already make of their imagination was very questionable. To say that they used it merely as a stimulus to erotic frivolities would perhaps have been too harsh, though I have at times been tempted to put my complaint in so many words. But what they needed from me surely was sobering, commonplace morality. Still, let me confess that when it actually came to entering upon a more blessed existence, I had in my secret heart looked forward to something in the nature of a pleasant little surprise. And to find myself drifting—"

"Still drifting," I said rather wickedly.

He was not to be checked by any mere witticism. "Drifting," he went on, "and, for all I knew, drifting for an eternity up and down Fifth Avenue, was disappointing.

"But I reflected. As a rational Christian I was eager to assure myself of God's laws and then to square them, if possible, with the exigencies of any world in which it might please Him to place me. And I have always been ready, nay, anxious, to search out my own faults and, if necessary,

to repent of them. So in the course of much drifting and some whirling, often round the very steeple that pointed to heaven from above the pulpit of my late labors, I disinterestedly reviewed my former existence and gathered it up, so to say, as even the longest life may be gathered, into a dozen sentences. See, now, if they do not give you the key to this mystery.

"I remembered my call from a sphere of popular eloquence in England to the church that—well, it can hardly be said to ornament Fifth Avenue, but it is a pleasant, comfortable church. I knew nothing of America at that time, but I had heard stories of the luxury of New York women and of financial corruption among the men, and when the flattering offer came I naturally asked myself whether God had not summoned me to scarify, though lovingly, these highly placed sinners, to bring them to repentance and a more humble following in the footsteps of their Lord. I settled, if possible, to turn a surplus of the enormous stipend they were to give me into a trust fund for some sensible and suitable charity—"

I looked. We were opposite the very church.

"Is the stipend so big?" I asked, and nodded across.

"When it came to the point," he said, "I found it not big enough. I had a grown-up son and daughters. They had, of course, to mix on terms of equality with my congregation. We had to keep up appearances; the lay patrons of the church expected it. Still, we were never seriously in debt.

"To continue—"

"Please!" I begged him. I was enjoying it. He had evidently been a preacher of some style.

"My congregation at once impressed me as being made up of charming people, kindly, clever, and hospitable, boundlessly hospitable. We spent several weeks, my wife and I, or my eldest daughter and I, night after night, dining with the chief families among them. One should always accept such invitations; one should view the home life of one's flock. And while

I was sampling them, sizing them up, determining by personal and unprejudiced observation upon which most prevalent vice or failing the sword of my spiritual condemnation should first fall, I merely preached week by week, not to be rash, not to be unfair, sermons upon less disputable subjects—sermons that purposely avoided any vital thrusts into that body politic to which I was now the chosen minister.

"They were admirable to preach to; quick to seize on a point, ever ready for those little sub-humorous sallies which are the salt of a sermon, the delight of a preacher who can discreetly indulge in them. One could not hold their attention long, it is true, but it was keen while it lasted. They liked to have their intelligence appealed to; they welcomed my references to the very latest things in science and literature. I projected a series of sermons in which I purposed to take Sunday by Sunday the works of some famous skeptical philosopher and endeavor to reconcile them with Christian ethics. Such a course would not have been possible in England, where, I confess, the indifference of congregations to my very extensive modern reading and the quotations I could make from it had often nettled me exceedingly. But these New-Yorkers I did find, to use a vulgar phrase, to be both mentally and spiritually a thoroughly up-to-date crowd.

"Not, mind you, that I had weakened in my resolve to scarify them, when need were and opportunity came, for their deeper sins. But I had found that they were not children, they were not fools, that the thing needed doing well, and from the point of view of a thorough understanding of the very peculiar circumstances under which fashionable life must be lived here; otherwise it had better be left alone altogether. That thorough understanding I set myself conscientiously to acquire.

"But, dear me!" he broke off, "my twelve sentences have been much exceeded. Old habits! And about myself! It is inexcusable." Again I begged him to continue. Quite cheerfully he did.



"I found many difficulties in my way. Society women undoubtedly did indulge in outrageous luxury, but the worst offenders did not come to my church, and to berate them in their absence would merely have given undeserved satisfaction to the women who did come and were themselves by no means innocent in the matter. That is a danger in preaching. Your congregation will always imagine that you are, as one says, getting at their neighbors and not at them. I did make a most strenuous effort, though, to tackle the question of financial corruption. I worked at it for weeks; but it was a very difficult subject, involving a great complication of figures—at which, indeed, I was never good—as well as several tricky points of difference between state and federal law which it really needed an expert to solve. But I could not, above all things, risk exposing my ignorance. That would have done more harm than good. The habit that newspapers in this country have of reporting sermons flatters, it is true, but also intimidates. In the end, to my lasting regret, I felt compelled to abandon the idea.

"I remember I made one attempt to deal with the simple sin of overeating, of which quite seventy per cent. of my congregation were without doubt guilty. I hung the constructive part of the sermon upon the subject of food reform, a very popular one just then; but the destructive part had to be too delicately done to make a real effect. It had to be; for had I not myself fed and fed well at most of their tables? And in the flesh I was a little inclined to stoutness.

"And so after a while I found that I slipped into preaching to my congregation only such sermons as my congregation wanted to hear. What else was to be done? They would not otherwise have come to hear me at all, for there is no law to make them, and nowadays precious little public opinion. I should have lost any chance at all of doing good. As it was, by contriving at any cost to be interesting, my church was kept full, and, starting ostensibly from strange and far-

away subjects, wars with the heathen, Greek legends, or the latest good novel, I never failed, I think, in the end to bring my hearers, though at the time they might hardly be aware of it, one small step nearer to Jesus. It is true that a really strong man in my place might have done better before they turned him out. All I can say is that I did the best that was in me. But looking back, I see quite clearly now what happened. I had set out to convert Fifth Avenue; it was Fifth Avenue converted me.

"And that, my dear sir, is why, though disembodied, I am still here, and why we are all here, poor souls. In our lifetime this, at its best, was all we strove toward, and in our death we have come 'to our own place.'"

He ceased. His shape had all the time been lying comfortably along my left forearm. I looked up from it to where, in the air above me, the river of souls flowed ceaselessly on. It was a still night now. I could never make out why, since they had absolutely no personal power of volition, some always got along faster than others. On an average they seemed to make about three miles an hour. It was a wonderfully weary sight.

"Who are they, generally speaking?" I asked.

"Well," said the preacher's soul, "it's a most curious mixture. There are the tip-top people who used to belong here and never thought there was any further to get; and then there are all the people who badly wanted to get here in their lifetimes and never could."

"I take it that the two sorts don't mix well," I said.

"There again," he went on, "it does n't work out as you'd expect. We're all here now because we belong here. There's no escape; and, as we can't control our movements, we've no power now of associating with one lot of souls more than with another. The wind bloweth us where it listeth. So the consequence is that we don't worry much about our behavior; and the people who are rude by nature are just rude to everybody, and the

snobs are snobbish and the cads caddish and the bullies bully and the gentle folk are gentle without any respect of persons. Nothing else is expected of us. It makes a simple world of it."

"Is there no escape, do you say?" I asked.

"I don't see how there can be," he said rather plaintively. "In the last world you could, what is called, 'make something' of yourself. You could choose your profession and your friends, you could do right or wrong. You could deny your Lord or act up to your faith."

"Could you always?" I argued.

"Circumstances handicap one shockingly. We mean to do better than we ever can. My friend," said he, "your faith is the thing you do act up to."

"That 's what we have discovered here. God makes no excuses. The pious opinions you hold have no more effect on the soul than a knowledge of the multiplication table."

"But don't you desire to escape now? How about the effect of that?" I pressed him.

For a little he did not answer; I waited patiently. I have forgotten to remark how soon I had found that for talking to a soul the human voice is a clumsy and unnecessary instrument. One could imagine (I did at first) that the shapes emitted queer little sounds, but I cannot see how that actually could be. I believe that one only instinctively clothed the impressions they conveyed direct to one's mind in the tones of a human voice, and with a very little practice one did not need to do that at all. One could communicate with extraordinary swiftness and ease by imagination alone, talk soul to soul, as it were. It is a simple trick, can be practised between human beings while on earth, and is indeed the best form of conversation.

After the moment of silence the soul of the reverend gentleman sighed.

"No," he said, "I cannot honestly say that I want to escape, for I cannot muster up a belief that there is anything much else to escape to. All the effort I was capable of in that direction I made in my

former life. And I am useful here. I really think I am. Our Lord, you will remember, ministered to the spirits in prison. Whenever I am blown against another soul, whenever the wind gathers two or three of us together, I take up the tale of salvation as I used to do on earth. Those, if I chance to hit upon them, who were accustomed to hear me in that church opposite are a little bored by it, perhaps, for naturally I have nothing new to say. But to the others, to those who had to content themselves on their earthly pilgrimage with nothing but the ideal of Fifth Avenue, and with more commonplace spiritual ministrations to them, I do think that the word of truth, as I am inspired to speak it, is a comfort, though of course it cannot now get them on any further. Yet if it consoles them in their present station—well, that is one of the main functions of religion, is it not?"

"But to endure this sort of thing through an eternity?" I said.

"My dear young man," he patronized me, "time is an illusion. I remember so well making this point in one of my most characteristic discourses. Time is what we think it; a minute of agony is an age, a year of happiness is a minute. Does n't it strike you that an eternity of boredom may perhaps have no extreme meaning to those who, after all, have spent most of their time in being bored? You cannot measure emptiness, and eternity is only the emptiness of time.

"Had n't you better let me fly now," he added, "and go home? It will be daylight soon, and from what you tell me you have n't been to bed for nights."

I took his soul between my finger and thumb.

"I am exceedingly grateful to you," I said. "You have thrown light on what was puzzling me much. Do you think we shall meet again?"

"Only by pure chance," he answered. "Unless—I have a fancy, which I have not yet been able to prove, that if there is a true affinity between souls they will come together in God's good time. I had an acquaintance on earth, an interesting



fellow, who built up an elaborate theory of soul affinities. But he ended by walking off with a married woman, which was, to say the least, a most immoral anticipation of God's purposes. Since I entered this state, I must own that I have not yet, for instance, blown up against my dear wife, who predeceased me by some few years; also that I have only met two of my very intimate friends. My wife was, I am sure, near as well as dear to me on earth, but, then, Fifth Avenue may not have been very dear to her. Possibly her soul is somewhere at home in England. On the other hand, time and time again I find myself mixed up with souls here that are not at all the sort I should have chosen to associate with before. It is puzzling. I shall be interested to see if we two do run across each other much. Good night."

I flung him gently into the air. He sailed quickly out of my sight, for the flowing river was dim now almost to extinction. I doubted somehow if we should meet again.

This had been illuminating. I saw at once where by sheer tactlessness I had failed in talking to the souls. I had assumed that they were unhappy. Not a bit of it. They had got what they wanted. Getting that, one always speaks of as a state of heaven upon earth. If, then, the final and eternal heaven turns out merely to be a little more of what we want, what sensible man should turn his back on it for that?

Nor could the souls run, of course, to great variety of disposition. And, roughly, as the parson said, one could divide them into two classes, the aboriginal population and the invaders. The invaders should have been the more interesting to talk to, for they had achieved here what they could only long for in life, and, one might think, were therefore actively enjoying themselves. But their complaint was that being in an enormous majority, they were mostly only against one another, blowing up all the time, so that they hardly got into touch with the true spirit of Fifth Avenue at all. It was of course a great

satisfaction to them to find they were really there at last, but they could tell me nothing much about it; and about the places they had lived in on earth they simply would not speak at all. Still, much could be guessed at by that.

The old inhabitants, the aborigines, were, one gathered, mostly women and butlers; and the butlers, who had been sent away to die, were always glad to be back in their element. I looked almost in vain for souls of the mighty men who had built the great houses and lent them their fame. I believe they are mostly to be found down in Wall Street, where they and the bankrupts and gamblers must make a busy crowd. I was assured of this, indeed, by a very ladylike soul. Business, she said, had been the one thing lovely and pleasant to her husband in his life, and in his death she most sincerely trusted he was not divided from it. Here was, by the way, a case of that affinity that had interested my preacher friend. This ladylike one had been a most successful hostess in New York, a model of charming manners, a great authority on good form; and now she was always being blown about with the soul of her butler. It caused something of a scandal.

I rather wondered that so many of these clever, charming women should be left drifting about. I think that, to begin with, they had wondered at it too; for they had traveled all over the world, there was nobody they did not meet, nothing they could not do, given the talent and understanding that one supposes, of course, they had. They were not used, either, to live in their big houses for more than a few months in the year. But perhaps, despite the wonders of the world they saw and the glories of men's labor they glanced at and passed by, it was always the love of Fifth Avenue which was at the core of their hearts; so here they still are.

I did meet one most indignant party. He took me, goodness knows why! for a parson, and attacked me straight away.

"Call this a future life!" he said. "It's disgraceful. You clergy ought to be ashamed of yourselves. No, never mind

what denomination you belong to; you were all in a gang together. It was a regular religious trust, and you know it. Well, I put myself in your hands. Sunday after Sunday I sat under the most sensible one of you that I could find. I did what he said about giving money in charity and keeping well out of temptation. I believed all he told me; I squared the Bible with the higher criticism right along. I lived a decent life, and I died without a murmur when my time came. And now I'm not a bit better off than I was before. What are you going to do about it?"

"But you must like it," I urged, for I was sure of my ground by this. "You could n't be here at all unless you did like it, you know."

"It is n't a question of what I like," he persisted. "I did n't do things on earth because I liked doing them, but because they were the proper things to do. And when I made a firm contract, I kept it. You chaps made a contract with me about a future state of bliss, and I expect you to deliver the goods."

It was useless arguing with him. He had all sorts of minor grievances. He wanted the place kept more select. Not that he disliked all these other people, but he just thought they had n't any right to be there. He wanted to know if his soul could n't somehow be attached to his old house standing somewhere about Seventieth Street, which his widow and daughters still lived in. It would mark out a position for him, give him more dignity, he said. He even thought that his old room might be set apart for him, and would n't I call on his widow and arrange it? But it was the general state of haphazardness that he most objected to.

"It's such a muddle," he grumbled. "I thought of forming a small, well-chosen committee to deal with the problem, but there's no means of getting one together. And when I am blown up against those that might suit, I find them absolutely selfish. Why that wonderful public spirit which used to animate us has not survived I cannot think."

"No," I said; "it is strange."

He wanted me to form a committee on earth; was ready to subscribe, in reason, to its expenses if any means could be found of his doing so. He was sure that if the prominent citizens of New York could be brought to understand that heaven was so near to them and was kept in such a condition, they would see to its improvement at once, would remodel it, in fact, from end to end. He spoke of a traveling commission to visit similar future states in London, Paris, Berlin, and Budapest.

"We could adopt the best feature of each," he said, "and I am sure that in addition our well-known efficiency and powers of organization would not fail us."

He was quite convinced that there was nothing either in the world or out of it which money and energy could not accomplish. I think he had been some sort of business man.

Then there was the soul of the painter that I found the wind beating frantically against the Metropolitan Museum. I asked him what in heaven's name he was doing there. He had been the forger, it turned out, of one of the most famous old masters in the collection. It was the best thing he had ever done. If he could have owned to it, it would have made his fortune.

I said I thought not; that what we wanted nowadays was new masters, not old. But he would not listen to me; he was an academic soul. He had brooded on the wrong done him, on this theft of his genius that this snobbish flattery by the present of the past had committed, until his heart broke. He was sure, he said, that in a little while a kind wind would blow him into the museum itself and up against his masterpiece, and that then he would melt into it forever.

I have not said how strange the souls were to look at. Though their shapes did not answer at all to human shapes, yet by many curious variations they seemed to indicate character. I saw one once nearly five feet long and only a few inches broad, with curious markings all down. He was



spiteful when I spoke to him. I don't know what he had been. Mostly, though, they were irregular ovals and oblongs about eight inches by three. There were rhomboids, too, and I saw several squares. At least they looked quite square till you came to measure them up. There were some very tiny souls, some not larger than a dime, and there were some just scraps of rag, torn almost to bits; you wondered how they held together.

But it was the markings on them that were most curious. It was by these, even when they'd speak least about themselves, that I could often tell what they once had been. For as the thing you are in this world stamps itself in time upon your face, so will the things you do stamp themselves forever on your soul. Nearly all of them, for instance, had touches of rather tarnished gilt. One rather large and wobbly soul you might almost have mistaken for a torn bit of Russian embroidery, and one was covered with fine, flowing lines like a Helleu etching. Some were warty; I never could bring myself to touch them. Many had holes in them, and some were thick, like little mattresses, and plain dark gray. And when I had begun to learn the language of the signs I found there were things marked upon some souls of which I cannot speak. They did not know that the evil thing was plain. They would speak to me as pleasantly and carelessly as you please; but while I listened to what they said, I looked at what they were. There were the jagged lines that told of secret cruelties, stained blood-red into the souls of the torturers, whose homes had been but dungeons of despair for weaker souls than they. There were the white disease spots of the coward; mildew spots that rot away in time the very substance of the soul. There were the blisters of slanderous thoughts, which thicken and coarsen till the soul, a horny mass, is not sensitive to truth and love and beauty any more. No, there is no hell for such spirits. Is there any need for one?

Some souls, I saw, too, scored with the marks of undeserved old suffering and loss. These would sometimes look like well-

healed wounds, but with the women often they were only painted and powdered down, and I could see that still they festered a little and were diseased.

It was in the very depth of winter that I first found the Little Soul. The snow was thick and crisp, the night dark, and the air still. Mostly the souls must have been buried deep; for nothing beats them down like snow, and they have to wait for its thawing. But she had been lucky, and she hung to the branch of a tree that bordered the park, for all the world like a queer little gray icicle. I broke her off carefully, for she was frozen very stiff. She would not say much to me that time; she told me afterward that she had been shy. But I was quite used to that sort of thing, though indeed I had done her a kindness in taking her from the branch and, when she had thawed a little on my hand, letting her float up into the calm air. I remember noticing chiefly that she was very small (she did not overlap my palm as she lay on it), of a pretty oval shape, and light gray in color; she had a slight silver down on her, shaded here and there.

Not more than two days later I found her again, at the extreme end of my beat this time, beyond the reservoir. We talked for a while. She did not want to talk of herself, but asked much about me. This was the first time such a thing had happened with any soul. I told her that the end of my work was in sight and how I counted on leaving New York in a very few weeks for ever. Did n't I like it? she asked. I told her that I hated it, that I did not know whether I hated it more when I mixed in daytime with the people who thought they were alive or at night-time with the people who knew they were dead. She said I was unfair; that it was a very fine city, and she was sure there were still very charming people in it.

"It's not my business to be fair," I said. "New York is too big and I'm too small; but I can love it or hate it if I like."

She asked why I really hated it. I told her. It was a sufficiently good reason.

She answered more readily now when I questioned her about herself. She had died young, at thirty-five or so, a bungled operation which the surgeons could not own to. She had been married to a well-known man whose name I had seen, curiously enough, only a day before in the papers set to an announcement that he was marrying again. I was not sure whether to tell her this; then I did. She said she was very glad, and asked the name of the woman. I could n't remember.

"Not that it matters," she said. "If she 's a reasonable sort of woman, they should be quite sufficiently happy."

"That is about the height of one's ambition," I said, "in making a second marriage."

After a pause she added:

"I was quite happy at least; I should have been foolish not to be."

"Did you leave any children?" I asked her. "Stepmothers are much whiter than they are painted, you know."

"No," she said. "I had three in the first five years of my marriage; but one died after two months, and two were born dead. Then the doctor said I was n't strong enough and forbade me to have any more. He could n't make out why I was n't strong enough,—he had tried all the tonics he could think of,—but I knew."

I waited for her to go on.

"It was n't that I did n't love my husband or that he did n't love me. I think he did, and he was always very kind. Though, indeed, people say that need not stop your having children; but I should think it would, should n't you?"

"Nature is not quite so nice," I answered.

She paused again. Then, unexpectedly she said:

"When were you in the country last?"

I told her that a few weeks before I had gone for a walk on Long Island; how gray it had all looked, and dead!

"But in a week or two," she said, "the woods will be wonderful. The green of the trees will almost pain you with joy, it 'll be so sharp and bright. And there 'll

be dogwood in all the woods, which promises a happy year.

"I was born when the dogwood was in blossom," she said. "When I was little it was my birthday flower. On that morning mother always had them make an arbor of it for me. And after breakfast I 'd be put there to sit in state, and my presents would be brought to me. And when I died I know they put dogwood about my body and in my grave; that was in the springtime, too. They thought it a pretty thing to do, but what did it matter then? Well, what had it ever mattered? What had that life and the beauty of it ever been to me from the beginning? Something I was taught to play with."

By now the barriers of my earthly state were down, and she spoke on quite simply to my soul.

"But for all that I don't belong here, you know," she said, "drifting about above Fifth Avenue, and it 's very dreadful. I never did belong here when I was alive, however happy I managed to be."

"Where did you belong?" I asked.

"In the wild places," she answered.

"Then why did n't you go to them?" I spoke crossly. I have no patience with people who talk helplessly.

"Well, you see," she said, "my father was well off, and I was sent to school and brought out into society and married to the right sort of man. It was all done for my happiness; but always when my front door closed on me, it was like the door of a cage closing. I was out of doors whenever I could be. I had a garden—"

"You had vegetables for dinner, I don't doubt," I interrupted.

"What would you have done, then, had you been me?" she asked.

"Done what I wanted to," I told her.

"But when you can't want?" she said.

"Ah," said I, "there 's no remedy for that."

"You see," she went on, "I was taught life like a lesson. I learned it and I was repeating it, and then death came, and now it seems that I never even started to live. But is that why I 'm never going to die? Because that 's so dreadful."





"I found the soul of this once popular preacher on a September night wedged  
in the shutters of a candy shop"

This was new to me.

"What more of that do you want to do?" I asked her.

She cried out:

"Oh, don't you understand? In nature everything is so glad and proud to die—really and truly to die. To flower and fruit, to serve its turn, give what it is and has, then perish and be forgotten, not to cumber the memory of the earth at all. That's the true happiness, the only glory—to spend oneself utterly and die.

"I always hated having a soul," she said; "it made one so careful and egotistical. My flowers had no souls, and while they lasted they were always fresher and finer than ever I was. My dog did n't have a soul to start with. He was a dear beast, quite undignified and foolish. Then being so much in the house with us, and what with the maids petting him, he began to grow a sort of imitation one and became self-conscious and appealing. I sent him to the stables, I was so cross, and told them to train him after rats."

She laughed.

"You mean," I said, "that you never wanted an immortal soul. Yes, I understand that."

"What's the use of one?" she cried. "What's the use of all these silly shapes flapping around here? What good are they to themselves or anything else?"

"But what should happen to them?" I asked. "God never destroys anything utterly, you know. It's against the rules."

"I know what does happen," she said slowly, "to all the true lovers and workers who have given their strength without stint or question, without bargain or hope of reward, to the service that they saw. Their work is their immortality, and the salvation of those they worked for and loved. For themselves they have earned oblivion. And if, their bodies dead, the fire of faith by which they burned like beacons in the dark does not at once die, too, it falls in little flames of inspiration upon the hearts of all the comrades that could understand."

"That's a fine enough belief," I said, "and you are putting it very finely, so I

really can't make out what you are doing here at all."

"Nor can I," she replied, "and it's very dreadful, is n't it?"

"Ah, but I can," I added, and I told her coldly and hardly, as it had been truly told to me: "It is the things you do that count, not all the pretty beliefs and hopes with which you decorate your heart and mind. The inexorable laws that God has made take no account of what you'd like to be and wish you were. How can they? What are you that you should complicate the scheme of things with ifs and ands? There's your life. Live it as you choose, and take the consequences."

She was silent.

"It's all very well for you," she said; "you have n't got to drift up and down this horrible avenue forever and ever and no amen. If I'd only known, I'd have been wicked, so I would."

"Why wicked?" I was impatient.

"Yes, that's the silly thing," she said. "When you're so well brought up and well looked after, you can't be yourself at all without being wicked."

I wondered how wicked she would have managed to be, and she caught me wondering before I was aware. We were slipping into sympathy, it seemed.

"Oh, I'd a bit of a devil in me," she exclaimed, "and I was very pretty, I tell you I was indeed."

I laughed. It's a paradox I always laugh at rather grimly. How can wickedness and the beauty of women go together? Oh, blindness of the morality of man! Then she spoke of other things.

When I wished her good night she said:

"You'll go back to those woods when it's springtime and the sun is shining through them, won't you? Go there in the early morning and sit silent, and when the little live things around you begin to talk, think of me."

"I will," I said.

"For that was how my soul was meant to live and die, I'm sure," she said. "And it has never been itself since the dogwood days."

For a week or more after this I did not see her. To say truth, I did not altogether want to. I walked up the avenue once or twice, but I took care to keep her out of my mind, and so, as I had begun to learn, kept her away from me; for she had rather impressed me. Not favorably; her chatter about wickedness showed her to have been a frivolous little fool. But after the struggles and temptations of some years I had succeeded in detaching myself from all interest whatsoever in my fellow-creatures, and I did not choose to be impressed even unfavorably by anybody. The third time I went out, though, I was making such conscious efforts not to think of her that I only produced the very opposite effect, and there she hung in the air a foot before my nose.

She was genuinely glad to find me.

"I began to fear we were n't in sympathy at all," she said, "as you did n't turn up again. By the way, are you a man?"

"Yes, of course," I told her. Somehow I had assumed she knew.

"I could n't be quite sure, you see," she said, "only talking to you soul to soul. For once we lose our bodies, there are so many gradations from malest man to femalest woman that you can't always draw a definite line, and sex in the old earthly sense does n't seem to count. It's rather a blessing."

"Well, I am a man," I told her decidedly.

"I did put you down as one," she went on, "because you were so priggish the other night when I spoke of committing sin."

I denied being priggish.

"Oh, but you were feeling priggish," she insisted, "no matter what you said."

I told her she had no right to pry into my feelings.

"Nonsense!" she cried. "You've the advantage of your body; you can run away when you like, leave me all the good I get from being a naked soul. I need never listen to lies again, not even to the little ones."

"Well, I do think that your notion of

committing sin by running off with some man or other, or, worse, by not running off with him, was excessively trivial and vulgar. Besides, it would n't have kept you from being here. On the contrary."

I know that she smiled a little sadly.

"We don't want to go tumbling out of one man's arms into another's. Maybe you only encourage us to do it by calling it sin. For what we do want is somehow to escape the terrible consequences of being good. There it is," she said.

Then she moaned a little, sorry for herself. "And I must, I must, escape from this awful immortality," she said. "Is n't there any way it can be done?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "if you could fix firmly in you a desire for something different it might be granted."

"So we can achieve no new desires here," she said. "Is n't it dreadful?" That was a constant phrase of hers.

"Can't you call up the memory of an old one?" I asked. "There must have been something other than Fifth Avenue in your inner life."

"Now I'll tell you," she said; "I've tried that. I used to plan that when my husband got free of business, if he ever did, we'd take a romantic old castle in Italy or on the Rhine and live there at least six months in the year. I fixed that idea well in him. He'll want to do it with his other wife now, and I dare say she won't like it a bit. I wish you had n't forgotten her name. Well, I thought to myself when I'd been dead awhile, half an eternity in any place in Europe is better than spending the whole of it here. So I set my desire hard on some old castle, just as I used to in life to make my husband promise he'd buy one. And one night I thought I'd got to it, and I was so glad. There were the battlements and the rocks and the moonlit lake below; but it turned out to be only that sham place that's really the waterworks in Central Park. So after that I gave up trying."

We stayed some time in silence. She had nothing else to say; I had no more suggestions. But we found, I suppose, some satisfaction in staying so. I was



wearing a thick coat and leaning on the park wall; her soul was on my shoulder. Suddenly I said:

"Good night. It 's nearly dawn. I must be going."

"You said you might be leaving New York soon," she ventured.

"Yes," said I. "And, quite unexpectedly, I 'm through my work. I get off the day after to-morrow."

"Oh," she said, "good night," and never another word.

The next night I went out to say good-by; I thought it would be only civil. I made no doubt we should find each other along that first half-mile of park wall, that she 'd descend upon me as she had done before. She was n't there. I paced up and down, searching most carefully; my eyes were experts now. I spent the whole night searching. It was broad day when I stopped. I stood in the morning light, with my face in my hands, fixing my thoughts in a final effort firmly on her. I hoped that, though I could not see, I should feel her presence near me if she came. Quite in vain.

I could not make up my mind to leave New York without seeing her. It sounds absurd, for what was she to me? What was she, anyhow, but a disembodied soul, one of thousands and thousands, and all past praying for, despite anything the good Catholics may say? What could there ever be between us? My desires had certainly never been set on New York. Wherever I might find myself when I died, it would certainly not be here. But I felt I could not go without seeing her.

For seven nights I searched from dark till daybreak, standing, willing her to come, pacing wildly, silently calling. I remembered then that I did n't even know her name. I slept exhaustedly all day.

On the seventh night the wind was rough. I was at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street when a gust blew her right into my face. I caught her, and held her with the roughest grasp.

"Where on earth have you been," I said, "and what have you been doing?"

"I 've been close to you lots of times,"

she said. "I can't make out how you did n't see me."

"Now, don't you think that because I have a body I can be lied to, either," I stormed at her. "You 've been wishing yourself out of the way on purpose."

"Yes, I have," she said.

"Why?" I asked her.

She did not answer.

"Will you tell me why?" I demanded.

"No, I won't," she said, "but if there 's anything in it at all you ought to be able to tell without my telling."

"Well, I can't," I snapped.

"I knew you would n't," she said, "so what 's the good, anyway?"

"You really are a most irritating little soul," I said. "Will you tell me what it is you want of me?"

Not, poor dear, that she had shown she wanted anything. She made no answer.

"Will you please tell me what it is you want of me?" I repeated.

Still no answer.

"Then I shall wait here night and day until you do." I did not mean to be bullied. I had made up my mind to that.

A long silence.

Then suddenly she said:

"I want to escape. I thought I was settling down to it, but talking to you has brought back time again, and now when you go I shall want to escape worse than ever. I shall want to die, and I sha'n't be able to. Won't it be dreadful?"

Her silly little phrase!

"But I really don't see what I can do to help you," I told her. "If you can think of anything, by all means tell me. I 'll certainly try it."

"Where do you go to when you go?" she asked.

"I go west across the prairies and the mountains," I said, "and then southwest across the sea."

"I knew that really," she confessed; "it has been in your mind all the time. I 've been jealous of your having it so much in your mind."

"Well, go on!" I told her, sharply, as my way was.

"I thought," she spoke slowly, "that if

you could like me well enough to be able to carry me with you part of the way, then why should n't you leave me on the prairie as you passed? And there, if I fixed my desire on nothingness, the great wind might carry me to such a lonely place that I 'd be almost as good as dead."

"We might try it," I said; "but you would have to like me enough to stop yourself flying back here."

"But how can I like you," she protested, "unless you like me first?"

"Like you in any ordinary sense of the word I certainly do not," I said. "I am a practical man. I have no use for these fantastic exercises of imagination. How do you expect me to like you?"

She sobbed aloud.

"That 's because I 've lost my body," she cried. "If I had my body back, I 'd make you like me fast enough, oh dear! oh dear!"

I did my best to soothe her.

"And now I dare say I 'm not even a decent-looking soul," she wailed.

I assured her she was a charming-looking soul.

"What shape am I?" she asked.

I assured her she was a perfect oval, and her color a most delicate pale gray.

"It sounds very dull," she said. "I 've never dared ask any one to tell me before. But compared with the others, I suppose it 's not so bad."

"But if I do try to take you, how am I to take you?" I asked her. "I can't carry you in my hand for two whole days; besides in the daylight I 'd lose you."

"Oh, but I 've thought of that," she said. "What you want is a match-box to fold me up and put me in. No, not a real match-box, silly; but one of the—what used the spiritualists to call it?—one of the astral sort."

"And where does one buy those?" I asked.

I was sure she was smiling queerly.

"Have you never been in love with a pretty foolish woman?" she said.

"With dozens," I answered. "I always say that; it is safer. But the fact is that I had never been in love at all.

She must have known both of the silly lie and the more shameful truth, but she did not remark on them. Instead, she said:

"Think of your love for a woman like that, and you 'll find it very like a sort of match-box to carry me about in."

I never sleep in the train, so all night I sat upright in the darkened car. I had taken the Little Soul from my pocket, and I held her against my cheek; and through the noise of the shaking of the train all night she whispered in my ear. She was sure she was going to die now, she said, and did I mind her telling me things she had never told any one before.

"Why should I?" I answered her coldly. I was leaving the country; she could be certain they would go no further.

They were but simple things she had to tell: of dreams, first for herself, then for her dead children; of little verses she had written and hidden and destroyed; of a temptation to unlawful love that she had shunned. Foolish things, I thought; and I stuck to the thought, though I knew she knew I was thinking it.

The next night I stood on the wide prairie and held her soul in my hand. It was late, for I had walked as far from the town as I could. There was no sound; it was cloudy and pitchy dark. No wind as yet, but a feeling as if a wind would rise.

"Now it 's good-by," I said. "I 've kept my promise, and I 'll wait, what 's more, till the wind blows you away."

"Don't put me down for a minute," she begged. "I have something else to tell you."

"What is it?" I asked. "You were talking all last night."

"Oh, nothing about me, indeed," she whispered. "I 've nothing more to tell. But I wanted you to know that why I told you about myself and did n't ask about yourself at all was only because, being so close to you, I could learn and feel and understand all there was in your heart. I knew all that you had done and suffered in your life from the beginning until now."

"Then you know of a poor thing," I

said, "a black and hollow thing, a wasted thing."

"Yes," she went on. "And I knew that you were thinking that, but I wanted to tell you that I did n't think so at all. I think you 've done very well in spite of what people call your failure, and you 've always tried your best. Though fame has never come to you, you 've set your teeth and gone on, have n't you, and never chattered or complained? And I wanted to tell you that I love you for it."

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life," I said. "How can you love me? We 're absolutely unsuited to each other in every way, not a tradition or a taste in common. Besides, you 're dead; quite dead in one sense and almost dead in the other. What 's the use of talking about such things?"

"Now don't pretend to be cross when you 're not," she went on. "That 's childish. I 've told you this for a very selfish reason. I thought that instead of running the risk of being blown about this great prairie forever, if you could learn to love me just enough in return, my soul perhaps might pass completely into yours, and in that way there would be quite an end of me. Now, don't interrupt me in what I 'm saying. You need a little something like this added to you, a little common sense, a little patience, a little tenderness toward helpless things. You need it badly, and it 's very conceited of you to pretend you don't. And, oh, my dear," she cried, and the very soul of her seemed to be throbbing, "love is often like this, you know. How is it that you don't know—death to give, but always life to him that will dare take the offered love? And how gladly one dies to give it!"

"I do not love you," I said, "and I won't pretend to. I have never loved any one and I never will. It 's not worth while. I made up my mind to that long ago."

"Very well," she said; "it does n't matter. Please put me down."

I put her down.

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by," said she.

And then I knelt there for an hour or more. It was dark; I could not see her, and not another word did we say. Waiting so, I felt how dreadful eternity must be.

At last I heard it rise in the far distance, the northwest wind. Shaking and shrieking and rumbling, it came in leaps of gusty anger, with silence in between. I set my teeth, or I must have cried out in fear. But she made never a sound. Then it was on us, brutal, vindictive. I could not help it; I flung myself along the ground to shield her, groping with my hands where I thought she must be. My neck was bare, and in a moment I felt the frail little thing she was fluttering close to me.

"I can't," she pleaded in agony; "I 'm afraid. It 's so cold and merciless and strong. I once had asthma as a child. Take me back to that selfish city. At least they 'll understand me there."

"No, no," I whispered, "not back to that; that 's worse than any hell. We must n't be cowards, we two, must we?"

"But I can't be lonely through eternity," she wailed. "I can't, I can't. It is n't fair to ask me."

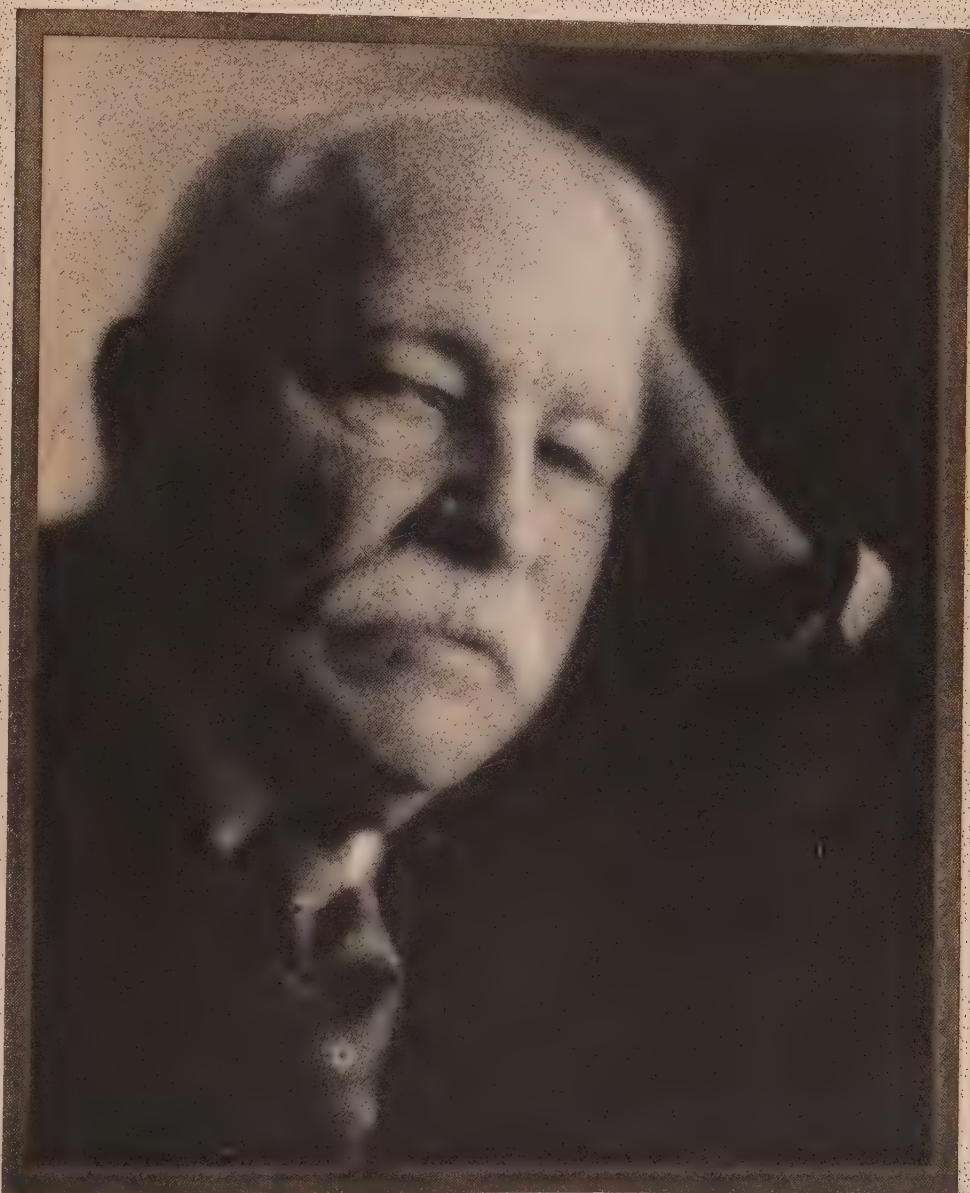
Suddenly I began to shake as if a very ague were on me. I choked. I turned on my side for air. I crushed her soul between my hands. I ground it to my breast.

I threw my face up to the dark above, and a cry came from me that surely God might have heard. "Oh, my dear Little Soul, my dear Little Soul!" And the ice within me broke, and the tears sprang. I, who had not shed a tear since I could remember!

Before ever the tears could fall, my hands, which had held her, were empty and my lips, which would have kissed her, foiled. The Little Soul had vanished.

But my soul was full of joy. And the wind, as I lay there, could not harm me nor the night make me afraid.





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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS





## Ripe for Conquest

By MAJOR ROBERT R. McCORMICK

Associate Publisher of "The Tribune," Chicago

THE terrifying part of our unpreparedness is not only our unpreparedness in material and military organization, but our unpreparedness of intellect even to comprehend what the words "military efficiency" mean. Nearly every reader of this article has the same conception of a military organization. He and she cannot describe it, but what they think of is a skeleton regiment on parade, with six or more skeleton companies of not more than two platoons each; that is to say, they see in their mind a colonel and staff on horseback, and then lines of soldiers in double rank stretching nearly from curb to curb, with an officer, and sometimes two officers, marching in front of each double rank, with a large percentage of flags and buglers. The soldiers form into line on a parade-ground, and it is plain that there are officers enough to push the men into position and personally to instruct each one. Ideas of battle come from a round or two of blank cartridges fired while in this double rank, which indeed looks like popular engravings of the Battle of Waterloo or the Battle of Gettysburg.

Aside from officers of the regular army, experienced soldiers in the same service, and the National Guard, how many of our ten million men of military age can guess the width of a company of infantry from the right to left when in line of battle? A company of infantry of war

strength in open order of attack has a front of three hundred yards, three times the length of a foot-ball field, three city blocks, the length of a polo-ground. A regiment is composed of twelve companies. If this regiment must be deployed on one line, as is apt to happen in war, it is over two miles from end to end.

In such circumstances what control can a colonel be expected to exercise over his men? Or, putting it as it affects the average reader, how much help can the privates expect from their officers? The truth is, next to none.

In battle the fighting is done by the privates, and the direction of the privates is in the hands of the corporals and sergeants. Occasionally the company commander can give instructions to his non-commissioned officers, but he has no opportunity to superintend their execution.

It was in Russia, of all places, that I learned to appreciate the dignity of the private soldier and the terrible responsibility borne by the non-commissioned officers. The occasion which drove it into my mind was a fight along the Ravka River.

In the course of an inspection of the position of the 55th Infantry Division (we used to have one division of infantry in the United States, but that has now been disbanded) I passed along the firing-trench to a point less than fifty yards from the enemy.

So many months have passed, and so much has happened since then, that I can



tell now what before it would have been improper to mention: namely, that the Russian lines were pitifully thin. Only one regiment of the four composing the division was held in reserve. The companies of the fighting regiments were all in line, with weak local supports in reserve trenches. The men on the firing-line stood at intervals of two yards, in squads of eight, and between the squads were traverses, or earth embankments six feet thick, completely separating each individual squad from the sight of its neighboring squad.

The officers could not stand up behind the line. They could only walk up and down the trench, and that but occasionally, as the company commanders were compelled to keep near their posts in readiness to receive orders from superiors, while casualties to commissioned officers had reduced their number to about one officer for every one hundred enlisted men.

While I was in this advanced position the German artillery began a heavy bombardment of the trenches to our left, our own location being safe from artillery attack because of its nearness to the German line. We did, however, come under a heavy fire from rifles and machine-guns.

People have often asked me what a battle looks like. I have answered that obviously it looks like nothing. Any man who tried to look would not look long. By occasionally pushing up a periscope that I had fastened on my walking-stick and by glancing foolishly over the top of the parapet, I saw a vast number of shells breaking to the left, where our trenches were supposed to be. In the psychology of battle, you may be sure that I did not imagine the shells to be farther from the trenches than they really were. I also saw the smoke from the enemy's rifles across the wire entanglements. At one time I located a machine-gun by the steam-like appearance of its jets of smoke. The impression was very strong that our left-flank trenches were being wiped out, that the enemy would occupy them and cut off our retreat. In this case our situation would be desperate, as there was no com-

municating-trench in rear of the far-advanced position that we occupied. The only thing that was needed to present the strain of war in its sharpest pain was the expected appearance of wave upon wave of gray-clad, screaming Germans, flashing their bayonets and firing as they charged.

In the event of attack, it would have been the duty of each of the groups of eight Russian muzhiks to stand fast in their squad trench and shoot the enemy immediately in front of them, trusting to every other group of eight to do likewise. The failure of any squad would have meant the death of all. If every squad did its duty, we would in all probability repel the attack, heavy as it might be.

Now, gentle reader, if you are a young man of military age, do you feel that you could stand in your place in a squad trench and do your duty as muzhiks and other peasants of monarchial Europe have frequently done? My own opinion of you is that you could not, and my opinion has the strength of a conviction. I do not care whether you are barber, barrister, banker, bartender, or broker.

Take a harder case. Supposing you were advancing in open order of attack, and had reached a point where, with your captain killed, your platoon commander wounded, your line, unable to go forward, was lying in the open, and your only chance for life was to find the range of the enemy and shoot at him so correctly that he in turn could no longer shoot correctly at you. Would you listen to the orders of your corporal? Would you take the range he gave you, carefully adjust your sight, and fire every shot as carefully as if you were trying to ring a cane at Coney Island or make a new step in a dance? No, you could not do it, and failing to do it, you would be killed by some peasant of the type that you see working on the railroad-track or mixing concrete for the foundation of the road on which you run your automobile, and upon whom you look as hardly human. He is a better soldier than you are.

The national ignorance of the conduct of war extends into Congress, even into

the committees on military and naval affairs of the Senate and the House. This statement, which would be hotly or contemptuously denied by the committeemen now, will some day be urged for them in extenuation when a bitter and bereaved nation calls them thieves and murderers.

They have no idea what a tremendously difficult thing it is, even in peace manœuvres, to conduct in attack such a small unit as a battalion. There are not ten National Guard regiments in the United States which can deploy and advance two thousand yards across broken country and have any organization when they approach the line supposed to be occupied by the enemy. The regular army can conduct this manœuver with a unit as large as a brigade, but certainly not with a larger one. It cannot be done without practice. To conduct a squad of eight men so as to obtain the maximum cover and at the same time maintain an effective rifle fire, is every bit as hard as it is to conduct a college foot-ball eleven; and to conduct the squad under fire is of course many times harder.

If one can imagine a game of foot-ball with one hundred and fifty elevens on a side, all coöperating with one another, he can understand what it means for a regiment to attack. Now, we know that in the case of the peaceful game of foot-ball the players are trained for years, and that when the eleven of any university reaches a certain degree of organization it will remain dominant for several seasons, notwithstanding a gradual change in its personnel. So it is with military organizations. As in foot-ball, team-work and training are everything, individual strength is nothing. Incidentally, the leading American foot-ball coach has a larger salary than the chief of staff of our army.

Last summer we had two principal citizens' instruction camps. The first, at Plattsburg, New York, was largely made up of young college men, many of them athletes, horsemen, or hunters, and the one thing they learned was that they did not even know enough to be privates, al-

though, before arriving, they had thought to qualify themselves in thirty days to be second lieutenants at least.

The second camp was held at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, and was composed of highly intelligent, sincere business men. At the end of three weeks' training they indulged in a sham battle with one hundred and fifty Culver Military Academy school-boys, and were disastrously defeated, as they freely admitted.

Now, if a month's "intensive training" under regular officers and with the assistance of regular troops cannot teach three hundred men of this type to fight a sham battle against one hundred and fifty trained school-boys, how would two or three or four times as much training at the hands of insufficiently drilled officers qualify any men to manœuver under fire from rifles, machine-guns, and explosive shells?

Battle conditions are very much more disconcerting to the untrained man than he would ever expect. I speak with authority and feeling because I have been there. My first experience was an agony, and if no lesson is to be learned from the fact that two British officers who had fought through the Marne campaign were unaffected, what will you say to the unconcern of an American regular officer who had served fourteen years in the army but had never smelled smoke before? The answer is that he was mentally prepared while I was not. If he had been in command of troops, he would have disposed them with all his native ability. I would not.

It is unfortunate for the country that the truth about the conduct of raw troops in the Spanish and Philippine wars has not been printed. Of the four volunteer regiments put to a severe test in 1898, only one did not fail utterly, and this one, as we all know, was composed largely of cow-boys, woodsmen, and mountaineers; was officered in its high command by two of the most remarkable men their generation has produced, and in the lower commands was reinforced by a strong leaven of professional soldiers.

Nor was misconduct under fire confined to the volunteers. A newly enlisted regiment of regular troops, with regular officers and a few months' training, broke into panic in the Philippine Islands before nothing more dangerous than a few stamped carabao.

"But what happened in '98 would not happen now," men in my branch of the service say, and, I think, truthfully. The National Guard has improved many hundred per cent. since 1898. The tin soldiers resigned or were weeded out, and those that remained have worked diligently to impart the bitter lesson they learned. Picked troops of the National Guard would not now fail as certain picked militia regiments did in 1898, but that is a long way from being able to defeat German, French, Russian, Japanese, or Bulgarian trained soldiers.

We recognize physical courage as an attribute indispensable to manhood, like financial honesty and truthfulness. But whereas we inculcate the latter two by public opinion, practice, and coercion, we do not, under our present civilization, develop the former. The charge of cowardice would be bitterly resented individually and collectively, but one must recognize the growing tendency of men to acknowledge, partly through the development of false modesty, a lack of the courage without which no race can live. The people who sway public opinion dare not face the fact of undeveloped courage; yet the fact is here.

Is it in a nation of ready-made soldiers that one man can hold up and rob a trainful? How often is a professional slugger captured by irate citizens, be the citizens however preponderating in number? Yet one policeman will capture a gang of safe-blowers and fight single-handed a whole crowd of professional thugs and murderers.

That system is stronger than the man is indicated by the fact that the sluggers are men naturally violent, whose tendencies have been increased by a favorable environment, while policemen—that is, the most effective of them—are selected

by civil service from the average type of wage-earners. And as with policemen, so with firemen; the good system makes the hero.

That it is the system and not the man is further borne out by the vast superiority of the metropolitan policeman over the small-town constable. I remember an incident in a suburban town where a murderer was cornered by a mob in which were all the local policemen, none of whom dared approach him. There he stood like a boar at bay until a city policeman, in the country for an outing, attracted by the commotion, gave immediate expression to his training by rushing under an upraised hatchet and capturing the offender. Not until the struggle was entirely over did any one lend assistance to the volunteer officer. No lynching mob has ever taken a prisoner from a *city* policeman. How often have a sheriff and posse resisted one?

Railroad engineers seldom fail to show heroism in train wrecks, yet they hardly ever resist train-robbers. The reason for this apparent inconsistency is that they are mentally prepared for the first terror, but not for the second.

We have not been training men to resist the terrors of war, and so we have not got them in the numbers that other nations have them. The reason for this failure lies in the disbelief, entertained here and in the empire of Great Britain, which has mainly guided American thought in matters of international thinking, of the possibility of war between the great nations.

Great Britain has always maintained an overpowering navy, which has led her to luxurious ways. We have copied her ways, but not her navy. To this navy she owes her present freedom from conquest, for she has ignored her army and has hypnotized herself with talk of "volunteers." Great Britain has had certain advantages over the United States in the creation of a volunteer army. She has had closer intercourse with the military countries of the world. Following a bitter lesson in the Boer War, the rudiments of



military training have been taught in her public schools and universities.

She has a leisure class of aristocrats who have not learned military science, but have accustomed themselves to rigorous living by their athletic and nomadic habits, and by their adventurous lives and associations have in great measure prepared their minds for the stress of war. Our own idle rich boastfully liken themselves to this British aristocracy. Aside from richness and idleness, there is no resemblance. Our rich men's sons have been brought up by their mothers to represent the rich American woman's conception of English gentlemen. They have been trained in idleness, in contempt for democracy, in uselessness as far as business is concerned, but they have lacked the rough upbringing of the English boy. They have nothing of his conception of duty to the nation at war. History shows that whereas the English upper classes have always thrown themselves upon the bayonets of their nation's foes, the rich Americans have shown less military willingness than the average of their countrymen.

England also has the benefit of frontier conditions continuing in many of her colonies—conditions which produced the best of our volunteer soldiers in all our wars up to and including the Spanish war. With us the frontier has passed away. To-day the young men of Arizona and Oregon are no better equipped for military service than the young men of Massachusetts or Virginia.

Following the British idea, we have thought much of race superiority and of our ability as a race to defeat other races. The Japanese victory over Russia showed that under favoring circumstances the yellow man could beat the white; but we, taking our opinion from the English, dismissed that lesson by underestimating Russia's ability. Now, however, a further military lesson stares us out of countenance. The British have been defeated not only by the Germans, but by the Bulgarians and also by the Turks, who were beaten by the Russians, who were defeated by the Japanese. Yet the British were

better equipped to organize for war than we are.

The roar of cannon has awakened us to the fact that almost all nations of the earth are vastly more powerful on land than ourselves, chief among them Great Britain (with her year's preparation), Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Japan, Chile, and the Argentine Republic. Of these, England, Germany, and Japan have stronger navies than our own, while alliances between the other countries would give them a preponderance over us upon the sea.

We know that within three weeks of obtaining command of the sea, England, Germany, France, Austria, or Japan can land from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand men upon the seaboard of the United States and follow this up at the rate of two hundred thousand men a month indefinitely, and that to meet this invasion the United States has only thirty-five thousand trained men!

The National Guard of the United States approximates one hundred and twenty thousand men, but all of a year's training will be needed to put the whole of it in condition for war. In other words, we have thirty-five thousand men to meet the original invasion of two hundred thousand better equipped soldiers. In a year's time we can produce another one hundred and twenty thousand men to oppose the enemy, who would have two million four hundred thousand in the country and also would have possession of all our arms factories.

We are absolutely defenseless, as defenseless as China is before Japan, as defenseless as Egypt was before the Romans. The question of what we are to do to protect ourselves is as immediate as that question is to a man who sees a murderous burglar at his front door.

Evidently the first thing is to strengthen our regular army to the utmost. A plan for this has been presented by the general staff, which will allow garrisons in our strategic overseas ports strong enough to prevent their being immediately seized by the enemy, and which will leave in this

country four divisions, or 121,000 regular soldiers. These organizations would give us just a bare chance to fight off an enemy who should obtain command of the sea.

Hence we must develop an auxiliary, and develop that at once. Plans such as the Continental Army, popularly called the "jitney army," and the various schemes for universal military training, all of which are excellent, will not serve the immediate present.

For our crisis we have only one organization in existence, namely, the National Guard of the different States, and I, an officer of this service, have no exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of the National Guard as it now is.

I have shown elsewhere in this article that it is not in whole or in part to-day ready to meet the European soldiers in combat. On the other hand, it is nearer in efficiency to a regular organization than the Continental Army would be to it after its summer outings.

The military training of the National Guard is not that of the regular army; neither is it negligible. It stands to the latter as the night school does to the university.

A man, in order to qualify for the peaceful professions, such as medicine or the law, should have a university education, and after that a three- or four-year course in a first-class professional school. But all doctors and all lawyers have not been able to obtain this training. There are hundreds of lawyers I know who have obtained their education at night school. They would have been glad for the supreme instruction, but they have taken full advantage of what facilities they could get. Many of them are first-class lawyers. All of them are evidently apart from people who have never studied or thought of law.

So with the National Guard. Lacking regular army training, it has had, in fact, night-school training. Among its officers are a number who from native ability and great enthusiasm have learned much of the art of war. All of them, with the exception of that fraction of worthless peo-

ple which one finds in every gathering, have learned more or less. The National Guardsmen are capable of great improvement, if given fair opportunity. The Government's assistance to it has been trifling in expenditure, but great in results.

A seriously intended appropriation for the National Guard which would supply the instruction that the better militia officers desire, as well as compensate the soldiers for their time, conditioned upon the achievement of a reasonable degree of efficiency, say like that of the regular army prior to 1898, would furnish a reserve of a quarter of a million of men in the shortest time—men who after two months' training following the outbreak of war could stand beside or against first-line troops.

The immediate adoption of these two steps is vital. Any other course will leave us helpless in the face of an armed world that hates, envies, and despises us. Later, legislation must be found to systematize and improve our forces until the nation is made impregnable. Of course if the National Guard organizations are to be permanently maintained, ways must be found to circumvent their present disabilities—use in strikes and the conflict of authority between State and nation.

All soldiers and many civilians now recognize that military effectiveness commensurate to the population of a nation can come only through a system whereby every citizen shall be allowed to learn to protect his nation from aggression abroad and his liberty from tyranny at home.

All of Europe, Japan, Chile, and the Argentine Republic have come to this form of training. Only Great Britain and the United States, nations which used to be the leaders in civilization, lag behind. England is to-day paying \$24,000,000 a day and hundreds of thousands of lives in a struggle for continued existence because of the failure to demand of her citizens military service and to give in return humane living conditions. For not only from the military ignorance of her citizens is England suffering; their

unwillingness to enlist for war or for work in her defense is a problem of equal terror.

The English gentleman, whom the nation treated overwell, has paid his debt to his utmost ability. The English working-man is exacting a heavy usury for the debt the nation owes to him.

It is not surprising to find in Germany, where an emperor's word approaches absolute law, greater military efficiency than in democratic England, but we are surprised to find there greater patriotism; to learn that in imperial Germany the average man has received more from the state, the privileged man has paid more to the state, than in democratic England. The strangest part of our discovery comes in realizing that the German achievements in equalizing conditions among the population have been more nearly copied in England than in the United States, and England's shortcomings are reproduced here in more acute form.

In the United States of America the average man pays a higher percentage of the national taxes compared with his affluent neighbor than he does in any other so-called civilized country. In the United States the very rich man pays a lower percentage in taxes and has greater legal privileges than do the aristocrats of Europe, and, unlike them, carries no legal or social liabilities.

The very class hatred which is rending England smolders more widely here, where it is also aggravated by geographical antagonisms. It has been the chief factor of internal politics for twenty years and is not even now in process of solution. In the event of a great war it would paralyze the nation. With what enthusiasm does any one think the American people would rush to arms to drive back an invader of the seaboard?

Eighty per cent. of the people of the United States look upon the great fortunes as ill gotten. The owners of these fortunes, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, have nearly all settled on one or the other sea-coast. Even where the evasion of taxes was not the incentive, this migra-

tion has resulted in depriving the localities where the fortunes were made of taxes and of the benefit of the spending of the income and the support of local charities. The evils of absentee landlordism are already serious.

The "people back home" are hostile to the *émigrés*. New York and the North-eastern sea-coast are to them nothing but the homes of the dodging, obligation-shifting, idle rich, in whose behalf they would certainly feel no call to die. This rich element is itself non-military, and could furnish nothing for protection, nor would the not inconsiderable element depending upon it for ungenerous existence.

In addition to being the chosen home of those richest Americans who have not sought European domiciles, the Eastern sea-coast is the landing-point of foreign immigrants. Immigrants of long standing may have absorbed as much patriotism as the native born, but the newly arrived immigrants are still foreigners in thought and in law. In the event of invasion, thousands upon thousands of them would be legally bound to join the invaders, and none of them would be bound to help defend the country. As a foreign diplomat untactfully put it, "We have eight army corps in the United States." Immigrants of the neutral nationalities could not be looked upon as more than interested observers. There remains to volunteer enthusiastically for the defense of their firesides only a portion of the population of the sea-coast States; against them would be a large number of trained soldiers legally obligated to fight for the invader.

We present, therefore, an unorganized, unarmed nation filled with class and sectional bitterness, and with reinforcements for the invader awaiting him upon our shores. Mexico was no more ripe for the conquest of Cortez than we are ripe for conquest.

Two things must be done if this country is to endure. The existing evils must be remedied, and the people who are endeavoring to breed disintegration as a profession must be isolated and their influence destroyed.





"It's many years since I was a boy. I'm twenty-five."



# The Night Before

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Sixth Canvasser," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

HE got up from his seat by the fire and went over to the window. The woman still stood where the two streets intersected. Again she went through the manœuvres that he had already watched twice. First she made the round of the four corners, peering off in the direction of each of the eight blanched sidewalks. Then she returned to her station under the light, settled her back against the wall, hunched slimly under her umbrella, and waited. All the time the snow continued to fall.

It was the kind of snow that means business, tiny, firm, compact flakes so close together that it was as though a curtain of lace, heavy, thick, exquisitely detailed, was lowered from the sky. In the violet-blue radius of the electric light the snow-flakes looked as hard as rice; beyond they softened and blurred until they veiled the face of the city. The sidewalk was ankle-deep. Each minute the downfall seemed thicker, quicker, solider. A wind had arisen. The windows rattled. Already people were beginning to hold their umbrellas shield-wise in front of them. The man pivoted in the direction of the fire, turned back to the window, drummed intermittently on the pane, pulled down the curtains at both windows, pulled them up again, returned to his seat, resumed his work at the fire. But in a few moments he arose, and hurried over to the window.

The wind had increased measurably. The house shook at intervals. The passing was more rare. The woman still stood

at the corner, her umbrella tilted to a slant. Its upper surface was thick with snow. As he watched she shook off this burden, took another one of her uneasy, watchful strolls about the circle of the four corners, returned to her lookout.

He watched even longer this time, while twice she discharged her umbrella from an accumulation of snow. There was nothing predatory about her; there was even a calm confidence. He resumed his seat at the fire.

His work held him for ten minutes; then he went to the window. The wind was a gale; the very walls shook. Thank goodness! the woman was gone. No, it was only that she was taking another of her four-cornered prowls. Her umbrella, held head-on to the wind, came into the field of his vision first, then her whole figure. She stumbled a little, and as she took her place against the wall her whole aspect seemed to sag. But she stood quiet, fixed. After a moment or two her immobility might have meant that she had frozen to the house.

He pulled his overcoat out of the closet, jerked it on, jammed a cap hard down over his ears, seized an umbrella, and dashed through the silent house. Even the shaking of the walls, the rattling of the windows, had not prepared him for the fury outside. The wind was fairly terrific, but it was evidently of many minds; it tore in different directions. It was not now as though the snow fell

evenly; it was as though it poured down from cornucopias tilted at eccentric angles. He buffeted his way across the street. The woman did not look up as he approached, but perhaps the thick snow blanketed his footsteps. She might have been dozing.

"Excuse me," he said.

Her eyelids lifted. Her eyes looked directly into his. For an instant he got an effect of wonderful luminosity, as though a pair of bright lamps had lighted suddenly in the falling snow. But she was not frightened, only startled.

"I saw you from my window—that is, I have been watching you for a long time," he stammered, "and I began to get worried about you. I had a feeling that you were in trouble—or something—had lost somebody, maybe, and I came over to see if I could help you."

She smiled.

"You are very kind. I have lost something—a man—my husband. I am waiting for him, that's all."

"I see." But apparently he did not see at all, for he stared at her questioningly. Very likely she guessed that, for immediately she became more lucid.

"It's such a ridiculous situation! I don't know where to begin, and I should not blame you if you told me I was an awful goose."

"I won't," he encouraged her.

"Well, we got into Boston early this morning. Somebody on the train suggested to my husband a quiet place where we might stay for the night, in a private family. I did not overhear the conversation, and my husband did not happen to mention the street to me. I should n't have remembered, anyway, because I don't know anything about Boston. You see, we're sailing to-morrow. Besides, although I get along beautifully alone, when I'm with my husband I always depend absolutely on him. He always insists on taking just the care of me that you would of a child. We went to this house, left our things, and about ten we started to walk down-town, toward the center of the city. We were going to have dinner

in a hotel. I wanted to buy some hair-pins—" For the first time her voice began to quiver a little.

He was afraid she was going to cry.

"Hair-pins," he repeated vaguely.

"Oh, yes." She stopped, and caught control of herself. "I needed them for the boat. I ran across a little shop that happened to be open, late as it was. I told my husband to go on,—he hates waiting for change,—that I would overtake him. When I came out from buying the hair-pins he was not in sight. But I followed the street—oh, for what seemed a long, long way! Probably it seemed longer simply because it was unfamiliar. Anyway, I leaped to the conclusion that I was going in the wrong direction. I turned back on my tracks, and then I lost my head entirely, and began making desperate excursions into the side street. My theory is that he was doing the same thing. We were like buckets in a well. When he was *here* I was *there*, and when I was *there* he was *here*. Anyway, we lost each other; and so I came back to the place where we separated,—I had managed to keep that in mind,—knowing that he would ultimately come back there after me. I've been waiting hours and hours and hours. What time is it?" she demanded suddenly.

He hesitated.

"About twelve," he answered.

"It began to snow a long time ago. That frightened me, but I did n't dare to leave. You see, I did n't know where to go. I don't know where we're staying, and I have no money. You don't know how glad I am that you spoke to me, because I was beginning to feel a little frightened." She managed to laugh a little. "And I should like your advice."

He considered the situation. If any sinister interpretation of the man's disappearance occurred to him, he managed to keep guard on his expression.

"You feel sure that your husband will come back here?"

"Oh, yes."

"But in this storm don't you think he might get lost, too?"



"Oh, no; he has an extraordinary sense of direction. It's a sixth sense with him. It's an intuition. He's like a homing pigeon. And then he's traveled and explored all his life. That's helped."

He meditated a moment.

"Do you think I had better call up the police station and tell them where you are in case he should inquire there?"

"The police station?" she repeated. Through her voice surged a dread purely feminine of such a course. "Oh, that might mean getting into the papers!"

"Not necessarily," he reassured her; "I think we'd better do that. Then the instant he calls up they can relieve his mind. He'll know you're safe."

"Safe?" she queried.

"Yes, you must go over and wait in my room. It's big and comfortable, and it's warm there. It happens, though, that nobody but myself is at home. The family have all gone away for the night. I guess I'm asking you to trust me a good deal. Perhaps you'd rather not do that."

"Oh, I do trust you! I shall be very glad to go to your room." Her voice rounded over the reassurance with which she met both of his interrogatives.

"You see," he exclaimed, "if he calls up any police station, my address will be with them; and if he comes back to this corner without doing that, we shall see him from the window."

"Oh, yes, I see." Tremendous relief volleyed into her voice, but at the same time her figure drooped. "I think I'm very cold and tired," she said forlornly.

"And hungry," he added for her. "I'll make you some hot chocolate. It's just opposite."

He closed his umbrella, possessed himself of hers, and, with a hand under her arm, helped her across the street. She leaned against the wall while he unlocked the door; but the warmth indoors effected a temporary revival.

"How luscious this heat is!" she murmured as they passed up the dimly lighted stairs. "Oh, I do hate to be cold! I think I should rather be hungry."

"I would n't," he laughed.

Up-stairs in a big front room he helped her off with her rubbers, her veil, and found the pins in her hat for her. "I'm going to telephone now," he said. "Will you tell me your name?"

She gave it, and he left her.

She made no attempt to take off the long cape she wore. She stood with a bewildered expression, looking about her. The furniture in the room was cheap and innocuous, but clean and ample—a bedroom set in curly maple. It was unmistakably the room of a man; it was unmistakably the room of a very young man. It was unmistakably the room of a very young man in that period when, having established no canons of taste for himself, he feels that he must prove in all his Lares and Penates the virility of his point of view. Boxing-gloves, dumb-bells, a baseball mask indicated an athletic instinct. Beer mugs and tankards testified to a convivial strain. A small collection of novels on a shelf in one corner were all romantically martial in theme. The feminine influence was not lacking. Cushions, a little violent in color and displaying every variation of handiwork, crowded the couch. On the bureau and chiffonier many dainty embroidered linen impedimenta made amusing contrast with toilet-articles, heavily masculine, in ebonized wood. On the walls there were many poster-pictures of pretty girls. At one end was a big trunk, and beside it a box.

How much of this the lady saw is a matter of conjecture. Suddenly she began to sway and sag and slide. When the owner of the room returned, she was a mere crumpled heap of clothes on the floor. He bounded to her side, knelt down, raised her. Again her eyes opened, and again that startling effect of luminosity.

"I guess I was colder and more frightened than I realized." She smiled, but the smile came as the result of a tremendous effort. He helped her to the couch. She lay there still for a while and then, with a sudden recrudescence of energy, stood briskly up.

"Of course you were," he said, watch-

ing her closely. "I 'm kicking myself because I did n't beat it over there before. But you 'll be all right as soon as you have something hot to drink. I 've done the telephoning, and put some milk on the gas-stove. There 'll be some hot chocolate in a little while. You 'd better take off that wet cape."

Her long, gray military cape came off, revealing a surprise. She wore an evening-gown of a transparent, floating gray. It came down to gray satin slippers with silver buckles. She pulled away a scarf, also a transparent, floating gray. Her shoulders, neck, and arms were bare except where a necklace of delicately carved gold dropped pendent topazes that were like ovals of petrified honey; their pendent reflections were like drops of yellow wine on her white skin. Her arms were very slim and long, and so were her hands. Her eyes were large and changing, slate color in the shadow and gray in the light. Her ripply hair, coiled very simply in the neck and thrust through with a yellow satin rose, must once have been dark—a smoky dark. Now, though she was young, it was gray, a brilliant gray, as though here, there, everywhere sparks of silver had been set in the smoke. The tired pallor of her face intensified a certain sculpturesque quality in her features.

He drew the couch over to the fire; he heaped the cushions comfortably.

"Now lie down and take it easy," he begged. "That 's a peach of a sofa. I 'll be back in a jiffy." He poked the fire vigorously and disappeared.

She did exactly as she was told; but her fine, luminous eyes moved languidly over that part of the room which came within the range of her vision. As the result of his vigorous efforts, the fire had come up, beating its way through a thick film of charred paper. From under the pile of pillows which he had thrown on the hearth protruded crumpled sheets of letter-paper covered with writing, stray envelopes, and a photograph or two, face down.

He came in presently with a bowl of steaming chocolate, a plate bearing a por-

tion of cold chicken that still preserved the shape of the tin, some crackers, and some little cakes. He drew a low, jiggly table beside the couch, spread the things out.

"Now get busy," he commanded, "and eat!"

"Oh, I 'll eat," she murmured. "I never was so hungry! You see, I 've had no dinner. And you know so wonderfully just what to do! Men differ so very much in that respect. Old men who 've had a lot of experience are often quite helpless when women go to pieces. But you are extraordinary, and you 're only a boy."

He laughed.

"It 's many years since I was a boy. I 'm twenty-five."

"You don't look that," she commented. "Besides, twenty-five is not a very advanced age."

His look of adolescence was as much a matter of figure as of face. He had carried into the twenties much of the boyish slimness of the teens; yet his figure had the strength of maturity, though he moved as lightly as a cat. His face, however, was not shadowed with even a touch of that maturity. His olive-dark skin glowed with a cleanly athleticism; his tar-black eyes sparkled with it. His look was alert, candid, friendly. He would have been almost too pretty if it had not been for that obvious muscularity and for the scar that gashed upward from one corner of his mouth. A shade of boyish melancholy clouded his face for an instant.

"Sometimes I feel so old! And I have n't got as much speed as I had once. Why, at the gym there are kids that put it all over me running and swimming. They can't any of them box with me yet." He bragged quite openly of that. "I 'm a light-weight—amateur; I fight at a hundred and twenty-nine. That 's how I got that scar." He touched the cicatrice on his upper lip as though it were the decoration of the Legion of Honor. "I 'm never going to stop exercising, though; and if I ever start to run to stomach, I 'll make a hole in the river."

She was sipping the steaming chocolate with a delicate eagerness, disposing of



"The white neck and shoulders and arms, the clean-cut profile, came out like marble"



bites of the chicken with a dainty celerity, nibbling alternately, and with a kind of pretty ferocity, first at a cracker then at a cake.

"That 's right," she approved between bites; "don't stop exercising. I do so hate to see men get unsightly. There 's really no need of it. My husband's figure is superb, and he 's over fifty; but he exercises every morning of his life. You look awfully fit. I know enough about it to guess how you must have worked to develop yourself the way you have."

With a quick athletic pounce, he was on his knees on the floor before her. He lifted to her investigation an upper arm which, flexed, mounded into swelling biceps. "Feel that muscle!" he ordered proudly. Her slim fingers enfolded his arm for an instant. He turned it over so that the ridged triceps manifested themselves. "Feel that!" he commanded exultantly. She obeyed. The arm straightened. He unfastened his cuff, pushed up his sleeve. He thrust his forearm, the fist clenched, nearer for her examination. "How about that?" he demanded triumphantly. The forearm presented a plane of what looked like solid iron covered with satin, stretching from elbow to wrist.

Her slim fingers made experimental, but unsuccessful, attempts to dent this muscular plane.

"That 's wonderful!" she approved. "How you must have worked!"

"I wish you could have seen me when I first went to the gym," he said. "My poor little arms were like sticks, and as for my chest—well, I had just about as much chest as a sick chicken. Everybody was afraid I would get the consumption. But I began to run and swim and box, and the first thing I knew I was the healthiest kid in the place, with some punch in my arm, too. I believe in the healthy mind in the healthy body, you know," he concluded in the tone of one who had come on a great discovery.

"So do I," she said. "I hope you 'll never stop working. Why, in England I have seen men of nearly seventy playing

tennis. Of course they did not look like boys, but neither did they look like old men, and with such fine, straight, slim figures still. I hate fat."

"So do I," he agreed. He took her empty cup and plate from her. "Do you feel better?" he asked politely.

"Oh, much better," she answered. "Thank you again." She arose and walked over to the window. The slim figure in its floating gray gown moved like a wraith through the air. And once quiet against the long, dark window-glass, her draperies seemed to blend with it. The white neck and shoulders and arms, the clean-cut profile, came out like marble. He watched her with the look of one who is unaware that he is watching.

"You need n't worry about that," he said. "I 'll keep my eye on the street. The moment a man appears who seems to be looking for somebody I 'll beat it out and flag him. It 's a hundred to one shot, though, that your signal will come over the 'phone."

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It 's after one," he said, looking at his watch.

Her face seemed to receive a fresh accession of marble pallor.

"You don't think anything could have happened to him, do you?"

"No," he answered; "but I 'll go downstairs and 'phone the police station again. And I 'll call up the hospitals, too."

"Oh, that would be so good of you!" Again that limpid luminosity flared in her eyes.

When he returned she was examining his boxing-gloves.

"I guess you do some exercising yourself," he said, giving the long, slim figure a shrewd, appraising glance.

"I fence a little, I play tennis rather well, I swim very well, and I ride beautifully." She announced this without vanity.

"Gee! I 'd like to see you fence!" he said. "I don't do any of those things except swim. You can't ride in the city, of course, and I always looked on tennis as a kind of girly-girly game."

"Some men do. Oh, but—" she turned the subject quickly—"I 'm very sure you were doing something when you brought me over here. Please go on."

A shade of embarrassment fell across the boyish frankness of his look.

"I was just burning some things up. Sure, I guess I will finish the job if you 'll excuse me for a few minutes."

"Please do!" she entreated. "I 'll be looking at your books."

She moved over to the book-shelf and seated herself in a little chair in front of it. He moved over to the fireplace, squatted on a cushion on the hearth. She began to pull books out from the shelves, looking with obvious interest at the titles and with obvious amusement at the illustrations. He began to feed the fire with the documents that the pillow had partly obscured.

"It 's all finished now," he said after a long interval, and sighed with what was evidently relief. "Won't you come back here to the sofa? It 's ever so much more comfortable."

She arose and swayed over to the fireplace and into the light. Her filmy, gray skirt rippled backward from the long lines of her figure, then closed swathingly in on it. The sheer gray scarf streamed like mist off her shoulders, dropped unheeded to her waist, rested on her slim wrists and on the slight salience of her hip. She seated herself among the cushions. Her shoulders drooped a little, and her chin sank. But her big eyes, flame-filmed, looked directly at him. The light above her head played like a million-pointed silver flame in her cloudy hair. It oozed through the topazes and licked in a dozen golden flames against her white skin.

"What a pippin of a thing that is you 're wearing about your neck!" he said.

Her long, slim hand went up to the golden stones. The golden tongues curled about her fingers.

"My topazes. I 'm very fond of topazes; I bought these in Rome."

"They are just the color of white wine," he commented.

"Yes, I 've often thought that." She unclasped the necklace and handed it to

him. He examined it with great interest. "I think that 's a corking thing," he commented, handing it back.

"What time is it now?"

"After two," he answered, looking at his watch.

"You *don't* believe that anything has happened to him?" she entreated.

"No, but I 'll find out for sure again." With a single impulse upward, his hands not touching the floor, he was on his feet again. He bounded with his quick, light step out of the room and down the stairs. "No, he 's not been heard from at the station or at the hospital," he announced cheerfully, returning in a few minutes.

"I can't understand what 's keeping him." She looked somberly out into the whirling white heart of the storm. "If I could only get to a hotel; but I don't suppose a taxi would venture—"

"No." He shook his head so decisively that his thick black hair divided. He tossed it into position again.

"And, besides, I have no money."

"Oh, money!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I can give you some money, of course."

"Well, then just as soon as it lets up a little—"

"I 'll take you anywhere you want to go," he promised; "but there is no reason why you should n't stay here. He 's bound to find you. And there will be nobody in this house all night long."

"But I 'm keeping you up," she said.

"I 'm enjoying it," he asserted roundly. "I 'm having the time of my life."

"But to-morrow you 'll have to work," she said regretfully.

"To-morrow!" he said and started.

"To-morrow—" He paused abruptly.

"I 'm not going to work to-morrow. To-morrow I 'm going—" He paused abruptly again. A strange expression came into his eyes, a strange smile played across his lips. "And to-morrow you 're going to sail somewhere, are n't you?"

"Yes, to Italy—to wonderful, appealing, endearing, romantic, colorful, beautiful, heartbreaking Italy." She lifted her long arms above her head in a sudden un-

control as though she could express her feelings about Italy only in gesture. "I've lived five times in Italy, and oh, how I love it! I don't know which I love most, the ruins or the gardens. There's one garden—oh, how I wish I could take you to it this very instant! It's on the Aventine Hill. It's not such a very big garden, but such a wonder! We go in through a big, massive door, oh, so heavy and huge! and there, stretching before us, are parallel hedges of box so high that even a giant could not see over the top. And we would walk straight between those hedges and come out on a big, round pool, with a fountain in the center where ferns grow and where the sunlight, trembling on the water, is thrown up in quivers of gold on the fern. And all about everywhere are bushes cut into strange formal shapes like carved jade, and daisies with hearts of gold and petals of pink. And on one side of the pool a huge yellow cat with green eyes is playing with leaves, and on the other side a huge white one with blue eyes is nursing her kittens. And beyond the pool is the parapet, and beyond the parapet, oh, 'way, 'way off, like a monstrous, blue, bell-shaped bubble set in the sky, is the dome of St. Peter's. And below the parapet—many many feet below—lies beautiful, pearly Rome and the Tiber, like molten brass. Would you like to see that garden?"

"Would I?" He laughed, but his laugh was rich with assent.

"I could take you to many other gardens quite as wonderful, most of them bigger though—gardens in Italy, gardens in France, gardens in England, and gardens all over the Orient. I've made a collection of secret gardens. One of the most beautiful is in San Francisco, a quaint, shaded little spot full of hedges and trees and bushes and lovely old mossy, lichened, vine-grown, weather-stained, broken-nosed statues, and all this running very slowly up hill until suddenly at the top you look out on the great greeny-golden, foam-laced, palpitating Pacific. Would you like to see *that* garden?"

"Would I?" he said again. "You make

it sound like things I read and pictures I saw in fairy-tale books when I was a child." He stared at her again. But now his look of perplexity was conscious. "Tell me about the ruins," he said. "You said you did n't know, which you liked best, gardens or ruins."

"I love ruins. The ruins of Italy are beautiful, but, oh, they are nothing to the ruins of Egypt. And I've seen ruins in Ceylon and Japan and Yucatan. Imagine, in Africa, for instance, there rises straight out of the desert, all alone, nothing else about, an amphitheater bigger than the Colosseum at Rome. And everywhere these ruins are all vine-grown and flower-grown—oh, such colors and oh, such shapes! And by moonlight— You see, what makes them wonderful is that not all of them is there—dear, tender, broken things. But they suggest, oh, how they suggest! They give your mind a starting-point, and from that it builds—oh, gorgeous shapes—the walls and towers of dreams. Can you understand that—that it's the fact that they're broken and old and overgrown and stained and tragic that they are so much more wonderful?"

"Yes, I understand," he said instantly. He meditated on these strange, new ideas. But "You must have traveled a lot," was the only fruit of his thought.

She was leaning forward now, her long arms partly hidden by her gray veil, like white flower-wreaths, her long fingers loosely clasped like white lily-petals. All the firelight concentrated in her wide gray eyes and in the reflections which dripped from her topazes.

"Yes, I've been everywhere so many times that I've almost lost count. You see, my husband is a tramp by nature, and I'm a Gipsy. We never stay in one spot long. I've been uprooted so many times that sometimes I think I have no roots left. I hope I have n't. I never know when my husband is going to start off, but I have learned now that when railroad and steamship folders begin to pour in through the mail he's planning another long trip. Have you ever read the life of Lady Isabel Burton?"



"No," he said regretfully. "I don't read very much," he added in shamefaced explanation.

"Well, we're a little like Sir Richard and Lady Isabel, my husband and I. David is a great big giant of a man, red-headed, and with a red beard, strong as a lion, and looking a little like one. What brought us together was, I think, our love of wandering. It's very amusing the way our life is conducted. Sometimes he'll be away from me, and he'll get an order to go off on a long journey. He'll have to start first. Then he always writes the way Sir Richard did, 'Pay, pack, and follow!' Oh, it's such fun! I can get ready the quickest of any woman you ever saw even when I have a house on my hands. We're such a queer pair! When we're gipsying, he always does the cooking, for instance; he's a much better cook than I. But if anything goes wrong with his camera, type-writer, or bicycle, I always take it apart and fix it. I have a passion for machinery and an understanding of it. It's very wonderful our life. You see, our temperaments and abilities are very different, but our tastes are the same. Always each wants to do what the other wants to do. Oh, it's such fun being together! We're just like two children; it's never changed any from the very beginning." There came a flash of silver fire from between her dark lashes, a flash of white fire from between her red lips: those two flashes made her smile.

The puzzled, intent look in her companion's eyes exploded in understanding.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you're beautiful, are n't you?" And he said this with the naïveté of a child who has made an astonishing discovery in regard to the world. "I did n't realize that. I thought beautiful women had to look like that." He pointed to the posters on his walls.

She smiled with a charming, almost tender understanding.

"I'm glad if you think me beautiful," she said entirely without coquetry. "I certainly don't look like any of them." She studied the pretty girls with amusement.

"No, you don't," he agreed, "but I guess that's only because you're more beautiful. Don't other people tell you that?"

"Not many. Sometimes a painter or a sculptor," she turned it off easily.

"Do you know," he went on, "this is the first time I ever sat in a room with a lady in a dress like that. Of course I've seen them on the stage and in pictures and in audiences. I think it's beautiful."

"I looked at your books while you were out," she glided easily away from this personal strain. "You like books with adventure in them, don't you?"

"Sure," he answered. "The more fighting in them the better. I like detective stories, too."

"Do you like poetry?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never read any except what was in the reading-books in school."

"Well, let's find out. How do you like this?" She recited a poem to him.

"I think it's beautiful," he answered the instant she finished; "but perhaps it's the way you say it and the way you look when you say it. Who wrote it?"

"An Englishman named Keats. What did you like about it?"

"That part about 'shed no tear.'"

"Shed no tear—oh, shed no tear!

The flower will bloom another year,"

she quoted. "Well, let's try another. How about this?" She recited another poem. "What do you think of that? Do you like it?"

"Oh, I do," he answered as directly as before. "I should think it was written about you—that part, 'And loved the sorrows—' I can't remember the rest."

"How many loved your moments of glad  
grace,

And loved your beauty with love false  
or true,

Still one man loved the pilgrim soul  
in you,

And loved the sorrows of your changing  
face,"

she gave it back to him.

"If I was going to write a poem about you, that 's what I 'd say," he declared. "Was it written about you?"

She laughed with a note of gaiety that she had not hitherto shown. "I wish it was, but it was n't. That was written by an Irishman named Yeats."

He brightened.

"I 'm Irish," he said. "At least, I was born in Boston, but my father and mother came from Ireland."

"That explains you," she said. "Did you know that the Irish are a race of geniuses? They can do everything and anything. Probably you have a genius for something that you don't know anything about. Perhaps it 's writing poetry. If you like that verse of Yeats, let me tell you about a little play he wrote called 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' I 've taken part in it so many times that I know it almost by heart." At her gesture of invitation, he seated himself on the couch beside her. She placed a pillow comfortably at her neck. Then gazing at him straight, as though watching the effect she began to recite:

"Because I bade her go and feed the calves,  
She took that old book down out of the  
thatch."

For a moment after she had finished the silence remained unbroken.

"I never heard anything like that," he said finally. "I did n't know—" He arose and poured some coal upon the fire from the hod, but he moved as though in a dream. He seated himself again. "I 've always thought poetry was foolish. I feel as though I 'd been 'way off somewhere—into some strange place, or I had dreamed. I don't know how I feel."

"It 's just the effect of beauty on your Celtic soul," she explained, smiling.

"What part did you take in it?"

"*Maire.*"

"I would have liked to see you."

"Perhaps you can sometime. I 'll send you a copy of the poem from London, if you 'd like it."

"Oh, I would."

She arose abruptly and started for the window.

"He 's not come yet," he said. "I 've had my eye out the window all the time."

"What time is it now?"

"Four o'clock."

She made a gesture of despair.

"Oh, I am so worried!" she wailed.

Then added: "But let 's not talk about that. I feel so dreadfully about keeping you up. You say you are going to have a holiday to-morrow. What are you going to do?"

His face changed; for a moment he did not speak.

"I 'm going to be married," he said finally.

"*Married!*" she exclaimed, and then again, "*Married!*" and for the third time, "*Married!* Why, you *child!* Oh, you 're too young!"

"At twelve o'clock," he answered with a tone of finality. He moved over to the chiffonier, removed from its top a picture in a silver frame. "Here she is," he told her.

She studied the face that stared up at her from the silver circlet, and her own face changed subtly. It was a very young girl, with a superficial prettiness of curly, light hair, tiny roundnesses of feature, tiny smallnesses of figure. But there was a something disappointing about it—a something of meagerness of spirit, of insipidity of line; a something of jaw too narrow, of lips too thin, of nose too pointed; a something that, unseen at first, grew in strength until it vanquished the last suggestion of prettiness. "She 's only a child, too," she commented, handing the picture back. "And just think it 's your wedding-day and hers now! When you tell her about to-night, give her my very best wishes, and tell her that I know she 's marrying a man who will always take the best of care of her."

His face changed a little as though involuntarily.

"Perhaps you won't tell her?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes, I 'll tell her."

"But she won't like it?"

He hesitated, and obviously tried to evade the answering.

"No, she won't like it," he admitted finally as though he could not help it. And then again, as though under compulsion of her silence, "She does n't like me to be with any other girls. I never do if I can help it."

"Oh," she said sorrowfully, "I 'm so sorry to be making trouble for you!"

"It won't make very much trouble, or it won't last very long. And, besides," he added strangely, "I don't care. I shall keep the memory of this. It has been beautiful." He paused, then there came from him in a rush: "She does n't like a lot of things I do. Boxing! She thinks there 's no class to boxing." He stared at her in helpless question. "She does n't want me to go to the gym any more. What you said about marriage—liking everything the other one wants to do, we 're not like that."

She took the necklace of topazes from her neck.

"Give her this," she ordered, "and tell her they are from a friend."

Obedient, he took the necklace and stood a little dazed, looking at it.

Then the telephone rang and he vanished down the stairs. She stood very straight and tense in the position in which he left her.

"It 's your husband," he said. "He was knocked down by an automobile while you were in the store. He 's all right," he added swiftly as her face contorted. "He 's on the way now in a taxi. He 'll be here in a minute; they took him into

a house just a few blocks away. He told me to tell you that he was *all right*."

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Well," he admitted, "I 've been lying to you all the evening, telling you it was earlier than it was; I was so afraid you 'd worry. It 's nearly seven."

He helped her on with her rubbers, her scarf, her long cape. He handed her her hat-pins one at a time as she stood before the glass adjusting her hat.

Finally she turned, held out both hands.

"Good-by, my dear boy!" she said.

"For you are only a boy, but a dear, dear boy. Tell me your name."

He told her his name.

Quite simply, but still holding his hands, she raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him.

"You dear!" she said tenderly.

Then the door-bell rang. "Good-by, boy," she said, and ran down the stairs.

ALONE, he took up the picture in the silver frame. He looked at it for a long time, his face expressionless; but he kept shifting it into different lights, turning it at different angles. It was as though he was studying it feverishly from a new point of view. It was as though he was searching it frantically for something he had lost. He did not find it, for finally he dropped it, face downward on the chiffonier, and his features broke on something like panic. He controlled that in an instant; then very slowly he walked through the hall to the bath-room, turned on the water in the tub, took out his razor, began methodically to strop it.







Yüan Shi-kai in military uniform being borne away from the Temple of Heaven in an open sedan-chair carried by eight soldiers

## The Terrible Yüan Shi-kai

By FREDERICK MOORE

Author of "The Balkan Trail" and "The Passing of Morocco"

THE conscience of an ordinary man would not leave him sane with a record of murdered men such as marks the trail of Yüan Shi-kai to the dragon throne, and yet the fact is not disputed by disinterested observers that China is better off for having him as absolute autocrat. Not all that he does is with the greatest wisdom or the full measure of generosity that conditions would permit; but there is no other Chinese leader to whom dictatorship could so well be intrusted, and a republic for that stricken country is entirely out of the question.

Can one expect the virtues of republican citizenship in a country where ninety per cent. of its four hundred millions of people live and rear families on precarious incomes of about three dollars a month? I repeat—three dollars, lest it be thought that the words are a misprint. Of course a dollar buys more rice in China than it

does in the United States, but not enough to prevent the average being from going through life with the permanent sensation of hunger. Can one expect enlightenment and patriotism in a community as wretched as this? It is wonderful, in the circumstances, that the Chinese possess any ideas of democracy and heroism. Patriotism they do not, as a race, understand.

No one but a man willing to slaughter ruthlessly could govern in a country like China, and Yüan is willing to rule. In official mandates, soon to become imperial edicts, he follows to a certain extent the Chinese custom of humility, speaking constantly of his incapacity and unworthiness; but it is evident that he believes in himself. Like any other great man, he knows his own weaknesses, but similarly he knows his capabilities. One feels these things in his presence. With the average Chinese I find myself talking a false,

stilted language or becoming annoyed at his circumventions, the result of an artificial system of life and training; with Yüan, on the contrary, I have talked as to a man who can take and give common sense.

It has been my business to watch Yüan

Shi-kai for the last four years, or since his return to Peking from retirement. Until a few months ago I was located in the Chinese capital as correspondent of "The Associated Press," and in that capacity attended public ceremonies and receptions, and occasionally saw him pri-



One of the nine great gates of Peking



The only public picture of the ex-prince regent and his son, the boy emperor, who still resides in his palace in Peking, but is seven or eight years older than the picture shows him to be

vately, and conversed with him through one of his immediate aids, Admiral Tsai Ting-kan, as interpreter. There was one event of remarkable note at which I was present, and the photographer who accompanied me is the only other foreigner who has ever witnessed the ceremony. This was the worship at the Altar of Heaven on the occasion of the winter solstice.

It is impossible not to suspect that Yüan visits the Temple of Heaven because of the prestige he derives from performing the ceremony, hitherto performed successively for centuries by emperors who styled themselves Son of Heaven. For he also approves and assists other religious bodies

at work in China; he helps Buddhists, Christian missionaries, and Confucianists, both those who worship the great sage and those who regard him only as a master teacher. Yüan possesses those comprehensive qualities which have made some European monarchs and some American politicians successful.

He is a man of unusual appearance, being physically one of the broadest men I have ever seen. His hearty appetite and his inactive life—for it is only his mind that is vigorous—have given him a great weight of flesh, on top of which, in winter, he piles padded uniforms or fur-lined robes so thick that his arms hang out. He looks about twice as broad and twice as thick as an ordinary man in our style of dress, and this appearance is accentuated by the fact that he is of short stature, being probably only five foot four.

A friend of mine who saw him only once said he had never seen so cruel a countenance; but that was on one of the public occasions when Yüan's life was attempted, and there was excuse for the vindictiveness that appeared in his face. Yüan's battle against the assassin has been constant for the last four years, and at different periods before that time his life was in serious danger. Faithful adherents of his have passed away in one manner or another, the most notable recent case being that of Chao Ping-chun, at one time Yüan's prime minister. The sudden death of Chao, when governor of Chi-li, the metropolitan province, gave rise to the belief that he was the victim of poison.

Nor is Yüan guiltless of taking other men's lives. It is probably a correct suspicion, as the story told later in this article will show, that he played a part in the death of the Emperor Kwang-su. The record of Li Hung Chang is known, and Yüan came to success under the patronage of that notable statesman. So much for Yüan's earlier career. Since he came to Peking, and incidentally under the writer's observation, heads have been lopped off sometimes by the score a day. No known revolutionary dares appear in the capital; if he does, he will be made pris-



oner and probably shot without the semblance of a trial. If given a trial, it will be with a political object and with a foregone verdict. The execution-grounds are within the walls of the Outer City, and at one time executions of opponents to the Government, Yüan's Government, went on there daily.

The assassination at Shanghai of the man chosen by the Republicans for the post of premier, Sung Chiao-jen, is be-



Yüan Shi-kai in a military uniform of the Chinese army prior to 1910

lieved by many, not only Yüan's adversaries, to have been committed with palace approval. On one occasion two men came from Hankow with letters of recom-



Yüan Shi-kai in modern military uniform

mendation from the vice-president to the president approving them for office. Possessing these credentials, they evidently believed themselves safe. Nevertheless, they lived in a hotel within the legation quarter. One night after dinner they were enticed out beyond the protection of the foreign police, were at once seized, and shot in the streets. It was always supposed that when Yüan's own bodyguard mutinied and looted and burned parts of Peking, in February, 1912, they had been let loose with the deliberate object of demonstrating to the Republicans that Yüan's presence in Peking was essential. The Republicans had been insisting, as a condition of laying down their arms, that he appear before the Parliament at Nanking. After the mutiny of Yüan's troops, scores of innocent coolies were decapitated beneath the principal pagodas in Peking,



Permanent gates newly constructed in the business quarter of Peking to prevent crowds of looters, in case of an outbreak, rushing through the streets

their heads hung as warnings to other evil-doers, and their bodies left to impede the passage of pedestrians, camel-trains, other pack-animals, and carts. Such is the way of justice in China.

But I want again to emphasize the fact that government is impossible in that country unless the administrators of the law are willing to put it drastically into execution; and after the long period of utter anarchy that followed the revolution, Yüan himself was, and is still to-day, the only law. I believe that, according to his lights and the insecure power that he holds, he is a patriot. In China it is often the case that men kill themselves for trivial reasons, for life is not the desirable thing, constantly full of hope, that it is with us. On the railways, for example, men frequently kill themselves, their object being to obtain sufficient money for an honorable funeral from the company. It is evident, therefore, that to take men's lives is also a less grave matter there than here. China is still living in an epoch corresponding with our Middle Ages. Only the fringe of the country has been affected through her treaty ports.

Yüan Shi-kai has seemed genial, if never

kindly, on the several occasions when I have spoken with him. At times he has a very merry twinkle in his heavy eyes. His head is large, almost massive, like his body; his white hair and drooping mustaches are thin. He has asthma, and often has to take breath between sentences when he speaks. He shows a splendid set of even, substantial teeth, almost as evident, but not so white, as Roosevelt's. His nose is small and not prominent, set back in a flat face, which is, of course, distinctly Chinese. His ears are large, his mother perhaps having encouraged the elongations which Chinese admire; his hands and feet, on the contrary, are comparatively small, as Chinese prefer to have them. His soft, almost flabby hands are no indication of his character, for it is not the fashion in China to grip a hand in shaking it; in fact, to shake hands at all is contrary to Yüan's training, and he does it only because foreigners expect it.

He is not a man who binds himself by rules, customs, or precedents, although he appears always to be careful, like any wise politician, not to run dangerously counter to traditions or prejudices. It was characteristic of him, for example, to cling





The entrance to the Foreign Office in Peking

to his queue as long as the majority about him preferred the fashion, and then to get rid of it. In contrast to Yüan, it is noteworthy that at periods of crisis, when much more serious business should have filled their sessions, the parliament discussed and disputed for days the question whether queues should not be discarded by legal compulsion. The law was actually passed,

but Yüan failed, deliberately, to put it into execution.

Yüan has a family on the lines of the old-style Chinese. After Chinese custom, his first wife was engaged by his parents and married to him when a youth. In the choice of subsequent wives and concubines he had more to say. It is commonly reported that he has a considerable house-



The east entrance to the Imperial City, in the heart of which is the Forbidden City. The walls and a pagoda of the latter are seen in the background





President Yüan Shi-kai, surrounded by military officers and officials in ancient sacrificial robes, leaving the Altar of Heaven

hold. The household, including grandchildren and the wives of his sons, is said to number more than threescore. The newspapers in Peking reported one day about a year ago that two sons who were not twins were born to him on the same day. The whole family lives in the Chinese manner in the same compound, the extensive inclosure of the Winter Palace, the residence of the notorious Empress Dowager Tsu-hsi. The Winter Palace is a portion of the Forbidden City, in the main part of which the little Manchu emperor is still permitted to keep a body-guard and maintain his court.

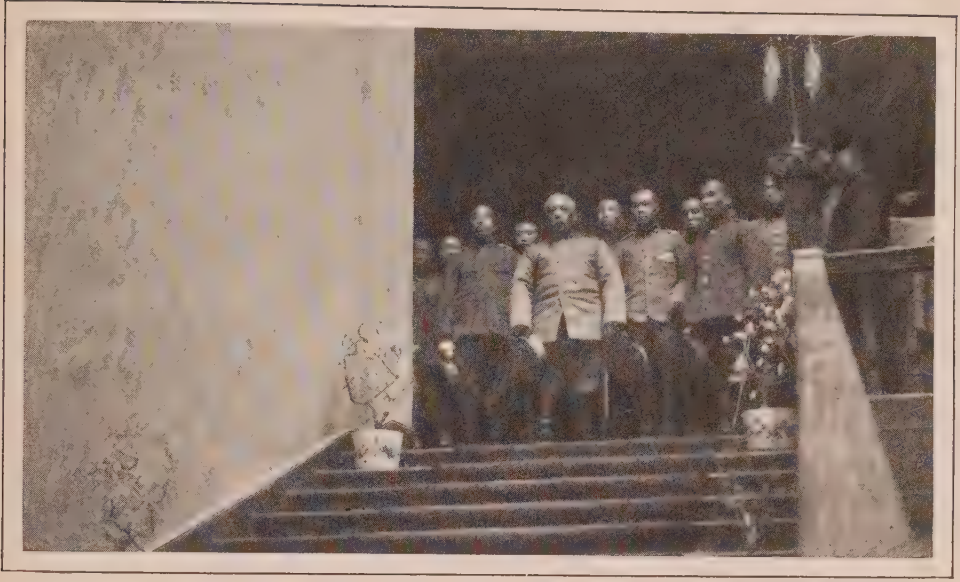
A summary of the new monarch's career will undoubtedly demonstrate his practical character better than it could be sketched. It is a terrible career. That he himself lived through it is remarkable.

He was born of an obscure family about the year 1857. His father was a minor provincial gentleman without suffi-

cient influence to launch him into national affairs, the goal of every ambitious Chinese. Nor was Yüan able to pass those literary examinations that admitted young men into government office. It was by the back door, so to speak, that he got into politics. He got in through the army, until recently a dishonored profession. The army was all that tradition said of it, a cutthroat rabble employed to butcher, a disgraceful calling in the eyes of the Chinese. At that time, however, soldiers were a very necessary institution, for the retention of Korea as a Chinese dependency was the absorbing question for the Government which Li Hung Chang controlled. Yüan was not a soldier; his grade was somewhat better than that: he had charge as a clerk of a commissary or other administrative office in the transfer of troops to the Hermit Kingdom.

It is amazing to note with what rapidity he rose in authority, once having been recognized by the famous Li; but it is not surprising to one who has observed the vigorous use which Yüan constantly makes of his mind in contrast with the customary Chinese obedience to tradition. The Chinese scholar, saturated with the classics, would seek among his parrot-like learnings for quotations from the sages applicable to a given situation. Not so Yüan; he thought for himself. Korea was the place where men of action were needed, and so few were the vigorous men among the Chinese that before Yüan was thirty years of age he was established as Chinese resident, the highest office of his Government, at Seoul, the Korean capital. I am sorry to say that his reputation for ruthless slaughter was already notorious.

In China it is no great crime for an official to get rid of rivals or political opponents. There are no courts of law that give unbiased judgments, especially in political matters, and officials must be willing to kill when necessary or give place to others who will. Even to this day a father holds the power of life or death over his child. I know of the case, occurring within two years, of a policeman in Peking destroying his year-old son by dashing the



Yüan Shi-kai, at the first presidential inauguration, surrounded by a bodyguard of officers, at the head of the steps of the Foreign Office, immediately after taking the oath of office in that building

child's head on a pavement. It did not enter the minds of the authorities to arrest the man. Also within two years a presidential mandate, the only binding law in China to-day, has been issued in the capital city itself providing that, robberies having become so frequent since the lax republican regulations came into force, the old provision of capital punishment should be inflicted on the coolie who hired a rickshaw and did not return it to the owner. Rickshaw-men often fail to get sufficient "fares" in a day to pay the cost of renting their vehicles, and are sometimes driven, after getting deeply in debt, to stealing a rickshaw, the value of which varies from five to thirty dollars.

To go back to Yüan's career. When the Japanese drove the Chinese out of Korea, Yüan came back to China to assume responsibility in court circles in Peking, and soon became a Mandarin of the Yellow Jacket, a guardian of the emperor. But the title did not prevent him from betraying his Majesty Kwang-su. This is the most notorious episode of his career, but one, nevertheless, for which he may have had justification in that the emperor was incapable of achieving the

reforms which he proposed. The story is this: the emperor summoned Yüan in private audience, instructed him to proceed quickly to Tientsin and go to the *yamen*, or official residence, of the Viceroy Yung Lu; to slay that officer and take command of his troops; to return to Peking immediately, bringing the soldiers with him; to surround the palace of the empress dowager (not the emperor's mother, but the widow of the former emperor), destroy or capture her bodyguard, and make her his prisoner.

Yüan, with proper kowtows, pretended to accept the command; but, on arrival at the Tientsin *yamen*, informed Yung Lu of the dainty commission intrusted to him. Instead, of course, of Yüan's leading the troops to Peking, the general who supported the empress took them thither; and instead of the Winter Palace being surrounded, the Forbidden City proper was cordoned. The emperor became the prisoner, and went to live in an imperial palace on an island in the lake in the Winter Palace inclosure.

Subsequently, when Yüan held the office of Viceroy of Shan-tung, the metropolitan province, he organized the so-styled model





Old-style soldiers in Peking. They were brought to the capital to balance the power of the modern troops before Yüan was certain of control

army, having learned that a rabble of undisciplined, untrained troops could be mowed down like so many unarmed men by soldiers adequately organized and commanded. He showed his common sense, too, in 1900, when the Boxers had persuaded most other viceroys as well as members of the grand council to let them exterminate the foreigners; for not a foreign life was lost in Shan-tung. Characteristic, too, is the fact that Yüan was one of the few advisers of the Government who warned the empress dowager—guardedly, of course—to come to terms at any price with the foreign nations.

The imprisoned emperor died mysteriously at the same time as the empress dowager, probably slain or poisoned lest he should succeed in resuming the power of office and wreaking vengeance on those Manchu princes and Chinese mandarins who had made and held him prisoner. By the emperor's death Yüan's life was undoubtedly saved, but not his official career. A nephew of the late emperor, a boy a few years old, came to the throne by selection of the Manchus, and the child's father became regent. This regent, Prince Chun, immediately dismissed Yüan, not denouncing him as a traitor, for so direct a state-

ment would not accord with Chinese ideas of politeness; but by declaring that one of Yüan's legs was not strong, the regent gave him indefinite leave of absence to retire into obscurity and cure it. Yüan went to his estate in Honan, there to live the life of a country gentleman for about three years, until this same regent, harassed by the revolution of 1911-12 and having no capable counselor to advise and serve him, humbled himself and requested Yüan to return.

Yüan declined until full power of administration was placed in his hands. He then summoned his adherents, and sent the strongest of them, Chao Ping-chun, to Peking to take charge of the police. Tsai Ting-kan went to Wuchang to interview General Li Yuan-heng, the rebel leader, and appears to have come to terms with him.

As soon as Yüan came to the capital he required the regent to abdicate, leaving the dowager, wife of the late emperor, a weak woman to whom Yüan could dictate, in charge of the throne. The Northern armies were capable and in a position to defeat the rebels, but Yüan undoubtedly restrained them, connived in their desertion to the rebel cause, and finally informed the empress that the struggle was





Old-style Chinese troops on the march outside of Peking. They are used by Yüan to offset any hostilities on the part of modern troops, and, though uniformed in the old style, are armed like the regulars

too great for her forces and that the emperor must hand over the Government to the republic which had been established at Nanking. But Yüan was careful to obtain a mandate for himself in the abdication edict: the little emperor, who probably never saw the document, was made to say that the will of Heaven was evident, that he was incapable of ruling, and that he enjoined Yüan to establish the new form of administration.

Some of the republicans distrusted Yüan from the outset, but they planned, while conceding the presidency and retiring Sun

Yat-sen in favor of Yüan, to surround the latter with such legal restrictions that he would become only a figurehead, with republicans in power as a cabinet responsible to a parliament. The parliament, largely self-selected, came to Peking and began work upon lines of its own, rebuffing Yüan and refusing even assistance from him. Some members sounded Professor Frank J. Goodnow, now president of Johns Hopkins University, and found him skeptical of the success of a popular government; whereupon, regarding him as a Yüan man, they proceeded on their work



Old-style Chinese troops on a march through Peking streets



A modern-drilled artillery-battery which Yüan organized for China

without the assistance of this American, who had come to China to act as legal adviser in the drafting of a constitution.

The republicans, headed by Sun Yat-sen, were evidently endeavoring to undermine the loyalty of the army by preventing Yüan from obtaining funds to pay the troops. They held the government offices in most of the provinces, which had ceased to pay tribute to Peking, and they refused consent to foreign loans. But the foreign bankers, whose interests were serious in China, had confidence in Yüan and none in the self-elected parliament; and despite protests from the latter, the so-called quintuple group, composed of British, French, German, Russian, and Japanese bankers, the American group having withdrawn, provided Yüan with a loan of twenty-five million pounds for the purposes of paying the troops and terminating anarchy as well as with the object of effecting the reorganization of the affairs of the country.

In the summer of 1913, Sun Yat-sen, whom Yüan had sought to placate with a monthly salary of fifteen thousand dollars, organized another revolution. By various means, probably more by bribery and intrigue than by appeals to patriotism, Sun and his adherents managed to induce certain regiments along the Yang-tse River to revolt. But this second revolution was squelched within a few months by the same forces that Yüan had failed to use in behalf of the Manchus. It is true, however, that though the troops would have

fought had he given the command and continued to pay them, public opinion in the first rebellion was everywhere hostile to the Manchus.

Sun Yat-sen, with other opponents of Yüan, fled to Japan, where he received a certain measure of hospitality, which has strengthened the position of Yüan, because the Chinese are suspicious of it.

The rebel members of parliament, however, remained in Peking and still sought to defeat Yüan. They drafted a constitution making the cabinet responsible to parliament alone, and in other ways also strove to eliminate Yüan's power. Yüan sought to persuade them, but his emissaries were not even admitted into the councils of the committee employed in drafting the constitution. He then issued a mandate dissolving the Republican political party, known as the Kwo Ming Tang, on the grounds that it was the party of the rebels. This could not be disputed. Yüan's soldiers and police hunted out the Kwo Ming Tang members, arrested some, dispersed others, and induced a number to enter the employ of the Government. Some of them have obtained responsible, well-paid positions and have become enthusiastic supporters of Yüan, intrusted within the private offices of the palace, where they could attack and slay him if they wished to do so and were willing to sacrifice their own lives.

When the Kwo Ming Tang was dissolved, a quorum could no longer be mus-





A delegation of Mongols going to pay their respects to President Yüan when inaugurated as president

tered in parliament, and the members of other parties realized that it was both needless and unwise to continue the sessions further. They obtained from Yüan's government ample payments of salary for months to come; some obtained positions and some incomes without employment; and few, if any, failed to get ample allowances for traveling expenses back to their own provinces.

After the dissolution of parliament, Yüan proceeded to reconstruct a government. One by one he obtained control of the capital cities of the provinces. Gradually he shifted troops hither and thither till officers and men loyal to him were in control throughout the country. Hostility remained, of course, wherever there were

students who spoke English or Japanese, men who had been educated in other countries and had ideas of progress and parliamentary government; but on the whole the people were undoubtedly content to have a strong administration. They had had three years of lawlessness, with soldiers and brigands overrunning the country. Not a city of importance had escaped looting by the soldiers of one army or the other, Nanking having undergone that experience, I think I am right in saying, five different times. Peking was looted by Yüan's own troops. Chinese soldiers follow their calling, like some American politicians, only for their salaries and occasional opportunities for loot, regardless of the fact that the prey is their own



Yüan in Peking. Yüan is the figure standing on a dais under the central arch



people. That is why the standing army, though five hundred thousand strong, cannot be used against a foreign nation.

The farmers have no time for politics, raking the barest living out of impoverished ground; the merchants want no more troops let loose upon them. These two elements are more than content; they want Yüan to rule because he keeps order. The men with notions of republican government and resentment at Yüan's usurpation are comparatively few, though they are, it is true, of the educated classes. Yüan's minions are keeping them under observation, and whenever one becomes dangerous and refuses to accept a salary for loyalty, he is arrested and summarily disposed of.

Once Yüan had obtained control, he instituted the semblance of a constitutional government. Advisory bodies were partly appointed, partly chosen by the governors of the provinces,—who were presidential appointees,—to come to Peking and assist the Government. In the case of the elections to decide the question of reëstablishing the monarchy, no one dared vote against the issue; it would at least have been unwise. Names of candidates were posted by the governors, and names of citizens qualified for voting were also drawn up in the governors' residences.

The result was a foregone conclusion: Yüan Shi-kai was chosen by the Chinese people, who also voted that the form of government should be again imperial! The republic had fallen even in name.

Those who have had the opportunity of personal contact with him are immediately struck by his magnetic personality. His followers and those who immediately surround him are among his greatest admirers, and have implicit confidence in his power to overcome every obstacle. He is very discerning in the selection of his tools. Nevertheless, despite his wonderful capacity for controlling and understanding men, he is not without his limitations. He cannot be called an administrator in the modern sense; but recognizing his own deficiencies in this respect, he is not beyond listening to counsel and advice; and for this purpose he has collected around him talents of all schools, both young and old, and it is upon these councilors that the hopes of future success of the country depend. Whether Yüan will be permitted to carry out the great plans he has in view will depend largely upon the amount of support and confidence he is able to command among his people at home under his new title, and from the various interests and ambitions of the foreign powers, notably Japan.



The pagoda and lake of the Winter Palace inclosure, where Yüan has his residence

## “Man with Pigeons”

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Decorations by Earl Schrack

I HEARD him with his trilling whistle call  
The iridescent-breasted pigeons, fluttering,  
Strutting the gutters, flapping up, to fall  
In feathery circlings down.  
His hand from out his pocket sifted grain.  
His lips were ever muttering  
A ritual, it seemed,  
To exorcise some stain  
That spread before his eyes where'er he dreamed,  
Some Nemesis that stalked him through his mind.  
Gentle he was, and kind  
To every dove, pearl-gray or banded brown,  
That conquered fear and tilted on his fist  
Or perched his wrist  
For yellow corn that always came.  
His shabby suit was always just the same;  
His battered derby hat  
A thing incongruous 'mid that cloud of wings,  
Yet more incongruous things  
Have been, to teach us all humility.  
No more I trace,  
Though day by day I try,  
His plain, thought-furrowed, unsuccessful face,  
Where sagging lines showed how defeats can harden  
The gentlest soul.  
The red-eyed doves still peck, and miss his dole,  
Near Madison Square Garden.  
His trilling whistle is no longer heard  
Of any bird;  
And corner loafers and pedestrians, passing,  
That pause in their harassing

Or leisure moments for a glimpse of wings  
And strange New Testament things  
Where the doves flutter  
And preen between the cornice and the gutter,  
They do not know, it seems,  
About my dreamer of the hounded dreams!







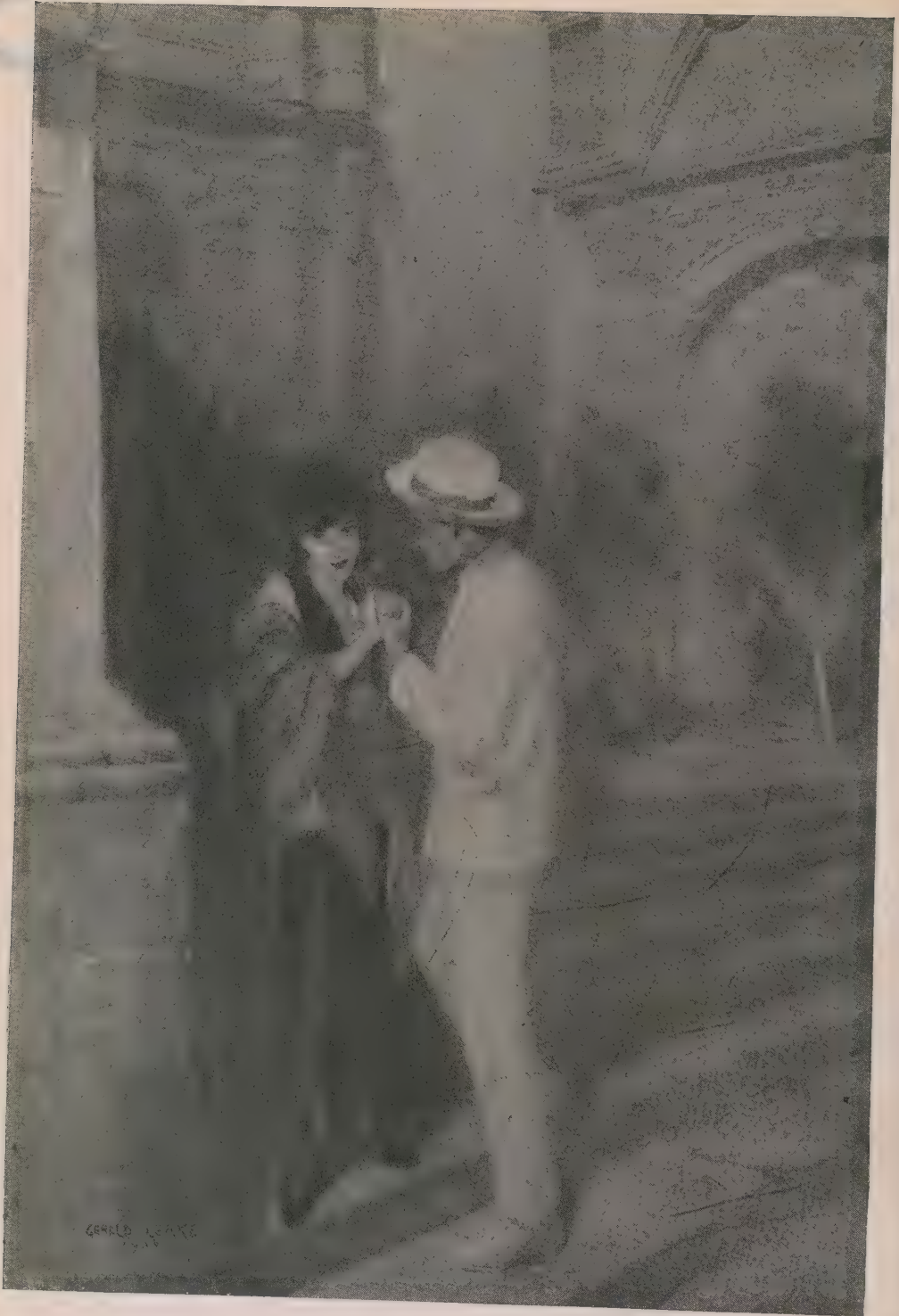
EARL SCHRAK



For it was rude and crude  
When the swift Present burst on his beatitude  
Guised as a motor-horn  
That honked its scorn,  
Whence, in a blinding cloud of opal, green, and gray,  
The doves were all away  
High in the air,  
Where motor-horns have no more power to scare;  
While he  
Stood with his outstretched wrist distressfully,  
Still only half awake,  
Watching his bubbles break—  
What bubble-dreams I know not, silver-crescent,  
And iridescent  
As the neck-feathers of those pigeons cooing  
So soft to his undoing.

There is a white-sand walk  
In heaven, where the tall golden-haired angels sit and talk  
On marble benches.  
There are no gutters in that place, no streets of noise and stench,  
But hedge on hedge and bed on bed of flowers,  
And dreamy and eternal sun-splashed noontide hours.  
Watching the splendid interplay of color  
That ne'er grows duller  
Pulsing along the furled and snowy pinions  
Of your kind hosts in those remote dominions,  
There, if you sat  
And thought to leap your glance  
From countenance to glorious countenance,  
Skipping each stole and aureole, I 'll wager you  
'Mid many golden sandals would glimpse a dingy shoe,  
And through that same  
Gold wealth of nimbus-flame  
Mark down a certain battered derby hat!





““Oh, the señor said he would know me, and he did!’ she exclaimed,  
with wondering awe in her voice”



## Romance

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies"

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

IT was very hot in Camagüey that afternoon, and very still. High in the burnished-silver sky a vulture wheeled slowly on motionless wings, the only living creature that Caxton's wandering gaze encountered. A lingering touch of the nervous restlessness that had forced him to seek a long rest in the tropics had driven him forth from his hotel while all Camagüey was hushed in the siesta, and already regretting his abnormal activity, he had stopped for a moment in the shadowed recess of an orange-hued wall. Above the top of the opposite wall of the narrow street he caught the sound of the heaving surge of wind-blown boughs; but there was no coolness in the sound or in the actual pressure of the trade-wind on his flushed face. He gasped in the hot rush of the scented air; for a moment he felt the light-headed and incorporeal sensation of one suddenly awakened from fevered sleep.

The feeling passed, and presently he became aware of a new sensation: he felt that he was not alone. Turning slowly, his gaze met the fixed look of a woman's eyes. A narrow, grated window set in the shadowed wall brought its sill slightly above the level of his head, and above the sill, a little back from the opening, her eyes gazed straight into his.

The black mantilla that dropped to the edge of her clearly marked brows was held in such fashion that only the eyes, with a narrow setting of face, and the slender hand that held the mantilla in place were to be seen. The rimming face and the hand were ivory-hued, the fingers delicate, shapely, and untouched by marks of toil.

They disclosed, Caxton was pleased to fancy, the presence of gentle breeding; but the eyes were beautiful and held the potentiality of supreme devotion. He told himself that they could be no other than the eyes of a young girl as yet untouched by love or great joy or sorrow, so starry pure was their gaze, so fearlessly childlike. A certain susceptibility of his nature to romantic influences that had something almost boyish in its disregard of convention was deeply stirred. The familiar story of Cuvier's power to reconstruct a prehistoric animal from a single bone came to him now with none of his old awe of Cuvier's genius. From these eyes alone, he told himself fervidly, he might with reasonable certainty reconstruct their harmonious abode. All at once he awoke to the length of his scrutiny.

"Pardon, Señorita," he said. "I was hardly aware of my rude staring."

Something that he was pleased to translate as amused interest came to her eyes as she said:

"I could have gone away, Señor."

"But you did not," he replied. "Ah, you would know that it was not intentional rudeness. I might have known that you would understand."

"Understand?" she repeated questioningly.

"All that I saw in your eyes," he explained.

Unmistakably her eyes laughed then.

"The señor is perhaps a fortune-teller?" she queried mockingly.

"Nö; only confident of your past," he answered.



"And that past is, the señor thinks—is—is—" Her eyes searched him questioningly.

"Very beautiful," he promptly responded.

She laughed then; but suddenly she leaned forward impetuously, and said with a little quaver of excitement in her voice:

"Listen, Señor! In all my life nothing so exciting as this has ever before happened to me. So very beautiful like that it has been! The great dullness—that is how I call it. And now I am very much frightened, me. You think that is very funny, Señor, to be frightened because of the speaking to some man?"

"Not funny," he gravely answered. "I should be very sorry to think I had made you unhappy in any way."

"Oh, but not unhappy, Señor!" she hastened to reassure him. "Frightened—only a *little* frightened. Sufficient to make the heart beat with rapidity, you understand, but not to cause some unhappiness. *Au contraire*, Señor."

"Then I am glad that I stopped at your window and stared," he declared.

"Yes, Señor," she said meekly.

"I did not know it was your window—*any one's* window," he continued. "You see, I was very lonely. I have been ill, and to-day I felt restless, and could not stay in my room; but when I had come this far I realized that I was still too weak to be hurrying through your streets at this hour. I felt a little ill, and stopped here in the shade. Then, curiously indeed, I felt you were near, and turned. Perhaps that is why I stared—at first, because I felt a little ill."

"Señor! You been ill, yet walk at this hour in the sun!" she cried. "You want to get dead? Señor!"

"It was very foolish, I know," he confessed.

"It was wicked," she declared, "very wrong."

"Yet I am glad," he said; "for now I have seen you."

"You must walk very slow to your house, and keep very still for the longest time," she told him with tender severity.

"Yes, I suppose I must go now," he replied sadly. His feet, however, appeared to consider the question debatable; they made no move to depart.

"Now, in the yet so great heat!" she exclaimed. "Señor, you crazy? No one shall come here at this hour. You think I am so wicked to desire anybody to walk in the hot sun *now*?"

"You wicked!" he exclaimed. "I have seen only your eyes, but I know you are good and—beautiful. I *know*." He looked up into her face like one who has burned all his bridges behind him. "Señorita, do you believe in fate?" he asked suddenly.

"Fate?" she repeated. "You mean—" She paused expectantly.

"Yes," he said, "some power, I don't know what, that brings people together, surely, inevitably, and perhaps from the very corners of the earth; and when they at last stand face to face, it is as though nothing else could have possibly happened. Two months ago I had never heard of Camagüey. I had been working too hard and had to rest; and by the merest chance, it seemed, wandered down here—here in Camagüey. Did any one ever before start out for a walk in Camagüey in the hour of the siesta? Well, I did to-day. And, Señorita, have you often looked out of this window at this hour?"

She shook her head.

"I do not remember ever looking," she replied. "To-day I was restless. Something—" she paused.

"But you looked to-day," he said eagerly, "and I stared up into your face. You see? Something has brought it strangely about—fate. It had to be."

"Certainly it seems very strange, Señor," she replied. She seemed impressed, but suddenly she looked up with a little laugh as she went on: "And now you will go away, and when next I look out the window I shall see only the empty street, as before. That fate is very funny, I think—to take so great trouble for so little thing."

"Not little," he protested. "I have seen you. I no longer care to go away."

"It would be very funny for the señor

to stand there always—very inconvenient,” she declared, and laughed again.

“But to come back, *Señorita*?” he asked eagerly. “Would you be angry? Would you again look out?”

“But the *señor* forgets he has been ill,” she reminded him gently. “It is unwise to walk in the sun at such times.” She shook her head slowly. “No, *Señor*, I cannot permit. I shall sleep very sound at this hour always.”

“But is there no other way?” he persisted. “I could prove to your father and you that I am—oh, all the things that a father might wish to know. Is there no way? *Señorita*, I must know you better.”

Her eyes dropped for a moment; then slowly she shook her head.

“My father would be very much surprised, I think; yes, very angry,” she replied. “Never have I spoken like this to a stranger. My father he is very kind, but he has his own thoughts; he expects them to be ours. My country is different from yours, *Señor*—much different.”

“But *your* thoughts, *Señorita*!” he said eagerly. “Would you not be willing for me to see you again? It need mean nothing to you. We have met in such a strange way, I—well, it would be pretty hard to have it all end like this.”

“But the *señor* has not even seen me now,” she reminded him. “He might be very much disappointed, very sorry, some day.”

“Never!” he exclaimed. “So sure of that am I that I don’t even ask to see your face now. I’ve heard your voice and seen your eyes. That is enough for me.”

“The *señor* is very quick—sudden,” she said in a low voice.

“But sure, *Señorita*,” he replied; “I know my own mind. Can’t it be managed in some way? Would you not be willing to see me again?”

She looked at him gravely as he spoke, and when he had ended she said with the frankness of a child:

“I never before saw any one like the *señor*—never.”

“Do you mean silly, rude?” he asked dubiously.

“No, *Señor*; I mean interesting,” she answered.

“Well, that is something,” he said, with a smile.

But she had not finished.

“Ah,”—she sighed softly,—“I am pleased just to look at the *señor*. He is very beautiful—like the St. Michael in the stained-glass window above the altar in the church. Since I was a little child I have always looked at that most. Alas! sometimes I forget to listen to the padre from watching the light on his face. You have the same bright hair, *Señor*, the same proud look. Are you very proud, *Señor*?”

Were her eyes laughing, or were they tenderly questioning? Certainly her voice was gently grave. Yet surely it sounded like mockery. Was she mocking him? Had she a subtle coquetry beyond that of other women that he had known? He could not be sure. But her eyes—surely they were wells of truth. He brushed his doubts aside.

“I am very proud to know that I am like your St. Michael,” he replied.

“Oh, so much, *Señor*!” she exclaimed. “Go to see him in the church that you, too, may know.”

“If you would only be there, too!” he cried. To that she made no reply, and presently he added: “But which church is it, *Señorita*? There are so many!”

“Did I say?” she answered. She shook her head sadly. “I fear, *Señor*, you are not thinking of going to see St. Michael or even to pray.”

“I’d pray fast enough if you were there, for thankfulness and joy,” he declared with fervor.

“That is very wrong to pray only when you are glad,” she said gravely. “Such prayers rise no higher than the lips that speak them. You should pray when you have the great disappointment—for strength to bear it.”

“Was that your St. Michael’s way?” he asked boldly. “No, he tried to do things—did them. Must I be like him only in looks, *Señorita*? Will you tell me what church?”

It was only for a moment that she hesi-

tated, and then he saw her eyes take on a new light as she said demurely:

"Would St. Michael ask for help, Señor? I ask, who do not know. He did things, you say." She stepped back quickly, and he saw her no more.

He accepted her last words as a challenge. In the course of the next twelve hours he learned much. That Don Miguel Alvarez y Morny lived in the house under the window of which he had stood; that Don Miguel was rich and proud and high tempered; that he had four sons and five daughters, two of the latter married; that he hated Americans of the North, though he had once admired them greatly, and had educated his sons in Northern schools and his daughters in the Convent of the Ursulines in New Orleans; that his wife was dead, and he ruled his house like a lord of feudal days—all this he learned. That it was nothing to the point so far as it concerned the identity of the girl with whom he had talked he was sadly aware. To which daughter had he spoken? Could he even be sure that it was a daughter at all? But she had spoken of her father in a way that seemed to point to Don Miguel, and her confession of the dullness of her life and her perturbation at speaking to a man had about it a hint of maiden unsophistication. Surely she must be one of the three still unmarried, he decided. His pride in his deduction gave him new courage and hope.

He did not go to the house again at the hour of the siesta, but at other hours, day and night, he haunted it; but though he now and then caught a glimpse of a covered carriage returning to the house with its freight of sedate and mantilla-hooded forms, no eyes ever flashed bright or veiled glances toward him as the carriage passed into the courtyard and the heavy, green gates closed behind it. Don Miguel himself he saw often, a dark little man with a stern face and a high look of pride, who made his way through the city mostly in solitude, and shunned the social diversions that brought the men of Camagüey to the cafés at night with a certain relaxation of their usual formality.

A week passed, and Caxton still lingered on in Camagüey, though no longer under any delusion as to the possibility of meeting the girl with the eyes. No matter what his social standing at home, he was at last aware that in his present position it would not count, that nothing would count. Even his hope of catching a casual glimpse of the girl at church seemed destined to be denied him, for though he in time found the church of the St. Michael and spent hours in it and in the shaded little plaza before it, he saw no one enter it that he could even remotely liken to the girl of his search.

The romantic temperament needs little to feed upon, but with nothing at all, it soon languishes, and at the end of his fruitless week the fascination of the girl began to grow dim in Caxton's mind. As it faded, the charm of Camagüey also began to pass, and one afternoon as he sat alone at a little round table in the patio of his hotel, the heavy scents of the flowering court, the great red water-jars, the fronds of the palmettos, the limpid blue of the tropic sky, seemed like the setting of some fevered dream from which he had suddenly awakened in his right mind. At that moment his longing for the bracing coolness of his Northern spring was overwhelming. He would depart at once, he told himself impatiently, and as Francisco, his elderly waiter, came softly forward with the light repast that he had ordered more for the purpose of bridging the dragging hours that lay between the end of the siesta and the time when he might stroll through the city with the least discomfort rather than for refreshment, he began to question Francisco concerning the earliest hour of a departing train. Francisco made no direct reply.

"Ah, the señor is going?" he said in a tone that had about it an implication of personal loss. "But he will come again? And soon? He has learned to love Camagüey?"

"I have come a long way, you know, Francisco," he replied—"too long to think of coming again, I fear."

"But a road is shorter the second time





“There are things that one must forget. And—and *¡Dios!*, dear Señor!”

it is traveled," Francisco said hopefully; "and when it is the road to Camagüey—"

Caxton was not listening. He had idly turned at the sound of footsteps, and instantly, at his first languid glance, all his attention had been riveted to the far end of the patio. Two young men were drawing up chairs to a table for their companions, two elderly men. There was something almost ceremonial in their performance of the act, as there was in the studied formality of the older men as they took their places at the table and waited for the young men to be seated. Don Miguel Alvarez y Morny was one of the two older men. Caxton's immediate thought was that for the first time in his impersonal acquaintance with him he saw him smile. The young men also were smiling, and the eyes of all three were deferentially turned toward the fourth member of the little group. His was an unpleasant face, Caxton thought, Spanish without doubt, grim and deeply lined, yet flaccid, too. The half-closed eyes had both a somnolent and a shifty look, as though back of an inert body the spirit remained keenly alive. Fully sixty, from every facial aspect, his stiff, black hair might have been that of a man of twenty. Its youthfulness, crowning features that age had sadly ravaged, increased his measure of repulsion.

Francisco, noting his patron's inattention, glanced toward the new-comers.

"Ah!" he softly murmured as he turned back to arrange the table with his deftly intimate touch; then briskly he added, "The usual wine for the señor?"

"Yes," Caxton replied. Then in a casual tone he asked, "Who are those men with Don Miguel?"

"The young men, his sons," Francisco replied; "the other is Don Pedro Matos. Has the señor heard of Don Pedro?"

"No," answered Caxton. "Who is he?" Francisco chuckled.

"A widower, Señor," he said; "indeed, thrice a widower."

"But something else, too," Caxton said, with a smile.

"*Caramba!* is not that enough, seeing

what we see?" asked Francisco, chuckling again. "Yet the señor speaks truly; he is much else. Very rich, very powerful in the country; very wicked, some will tell the señor; yet always *muy simpático* to young and beautiful ladies. Is it not always possible for such to be wives?" he leaned forward, with a little backward fling of his hand toward the group at the end of the patio as he added: "Doubtless the señor noted the formality, the satisfaction, eh? Behold the beginning of love's new dream! Has not Don Miguel beautiful daughters? Does one need to be told everything? Always two and two make four."

"Oh, it can't be! That tottering old wreck!" said Caxton, hotly. He glanced toward the other table; its occupants were ceremoniously and gravely drinking a health.

"The señor thinks not?" said Francisco. "Doubtless, then, he is right. Who am I to dispute the señor's judgment?"

Yet Caxton had a foreboding that the man was right, and all his old romantic interest in the girl with the eyes flamed up anew. He inwardly stormed at himself for his folly, but the sickening depression of his heart remained. He saw again her wonderful eyes, their truth, their potentiality for devotion, and then his vivid imagination, rejecting every commonplace aspect of the case, saw them wide with unspoken grief.

Don Miguel and his companions were still at their table when, leaving his repast almost untouched, Caxton left the patio and directed his steps toward the scene of his adventure. He stopped in the same shaded angle of the wall, and looked up, and the eyes of the girl met his. That they were changed he saw at once. He could see no more of her face than before, but now the warm ivory tint below her eyes was purple dark with weariness, and her eyes themselves had the stricken, beseeching look of a dog that suffers a mortal hurt. For a long moment they gazed at each other; then the girl stirred slightly.

"The señor should not have come," she said. "He must go at once."

"Something has happened," he said. "What is it?"

"I am a week older," she replied, "and a week may be like a thousand years."

"Your eyes are heavy and sad to-day," he told her—"so different! Tell me why."

"Perhaps it is from staring at the dark," she answered. "Has the señor ever watched the night pass—the slow, still night? It might be that. The watched night goes slow—oh, so slow! It is a great weariness, and it hurts. Yet it does not hurt like the dawn. Señor, the dawn is terrible. I know, who have watched it come. Even the first faint gray is terrible; it means that one must live another day. And the wind blowing in the trees is terrible. I used to love the sound, I remember. And, Señor, let me tell you. Juan, the water-carrier, is the first one of all the city to begin his day's work. It was not yet light when I heard him moving about in his patio, which lies beyond the wall there. And, Señor, I heard him beating his donkey, and I was wickedly glad. Something else was suffering in the wide world where men and women were quietly sleeping. It made me feel less alone. Señor, you said the day you saw me that I was good. Do you remember? Well, that is my goodness!" Her low laugh was more heartbreaking than tears.

"Señorita, what has happened?" he pleaded. "Tell me! Is it really true, then, that you are going—"

"Señor, stop! There are things that one cannot hear. Is it not enough to think them? And nothing can make them different. Listen. I went to the church this morning. It was very early. I thought to ask the Holy Mother for help; but when I knelt there, I could not pray. Would the Holy Mother come down from heaven and lead me back with her? I *knew* she would not; I was not so young and foolish as to believe that, and nothing less would suffice."

"I have watched at the church for you many hours," he told her; "but you never came."

"It was this morning that I went," she replied. "It was very early. And now

the señor must go away; he must come no more."

"Has it got to end like this?" he cried. "You *can't* go on, Señorita. There must be some way out. Would it help to know that I love you? I have not even seen your face; but it's you I love—your beautiful spirit. I ask nothing but the joy of helping you. Is there *no* way?"

"No, there is no way," she said gently. "I have not let you see my face that you may forget me the sooner. Not at first, though. It was from mischief at first, because of what you said—that you could see all in my eyes. That was very strange and amusing, and hardly to be believed. So I was perhaps a little bold, to tempt the señor to ask to see my face; but he did not. I felt then that the señor was speaking the truth. That is how I shall always think of him—as one who could be trusted. They are few. But now you must go."

"I have not been here since that first day," he said, "at least until now. I thought you did not wish it. But—"

"It was good of the señor not to come before, but good of him to come to-day," she said gently, interrupting him; "for now it is good-by."

"Is this, then, to be the end?" he said. "Oh, it is hard!"

"It *is* the end," she answered. "But listen, Señor. Will it help a little to know that when I went to the church this morning I did not look at the picture of St. Michael? I could not. Always I kept my eyes turned toward the floor, never up. And I shall never look at it again. There are things that one must forget. And—and a *Dios*, dear Señor!" Then slowly she moved backward, and he saw her melt away, as it were, in the darkness of the room.

He knew it was the end. Unhappy as he was, there was a certain relief in the mere acceptance of that fact. All the doubt, the uncertainty, was over, and his mind at once began to adjust itself to the inevitable. He wondered at his own calm as he went leisurely about his preparations for departure in the morning. That night he sat late in the café in the patio, finding



a certain comfort in a mere physical companionship that made no social demands upon him, and when at last he went to his room he fell asleep quickly. But long before day he awoke, and could not again call up sleep. A return of his old restlessness drove him to rise long before the hour at which he was to take his train. He went down to the patio, deserted and still in disorder after the revelry of the night, and leaving orders that his luggage be sent at once to the train, he passed through the stone archway to the street and wandered forth into the city, scarcely aware of any leading as to his direction. But when presently he came in sight of the twin towers of the church of the St. Michael rising dark against the brightening eastern sky, he knew that he had continued to cherish a hope that he had not acknowledged even to himself.

Inside the church, which after a momentary hesitation he had entered, a single candle was burning in the chancel. In the faint suffusion of light from the coming dawn it made more intense the shadowless gloom of the interior, and for a long time he stood at the door peering keenly about before a kneeling figure at the far eastern end of the church gradually took shape as merely a darker blotch on the dark stonework of the wall.

With his heart in his throat, he walked quickly toward it; but as he drew near, it rose and passed out. It was only a man in the dress of a muleteer, and with a quick falling away of all his hope, Caxton, too, went out to the porch. The figure of a woman was coming slowly across the plaza—a woman in the dress of the common people. Over her head and shoulders fell a striped rebozo, which she held close over her mouth with the native's precaution against breathing the night air; but as she drew near to the place where Caxton stood idly watching her approach, she let the rebozo fall to her shoulders. He saw a fair, delicate face, a slender, rounded neck, a small, well-shaped head carried proudly. Her eyes were downcast, and something in the rigidity of her carriage, her set lips, and the nervous tension of

her fingers as they clasped a fold of her rebozo struck him at once as signs of extreme emotion. As she slowly mounted the steps of the porch, she turned her eyes up to his face. Instantly he sprang to her side.

"You, *Señorita*! You!" he exclaimed.

"No inglés," she said in a hoarse little voice.

He shook his head impatiently.

"Is it a time for that now?" he cried.

"I know you, *Señorita*. I would know you at the end of the world. Speak to me!"

"No inglés," she repeated, and moved to pass him; but he caught her hand.

"*Señorita*," he pleaded, "I am going away in half an hour. Would you let me go without one word?"

At that she cast all pretense aside.

"Oh, the señor said he would know me, and he did!" she exclaimed, with wondering awe in her voice. "It is very wonderful. But now that he has seen my face, perhaps—perhaps—" she hesitated, looked down, and sighed deeply.

"It matches your eyes—the most wonderful eyes in the world," he declared. "Did I not say they would?"

"I came to the church alone, the first time in my life," she said hurriedly. "And like this!" She glanced down at her attire with a look half-shocked, half-mischievous. "Oh, my father is going to be angry if he hears! Perhaps he will send me to a convent. I shall know all soon. Already I am frightened."

"You will never know," he cried, "for now that I have seen you, I will never give you up. You are going with me, *Señorita*."

"But, Señor, I came to the church—"

He swept aside all speech.

"There are other churches," he said: "we will go to them together. Listen, *Señorita*. You shall not marry that old man; you shall marry me. From the first we were meant for each other—the strange way we met—everything."

"I myself had thought that; and now I know it is as the señor wishes," she said, and shyly took his hand.

He had not expected so ready a yielding, and for an instant was at a loss as all the difficulties suddenly rose to confront him. Then he laughed, facing them down.

"Then come, dear Señorita," he said, "for we have n't a minute to lose."

They hurried across the plaza, taking the road to the station. Here and there an early riser had begun to appear, and Caxton knew that they were noticeable. She, too, seemed suddenly aware of this, and nervously drew her rebozo more closely about her face as she said in a low voice:

"Señor, I am frightened."

"It will soon be over," he told her. "Once on the train, we shall surely be safe. I shall take you to dear friends of mine in Havana, and they will take you to the States, where we can marry at once; or even in Havana, perhaps, though of that I am not sure. The laws—"

"The señor will know best," she said.

They entered the train almost unnoticed. Francisco, the waiter, was there with Caxton's luggage.

"Francisco," said Caxton, anxiously, "if any one—"

"Señor," the man interrupted, "I have seen nothing. The señor has been good to me. Perhaps I may be able to help. *A Dios, Señor.*"

They entered the train, and seated themselves far from the door, on the side away from the station. They did not speak. With her rebozo hiding her face, she gazed steadily out of the window; he studied a map, holding it high to shield her from any curious eyes. So they waited in strained anxiety for the train to take its departure.

It was slow about it. The sun came up hot in a cloudless sky. A volante drove furiously up to the platform, and out of

the tail of his eye Caxton saw her form shrink back in the apprehension he also felt. But no one came to disturb them, and presently, with a jarring clank of the couplings, the frail little car began its leisurely journey out into their new world. Their eyes met.

"Señor," she whispered, "you will be good to me? Say that you will be good to me?"

"Always, dear," he promised.

"Then nothing else matters," she said—"nothing."

"Dear Señorita," he said after a long silence, "do you know, I have never even learned your name—your given name."

"Nor I the señor's," she replied. "We have much to learn."

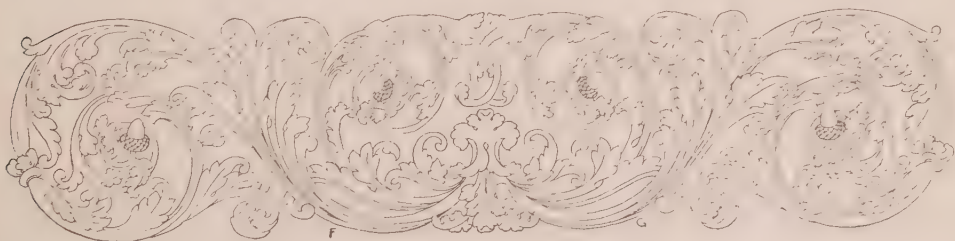
"But it was right," he said; "there was no other way."

She looked up and smiled.

"Last night," she said, "again I could not sleep for unhappiness. It is better to die than to marry where you hate; but, Señor, I am very young and afraid to die. What was there, then, to do? And at last I knew. Do you remember how I said I could not pray in the church because I knew that the Holy Mother would not come down and lead me away with her, and nothing less would help me?"

"I remember," he answered.

"It was wrong not to pray, and wicked to doubt the Holy Mother. She has her own way. I thought that this morning, and so came again to the church, but alone. And all the way I prayed for a sign. And, Señor, you were waiting there, and when you said I should go with you, I was glad, having my answer. The Holy Mother might not come herself,—she has her own way, as I said,—but was it not as if she had sent St. Michael?"





A Belgian postal card

## “Chantons, Belges! Chantons!”

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of “Young Hilda at the Wars,” “Les Travailleurs de la Guerre,” etc.

HERE at home I am in a land where the wholesale martyrdom of Belgium is regarded as of doubtful authenticity. We who have witnessed widespread atrocities are subjected to a critical process as cold as if we were advancing a new program of social reform. I begin to wonder if anything took place in Flanders. Is n't the wreck of Termonde, where I thought I spent three days, perhaps a figment of the fancy? Was the bayoneted girl child of Alost a pleasant dream creation? My people are critical and indifferent, generous and neutral, but yonder several races are living at a deeper level. In a time when beliefs are held lightly, with tricky words tearing at old values, they have recovered the ancient faiths of the race. Their lot, with all its pain, is choicer than ours. They at least have felt greatly and thrown themselves into action. It is a stern fight that is on in Europe, and few of our countrymen realize it is our

fight that the Allies are making on all those trench-threaded fields of the Old World.

Europe has made an old discovery. The Greek Anthology has it, and the ballads, but our busy little merchants and our clever talkers have never known it. The best discovery a man can make is that there is something inside him bigger than his fear, a belief in something more lasting than his individual life. When he discovers that, he knows he, too, is a man. It is as real for him as the experience of motherhood is for a woman. He comes out of it with self-respect and gladness.

The Belgians were a soft people, pleasure-loving little chaps, social and cheery, fond of comfort and the café brightness. They had no pride of race, because they lacked the intensity of blood of unmixed single strains. They were cosmopolitan, often with a command over three languages and snatches of several dialects. They were easy in their likes. They



"made friends" lightly. They did not have the reserve and arrogance of the English, the spiritual pride of the Germans. Some of them have German blood, some French, some Dutch. Part of the race is gay and volatile, many are heavy and inarticulate; it is a mixed race of which any iron-clad generalization is false. But I have seen many thousands of them under crisis, seen them hungry, dying, men from every class and every region; and the mass impression is that they are affectionate, easy to blend with, open-handed, trusting, immature.

This kindly, haphazard, unformed folk were suddenly lifted to a national self-sacrifice. By one act of defiance Albert made Belgium a nation. It had been a mixed race of many tongues, selling itself little by little, all unconsciously, to the German bondage. I saw the marks of this spiritual invasion on the inner life of the Belgians—marks of a destruction more thorough than the shelling of a city. The ruins of Termonde are only the outward and visible sign of what Germany has attempted on Belgium for perhaps two generations.

Wherever I turned in Belgium, I found traces of this clever, silent German invasion. My Flemish driver, when we were surrounded by Uhlans, suddenly broke into voluble German, expressing his abject friendliness for them. At a hotel in Ghent the proprietor, believing me to be a neutral, told me he was a German with German sympathies. He had been living in Ghent for many years, making his money out of the town, but looking forward to this day of his own people. In Melle an officer pointed out to me the house of their German spy. I talked with the man. At a café in Ghent, while the enemy was still distant, the proprietor entertained the Belgians, and took their money, announcing to all, as he announced to me, that he was a Swiss. Now that the Germans have taken possession, he has bloomed out into a full-blooded German, and with pride daily presides over his café filled with German officers. Nightly back of our Pervyse line some spy signaled to

the enemy's artillery when our ammunition began moving up the road. I found a hundred houses in Termonde among the ruins of eleven hundred, and those houses, spared in the house-to-house burning, were chalked in German script with directions not to burn. In that town of thirteen thousand people, certain of those households were friends and spies of the Germans.

Perhaps it was better that people should perish by the villageful in honest physical death through the agony of the bayonet and the flame than that they should go on bartering away their nationality by piece-meal. Who knows but Albert saw in his



A ruined church at Pervyse

silent heart that the only thing to weld his people together, honeycombed as they were, was the shedding of blood? Perhaps nothing short of a supreme sacrifice, amounting to a martyrdom, could restore a people so tangled in German intrigue, so

netted into an ever-encroaching system of commerce, carrying with it a habit of thought and a mouthful of guttural phrases. Let no one underestimate that power of language. If the idiom has passed into one, it has brought with it molds of thought, leanings of sympathy. Who that can even stumble through the "*Marchons! Marchons!*" of the "*Marseillaise*" but is a sharer for a moment in the rush of glory that every now and again has made France the light of the world? So, when the German phrase rings out, "*Was wir haben bleibt Deutsch*" ("What we are now holding by force of arms shall remain forever German"), there is an an-

swering thrill in the heart of every Antwerp clerk who for years has been leaking Belgian government gossip into German ears in return for a piece of money. Secret sin was eating away Belgium's vitality—the sin of being bought by German money, bought in little ways, for small bits of service, amiable passages destroying nationality. By one act of full sacrifice Albert has cleared his people from a poison that might have sapped them in a few more years without the firing of one gun.

That sacrifice to which they are called is an utter one, of which they have experienced only the prelude. I have seen this



Belgian soldiers of the first army in the early days of the war in temporary shelter





Side of a bedroom taken out by a shell in the heavy Nieuport bombardment

growing sadness of Belgium almost from the beginning. I have seen thirty thousand refugees, the inhabitants of Alost, come shuffling down the road past me. They came by families, the father with a bag of clothes and bread, the mother with a baby in arms, and one, two, or three children trotting along. Aged women were walking, Sisters of Charity, religious brothers. A cartful of stricken old women lay patiently at full length while the wagon bumped on. They were so nearly drowned by suffering that one more wave made little difference. All that was sad and helpless was dragged that morning into the daylight. All that had been decently cared for in quiet rooms was of a sudden tumbled out upon the pavement and jolted along in farm-wagons past sixteen miles of curious eyes. But even with the sick and the very old there was no lamentation. In this procession of the dispossessed that passed us on the country road there was no one crying, no one angry.

When the handful of British were sent to the rescue of Antwerp, we went up the line with them. There was joy on the Antwerp road that day. Little cottages

fluttered flags at lintel and window. The sidewalks were thronged with peasants, who believed they were now to be saved. We rode in glory from Ghent to the outer works of Antwerp. Every village on all the line turned out its full population to cheer us ecstatically. A bitter month had passed, and now salvation had come. It is seldom in a lifetime one is present at a perfect piece of irony like that of those shouting Flemish peasants.

As Antwerp was falling, a letter was given to me by a friend. It was written by Aloysius Coen of the artillery, Fort St. Catherine Wavre, Antwerp. He died in the bombardment, thirty-four years old. He wrote:

Dear wife and children:

At the moment I am writing you this the enemy is before us, and the moment has come for us to do our duty for our country. When you will have received this I shall have changed the temporary life for the eternal life. As I loved you all dearly, my last breath will be directed toward you and my darling children, and with a last smile as a farewell from my beloved family am I undertaking the eternal journey.





Lieutenant Robert de Wilde

I hope, whatever may be your later call, you will take good care of my dear children, and always keep them in mind of the straight road, always ask them to pray for their father, who in sadness, though doing his duty for his country, has had to leave them so young.

Say good-by for me to my dear brothers and sisters, from whom I also carry with me a great love.

Farewell, dear wife, children, and family.  
Your always remaining husband, father,  
and brother,

ALOYS.

Then Antwerp fell, and a people that had for the first time in memory found itself an indivisible and self-conscious state broke into sullen flight, and its merry, friendly army came heavy-footed down



Belgian soldiers and their shelter



Photograph by Radclyffe Dugmore

Interior of a church at Termonde

the road to another country. Grieved and embittered, they served under new leaders of another race. Those tired soldiers were like spirited children who had been playing an exciting game which they thought would be applauded. And suddenly the best turned out the worst.

Sing, Belgians, sing, though our wounds  
are bleeding,

writes the poet of Flanders; but the song is no earthly song. It is the voice of a lost cause that cries out of the trampled dust as it prepares to make its flight beyond the place of betrayal.

For the Belgian soldiers no longer sang, or made merry in the evening. A young Brussels corporal in our party suddenly broke into sobbing when he heard the chorus of "Tipperary" float over the channel from a transport of untried British lads. The Belgians are a race of children whose feelings have been hurt. The

pathos of the Belgian army is like the pathos of an orphan-asylum: it is unconscious.

They are very lonely, the loneliest men I have known. Back of the fighting Frenchman, you sense the gardens and fields of France, the strong, victorious national will. In a year, in two years, having made his peace with honor, he will return to a happiness richer than any that France has known in fifty years. And the Englishman carries with him to the stresses of the first line an unbroken calm which he has inherited from a thousand years of his island peace. His little moment of pain and death cannot trouble that consciousness of the eternal process in which his people have been permitted to play a continuing part. For him the present turmoil is only a ripple on the vast sea of his racial history. Back of the Tommy is his Devonshire village, still secure. His mother and his wife are waiting for him, unmolested, as when he left





Le chauffeur, baron de Liedekerke

them. But the Belgian, schooled in horror, takes a sadder horror yet when the guns of his friends are put on his bell-towers and battlements held by the invaders.

"My father and mother are inside the enemy lines," said a Belgian officer to me as we were talking of the final victory. That is the ever-present thought of an army of boys whose parents are living in damaged houses back of German trenches. It is louder than the roar of guns, the noise of the guns to come that will tear at Bruges and level the Tower of St. Nicholas. That is what the future holds for the Belgian. He is only at the beginning of his loss. The victory of his cause is the death of his people. It is a sacrifice almost without a parallel.

And now a famous newspaper correspondent has returned to us from his summer trips to the front and his conversations with officers so tell us that he does not highly regard the fighting qualities of the Belgians. I think that statement is not the full truth, and I do not think it will be the estimate of history on the resistance of the Belgians. If the resistance had been regarded by the Germans as half-hearted, I do not believe their re-

prisals on villages and towns and on the civilian population would have been so bitter. The burning and the murder that I saw them commit throughout the month of September, 1914, was the answer to a resistance unexpectedly firm and telling. At the skirmish of Melle on September 7, when fifteen hundred Belgians stood off three thousand Germans for several hours, I counted more dead Germans than dead Belgians. The German officer in whose hands we were as captives asked us with great particularity as to how many Belgians he had killed and wounded. While he was talking with us, his stretcher-bearers were moving up and down the road for his own casualties. At Alost the street fighting by Belgian troops behind fish-barrels, with sods of earth for barricade, was so stubborn that the Germans felt it to be necessary to mutilate civilian men, women, and children with the bayonets to express in terms at all adequate their re-



Andre Simonet of the Obustiers Lourds (Heavy Guns), a typical high-class Belgian boy soldier

The present Belgian army is largely composed of boys, as the first army was cut to pieces

sentment. I am of course speaking of what I know.<sup>1</sup> Around Termonde, three

<sup>1</sup> What the writer and a companion witnessed of German atrocities will be found in the Bryce Report, under the heading of Alost.



times in September, the fighting of Belgians was vigorous enough to induce the Germans on entering the town to burn eleven hundred homes, house by house. If the Germans throughout their army had not possessed a high opinion of Belgian bravery and power of retardation, I doubt if they would have released so wide-spread and unique a savagery.

At Termonde, Alost, Balière, and a dozen other points in the Ghent sector, and, later, at Dixmude, Ramscappelle, Pervyse, Caeskerke, and the rest of the line of the Yser, my sight of Belgians has been that of troops as gallant as any. The



"With my best feelings, William De Groote"



A Belgian worker in the "Océan Ambulance" and a British nurse

cowards have been occasional, the brave men many. I still have flashes of them as when I saw them. I saw a Belgian officer ride across a field within rifle range of the enemy to point out to us a market-cart in which lay three wounded. On his horse, he was a high figure, well silhouetted. Another day, I met a Belgian sergeant, with a tousled red head of hair, and with three medals for valor on his left breast.

He kept going out into the middle of the road during the times when Germans were reported approaching, keeping his men under cover. If there was risk to be taken, he wanted first chance. My friend Dr. Van der Ghinst, of Cabour Hospital, captain in the Belgian army, remained three days in Dixmude under steady bombardment, caring unaided for his wounded in the Hospital of St. Jean, just at the Yser, and finally brought out thirty old men and women who had been frightened into helplessness by the flames and noise. Because he was needed in that direction, I saw him continue his walk past the point where fifty feet ahead of him a shell had just exploded. I saw him walk erect where even the renowned fighting men of an allied race were stooping and hiding, because he held his life as nothing when there were wounded to be rescued. For many weeks our group of Red Cross helpers had the privilege of working with Lieutenant Robert de Broqueville, son of the prime minister of Belgium. I saw him go into Dixmude on the afternoon when the town was leveled by German guns. He remained there under one of the heaviest bombardments of the war for three hours, picking up the wounded who lay on curbs and in cellars and under debris. The troops had been



Gaspar, a refugee baby

ordered to evacuate the town, and it was a lonely job that this youngster of twenty-seven years carried on through that day.

Our corps has seen the Belgians every day for several months. We have seen several skirmishes and battles and many days of shell-fire, and the impression of watching perhaps twenty thousand Belgians in action is that of excellent fighting qualities, starred with bits of sheer daring as astonishing as that of any other races. With no country left to fight for, homes either in ruin or soon to be shelled, relatives under an alien rule, the home Government on a foreign soil, still this second army, the first having been killed, fights on in good spirit. Every morning of the summer I have watched those of them that have been resting in La Panne, boys between eighteen and twenty-five, clad in fresh khaki, go riding down the poplar lane from La Panne to the trenches, the first twenty with bright silver bugles, their cheeks puffed and red with the blowing. Twelve months of wounds and wastage, wet trenches and tinned food, and still they go out with hope.

And the helpers of the army have shown good heart. Breaking the silence of Rome, the splendid priesthood of Bel-

gium, from the cardinal to the humblest curé, has played the man. On the front line near Pervyse, where my wife lived for three months, a priest has remained through the daily shell-fire to administer last rites to his dying soldiers and to comfort the fighting men. Just before leaving Flanders, I called on the sisters in the convent school of Furnes. They were still cheery and busy in their care of sick and wounded civilians. Every few days the Germans shell the town from seven miles away, but the sisters will continue there through the coming months as through the last year. The spirit of the best of the race is spoken in what King Albert said recently in an unpublished conversation to the gentlemen of the English mission:

"The English will cease fighting before the Belgians. If there is talk of yielding,



Dr. Van der Ghinst, a Belgian surgeon. He was decorated by the French for bravery in the Dixmude bombardment

it will come from the English, not from us."

That was a playful way of saying that



Watching the *aéroplanes*

there will be no yielding by any of the Western Allies. The truth is still as true as it was at Liège that the Belgians held up the enemy till France was ready to receive them. And the price Belgium paid for that resistance was the massacre of women and children and the house-to-house burning of homes.

Since rendering that service for all time to France and England, through sixteen months of such a life as exiles know the Belgians have fought on doggedly, recovering from the misery of the Antwerp retreat, and showing a resilience of spirit equaled only by the Fusiliers Marins of France. One afternoon in late June my friend Robert Toms, who came four thousand miles to lend a hand with the wounded, was sitting on the beach at La Panne, watching the soldiers swimming in the channel. Suddenly he called to me, and aimed his camera. There on the sand in the sunlight the Belgian army was changing its clothes. The faithful suits of blue, rained on and trench-worn, were being tossed into great heaps on the beach, and brand-new yellow khaki, clothes and cap, was buckled on. It was a transformation. We had learned to know that army, and their uniform had grown familiar and pleasant to us. The dirt, ground in till it

became part of the texture; the worn cloth, shapeless, but yet molded to the man by long association—all was an expression of the stocky little soldier inside. The new khaki hung slack. The caps were too large for Flemish heads. To us, watching the change, it was the loss of the last possession that connected them with their past; with homes and country gone, now the very clothing that had covered them through famous fights was shuffled off. It was as if the Belgian army had been swallowed up in the sea at our feet, like Pharaoh's phalanx, and up from the beach to the barracks scuffled an imitation English corps, spattering their ill-fitting garments with jest, writing and singing a poem in praise. This is the chorus which a Belgian soldier, clad in his fresh yellow, sang to us as we grouped around him on a sand-dune:

“Regardez nos p'tits soldats,  
Ils ont l'air d'être un peu là,  
Habiller.  
D'la tête jusqu'aux pieds  
En khaki, en khaki,  
Ils sont contents de servir,  
Mais non pas de mourir,  
Et cela c'est parce que on leur a mis,  
En quelque sorte, la t'nue khaki.”

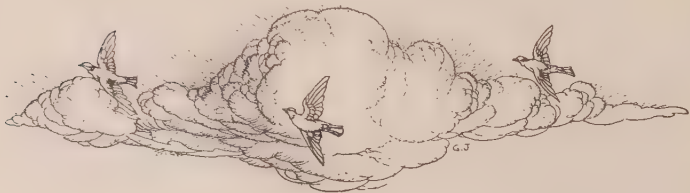


# Hagar

By DOROTHY PAUL

AGAIN the Spring shall come across the date-groves of El-Jerid,  
With slender feet a-tinkle with her anklet-bells  
Of hillside rain,  
With lips that laugh beneath a veil of mist, and eyes above it  
Deep with pain;  
And all the wild, sweet gladness of her coming,  
That thrills the brooks of Jordan into flood,  
And sends along the twisted olive branches  
The old glad pain of sap and leaf and bud,  
Is mine. And, lo!  
The ecstasy of pomegranates aglow,  
The secret the wild-almond boughs have kept,  
My heart shall know;  
And I shall go across the hills to greet  
The woman Spring  
Not with veiled eyes, nor forehead bared  
To touch her feet,  
But heart to heart, as women who have shared  
Some wondrous thing,  
And lip to lip, as sisters meet.

Again the night shall come across the wilderness of Paran,  
The desert night, as purple as a lotus-bud,  
And dusky-fair  
As an Egyptian dancing-girl, with languorous, wooing arms  
And jeweled hair.  
And I shall see the firelight leap and redden  
Against the dusk before the old black tent  
Where Sarai sits among her serving-maidens,  
Dumb and bitter-eyed and discontent,  
While I, the bond-maid, know  
Why women cannot sing before the glow  
Of evening fires, with empty arms, the runes  
That women know:  
For I have shared with Earth the common pain  
That makes me part  
Of her great womanhood,—akin to Spring  
And to the Sun,—  
Upon my lips the songs that women sing,  
And on my heart  
The kiss of Life; for we are one.





# The Lost Phœbe

By THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Jennie Gerhardt," "A Traveler at Forty," etc.

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

THEY lived together in a part of the country which was not so prosperous as it had once been, about three miles from one of those small towns that, instead of increasing in population, are steadily decreasing. The territory was not very thickly settled; perhaps a house every other mile or so, with large areas of corn- and wheat-land and fallow fields that at odd seasons had been sown to timothy and clover. Their particular house was part log and part frame, the log portion being the old original home of Henry's grandfather. The new portion, of now rain-beaten, time-worn slabs, through which the wind squeaked in the chinks at times and which several overshadowing elms and a butternut-tree made picturesque and reminiscently pathetic, but a little damp, was erected by Henry when he was twenty-one and just married.

That was forty-eight years before. The furniture inside, like the house outside, was old and mildewy and reminiscent of an earlier day. You have seen the what-not of cherry wood, perhaps, with spiral legs and fluted top. It was there. The old-fashioned heavy-posted bed, with ball-like protuberances and deep curving incisions, was there also, a sadly alienated descendant of an early Jacobean ancestor. The bureau was of cherry also, high and wide and solidly built, but faded-looking, and with a musty odor. The rag carpet that underlay all these sturdy examples of enduring furniture was a weak, faded, lead-and-pink-colored affair woven by Phœbe Ann's own hands when she was fifteen years younger than she was when she died. The creaky wooden loom on which

it had been done now stood like a dusty, bony skeleton, along with a broken rocking-chair, a worm-eaten clothes-press,—Heaven knows how old,—a lime-stained bench that had once been used to keep flowers on outside the door, and other decrepit factors of household utility, in an east room that was a lean-to against this so-called main portion. All sorts of broken-down furniture were about this place: an antiquated clothes-horse, cracked in two of its ribs; a broken mirror in an old cherry frame, which had fallen from a nail and cracked itself three days before their youngest son, Jerry, died; an extension hat-rack, which once had had porcelain knobs on the ends of its pegs; and a sewing-machine, long since outdone in its clumsy mechanism by rivals of a newer generation.

The orchard to the east of the house was full of gnarled old apple-trees, worm-eaten as to trunks and branches, and fully ornamented with green and white lichens, so that it had a sad, greenish-white, silvery effect in moonlight. The low outhouses, which had once housed chickens, a horse or two, a cow, and several pigs, were covered with patches of moss as to their roof, and the sides had been free of paint for so long that they were blackish gray as to color, and a little spongy. The picket-fence in front, with its gate squeaky and askew, and the side fences of the stake-and-rider type were in an equally run-down condition. As a matter of fact, they had aged synchronously with the persons who lived here, old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phœbe Ann.

They had lived here, these two, ever

since their marriage, forty-eight years before, and Henry had lived here before that from his childhood up. His father and mother, well along in years when he was a boy, had invited him to bring his wife here when he had first fallen in love and decided to marry; and he had done so. His father and mother were the companions of him and his wife for ten years after they were married, when both died; and then Henry and Phœbe were left with their five children growing lustily apace. But all sorts of things had happened since then. Of the seven children, all told, that had been born to them, three had died; one girl had gone to Kansas; one boy had gone to Sioux Falls, and never been heard of after; another boy had gone to Washington; and the last girl lived five counties away in the same State, but was so burdened with cares of her own that she rarely gave them a thought. Time and a commonplace home life that had never been attractive had weened them thoroughly, so that, wherever they were, they gave little thought as to how it might be with their father and mother.

Old Henry Reifsnider and his wife Phœbe were a loving couple. You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion. The great world sounds widely, but it has no call for them. They have no soaring intellect. The orchard, the meadow, the corn-field, the pig-pen, and the chicken-lot measure the range of their human activities. When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed; when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked; when the timothy is in full head it is cut, and the hay-cock erected. After that comes winter, with the hauling of grain to market, the sawing and splitting of wood, the simple chores of fire-building, meal-getting, occasional repairing, and visiting. Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows, the rains, and the fair days—there are no immediate, significant things. All the rest of life is a far-off, clamorous phantasmagoria, flickering like Northern lights

in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance.

Old Henry and his wife Phœbe were as fond of each other as it is possible for old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of. He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and beard, quite straggly and unkempt. He looked at you out of dull, fishy, watery eyes that had deep-brown crow's-feet at the sides. His clothes, like the clothes of many farmers, were aged and angular and baggy, standing out at the pockets, not fitting about the neck, protuberant and worn at elbow and knee. Phœbe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear. As time had passed, and they had only themselves to look after, their movements had become slower and slower, their activities fewer and fewer. The annual keep of pigs had been reduced from five to one grunting porker, and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal, not over-nourished and not very clean. The chickens, of which formerly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease. The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself, and the vines and flower-beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy, only now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky, complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance at all.

"Phœbe, where's my corn-knife? You ain't never minded to let my things alone no more."

"Now you hush, Henry," his wife would caution him in a cracked and squeaky voice. "If you don't, I'll leave yuh. I'll git up and walk out of here some day, and then where would y' be? Y' ain't got anybody but me to look after yuh, so yuh just behave yourself."

Old Henry, who knew that his wife





"An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad"

would never leave him in any circumstances, used to speculate at times as to what he would do if she were to die. That was the one leaving that he really feared. As he climbed on the chair at night to wind the old, long-pendulumed, double-weighted clock, or went finally to the front and the back door to see that they were safely shut in, it was a comfort to know that Phœbe was properly ensconced on her side of the bed, and that if he stirred restlessly in the night, she would be there to ask what he wanted.

"Now, Henry, do lie still! You 're as restless as a chicken."

"Well, I can't sleep, Phœbe."

"Well, yuh need n't roll so, anyhow. You can let me sleep."

This usually reduced him to a state of somnolent ease. If she wanted a pail of water, it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it; and if she did rise first to build the fires, he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach. They divided this simple world nicely between them.

As the years had gone on, fewer and fewer people had called. They were well known for a distance of as much as ten square miles as old Mr. and Mrs. Reifsneider, honest, moderately Christian, but too old to be really interesting any longer. Now and then some old friend stopped with a pie or cake or a roasted chicken or duck, or merely to see that they were well; even then kindly minded visits were no longer frequent.

One day in the early spring of her sixty-fourth year Mrs. Reifsneider took sick, and from a low fever passed into some indefinable ailment which, because of her age, was no longer curable. Old Henry drove to Swinnerton, the neighboring town, and procured a doctor. Some friends called, and the immediate care of her was taken off his hands. Then one chill spring night she died, and old Henry, in a fog of sorrow and uncertainty, followed her body to the nearest graveyard, an unattractive space, with a few pines growing in it. It was suggested to him at once by one friend and another that he

come to stay with them awhile, or that he seek his daughter in Pemberton County. She had been notified. He was so old, and so fixed in his notions, however, and so accustomed to the exact surroundings he had known all his days, that he could not think of leaving. He wanted to remain near where they had put his Phœbe; and the fact that he would have to live alone did not trouble him in the least.

"I kin make a shift for myself," he continually announced to old Dr. Morrow, who had attended his wife in this case. "I kin cook a little, and, besides, I don't take much more 'n coffee an' bread in the mornin's. I 'll get along now well enough. You just let me be." And after many pleadings and proffers of advice, with supplies of coffee and bacon and baked bread duly offered and accepted, he was left to himself. For a while he sat idly outside his door brooding in the spring sun. He tried to revive his interest in farming, and to keep himself busy and free from thought by looking after the fields, which of late had been much neglected. It was a gloomy thing to come in of an evening or in the afternoon and find no shadow of Phœbe where everything suggested her. By degrees he put a few of her things away. He sat beside his lamp and read in the papers that were left him occasionally or in a Bible that he had neglected for years, but he could get little solace from these things. Mostly he held his hand over his mouth and looked at the floor as he sat and thought of what had become of her, and how soon he himself would die. He made a great business of making his coffee in the morning and frying himself a little bacon at night; but his appetite was gone. This shell in which he had been housed so long seemed vacant, and its shadows were suggestive of immedicable griefs. So he lived quite dolefully for five long weeks, and then a change began.

It was one night after he had looked after the front and the back door, wound the clock, blown out the lamp, and gone through all the selfsame motions that he had indulged in for years that he went to

bed not so much to sleep as to think. It was a moonlight night. The green-lichen-covered orchard was a silvery affair, sweetly spectral. The moon shone through the east windows, throwing the pattern of the panes on the wooden floor, and making the old furniture, to which he was accustomed, stand out dimly in the gloom. As usual he had been thinking of Phœbe and the years when they had been young together, and of the children who had gone, and the poor shift he was making of his present days. The house was coming to be in a very bad state indeed. The bed-clothes were in disorder and not clean, for he made a wretched shift of washing. It was a terror to him. He was getting into that brooding state when he would accept anything rather than exert himself. He preferred to pace slowly to and fro or to sit and think.

By twelve o'clock he was asleep, however, and by two o'clock he had waked again. The moon by this time had shifted to a position on the western side of the house, and it now shone in through the windows of the living-room and those of the kitchen beyond. A certain combination of furniture—a chair near a table, with his coat on it, the half-open kitchen door casting a shadow, and the position of a lamp near a paper—gave him an exact representation of Phœbe leaning over the table as he had often seen her do in life. He looked at her fixedly in the feeble half-light, his old hair tingling oddly at the roots, and then he sat up. The figure did not move. He put his thin legs out of the bed and sat looking at her, wondering if this could really be Phœbe. They had talked of ghosts often in their lifetime, of apparitions and omens; but they had never agreed that such things could be. It had never been a part of his wife's creed that she could have a spirit that could return to walk the earth. Her after-world was quite a different affair, a vague heaven, no less, from which the righteous did not trouble to return. Yet here she was now, bending over the table in her black skirt and gray shawl, her pale profile outlined against the moonlight.

"Phœbe," called old Henry, thrilling from head to toe and putting out one bony hand, "have you come back?"

The figure did not stir, and he arose and walked uncertainly to the door, looking at it fixedly the while. As he drew near, however, the apparition resolved itself into its primal content—his old coat over the high-backed chair, the lamp by the paper, the half-open door.

"Well," he said to himself, his mouth open, "I thought shore I saw her." And he ran his hand strangely and vaguely through his hair, the while his nervous tension relaxed.

Another night, because of this first illusion, and because his mind was now constantly on her and he was old, he looked out of the window that was nearest his bed and commanded hen-coop and pig-pen and a part of the wagon-shed, and there, a faint mist exuding from the damp of the ground, he thought he saw her again. It was a little wisp of mist, one of those faint exhalations of the earth that rise in a cool night after a warm day, and flicker like small white cypresses of fog before they disappear. It had been a custom of hers to cross the lot from her kitchen door to the pig-pen to throw in any scrap that was left from her cooking, and here she was again. He sat up and watched it strangely, doubtfully, because of his previous experience, but inclined, because of the nervous titillation that passed over his body, to believe that spirits really were, and that Phœbe, who would be concerned because of his lonely state, must be thinking about him, and hence returning. It would be within the province of her charity so to do, and like her loving interest in him to quiver deeply. He watched it eagerly; but a faint breath of air stirring, it wound away toward the fence and disappeared.

A third night, as he was actually dreaming, some ten days later, she came to his bedside and put her hand on his head.

"Poor Henry!" she said. "It's too bad."

He roused out of his sleep, actually to see her, he thought, moving from his bed-



room into the one living-room, her figure a shadowy mass of black. The weak straining of his eyes caused little points of light to flicker about the outlines of her form. He arose, greatly astonished, walked the floor in the cool room, convinced that Phœbe was coming back to him. If he only thought sufficiently, if he made it perfectly clear by his feeling that he needed her greatly, she would come back, this kindly wife, and tell him what to do. She would perhaps be with him much of the time, in the night, anyhow; and that would make this lonely state endurable.

In age and with the feeble it is not such a far cry from the subtleties of illusion to actual hallucination, and in due time this transition was made for Henry. Night after night he waited, expecting her return. Once in his weird mood he thought he saw a pale light moving about the room, and another time he thought he saw her walking in the orchard after dark. It was one morning when the details of his lonely state were virtually unendurable that he woke with the thought that she was not dead. How he had arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say. His mind had gone. In its place was a fixed illusion. He and Phœbe had had a senseless quarrel. He had reproached her for not leaving his pipe where he was accustomed to find it, and she had left. It was an aberrated fulfilment of her old jesting threat that if he did not behave himself she would leave him.

"I guess I could find yuh ag'in," he had always said. But her cackling threat had always been:

"Yuh 'll not find me if I ever leave yuh. I guess I kin git some place where yuh can't find me."

This morning when he arose he did not think to build the fire in the customary way or to grind his coffee and cut his bread, as was his wont, but solely to meditate as to where he should search for her and how he should induce her to come back. Recently the one horse had been dispensed with because he found it cumbersome and beyond his needs. He took

down his soft crush hat after he had dressed himself, a new glint of interest and determination in his eye, and taking his black crook cane from behind the door, where he had always placed it, started out briskly to look for her among the distant neighbors that he knew. His old shoes clumped briskly in the dust as he walked, and his gray-black locks, now grown rather long, straggled out in a dramatic fringe or halo from under his hat. His short coat stirred busily as he walked, and his hands and face were peaked and pale.

"Why, hello, Henry! Where 're yuh goin' this mornin'?" inquired Farmer Dodge, who, hauling a load of wheat to market, encountered him on the public road. He had not seen the aged farmer in weeks, not since his wife's death, and he wondered now, seeing him looking so spry.

"Yuh ain't seen Phœbe, have yuh?" inquired the old man, looking up quizzically.

"Phœbe who?" inquired Farmer Dodge, not for the moment connecting the name with Henry's dead wife.

"Why, my wife Phœbe, o' course. Who do yuh s'pose I mean?" He stared up with a pathetic sharpness of glance from under his shaggy, gray eyebrows.

"Wall, I 'll swan, Henry, yuh ain't jokin', are yuh?" said the solid Dodge, a pursy man, with a smooth, hard, red face. "It can't be your wife you 're talkin' about. She 's dead."

"Dead! Shucks!" retorted the demented Reifsneider. "She left me early this mornin' while I was sleepin'. She allus got up to build the fire, but she 's gone now. We had a little spat last night, an' I guess that 's the reason. But I guess I kin find her. She 's gone over to Matilda Race's, that 's where she 's gone."

He started briskly up the road, leaving the amazed Dodge to stare in wonder after him.

"Well, I 'll be switched!" he said aloud to himself. "He 's clean out 'n his head. That poor old fellow 's been livin' down there till he 's gone mad. I 'll have to notify the authorities." And he flicked



“ ‘O-o-o Phœbe! O-o-o Phœbe!’ ”

his whip with great enthusiasm. "Ged-dap!" he said, and was off.

Reifsneider met no one else in this poorly populated region until he reached the whitewashed fence of Matilda Race and her husband three miles away. He had passed one or two other houses far back from the road, but these were not within the range of his illusion. His wife, who had known Matilda well, must be here. He opened the picket-gate which guarded the walk, and stamped briskly up to the door.

"Why, Mr. Reifsneider," exclaimed old Matilda herself, a stout woman, looking out of the door in answer to his knock, "what brings yuh here this mornin'?"

"Is Phœbe here?" he demanded eagerly.

"Phœbe who? What Phœbe?" replied Mrs. Race, curious as to this sudden development of energy on his part.

"Why, my Phœbe, o' course. My wife Phœbe. Who do yuh s'pose? Ain't she here now?"

"Lawzy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Race, opening her mouth. "Yuh pore man! So you 're clean out 'n your mind. Now yuh come right in and sit down. I 'll git yuh a cup o' coffee. O' course your wife ain't here; but yuh come in an' sit down. I 'll find her fer yuh after a while. I know where she is."

The old farmer's eyes softened, and he entered. He was a thin, pantalooned, patriarchal specimen, and he took off his hat and laid it on his knees quite softly and mildly.

"We had a quarrel last night, and she left me," he volunteered.

"Laws! laws!" sighed Mrs. Race, there being no one present with whom to share her astonishment as she went to her kitchen. "The pore man! Now somebody's got to look after him. He can't be allowed to run around the country this way lookin' for his dead wife. It's turrible."

She boiled him a pot of coffee and brought in some of her new-baked bread and fresh butter. She set out some of her best jam and put a couple of eggs to boil, lying whole-heartedly the while.

"Now yuh stay right here, Uncle

Henry, until Jake comes in, and I 'll send him to look for Phœbe. I think it's more than likely she's over to Swinnerton with some o' her friends. Anyhow, we 'll find out. Now yuh just drink this coffee an' eat this bread. Yuh must be tired. Yuh 've had a long walk this mornin'." Her idea was to take counsel with Jake, "her man," and perhaps have him notify the authorities.

She bustled about, meditating on the uncertainties of life, while old Reifsneider thrummed on the rim of his hat with his pale fingers and later ate abstractedly of what she offered. His mind was on his wife, however, and since she was not here, it wandered vaguely away to a family by the name of Murray, miles away in another direction. He decided after a time that he would not wait for Jake Race to hunt his wife. He could not. He must be on, and urge her to come back.

"Well, I 'll be goin'," he said, getting up and looking strangely about him. "I guess she did n't come here. She went over to the Murrays'." And out he marched, while Mrs. Race pleaded with him to stay. He took to the dusty road again in the warm spring sun, his cane striking the earth as he went.

It was two hours later that this pale figure of a man appeared in the Murrays' doorway, dusty, perspiring, eager. He had tramped all of five miles, and it was noon. An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad. They begged him to stay to dinner, intending to notify the authorities later and see what could be done; but though he stayed to partake of a little something, he did not stay long, and was off again, another distant farmhouse in mind.

The process by which a character assumes the significance of being in such a community is often involute and pathetic. This day saw Reifsneider at other doors, eagerly asking his unnatural question, and leaving a trail of amazement, sympathy, and pity in his wake. Although the authorities were informed,—the county sheriff, no less,—it was not deemed ad-



visible to take him into custody; for when those who knew old Henry, had known him for so long, reflected on the condition of the county insane asylum, a place, because of the poverty of the district, of staggering aberration and sickening environment, it was decided to let him remain at large; for, strange to relate, it was found on investigation that at night he returned to his lonesome domicile to find whether his wife had returned, and to brood there in loneliness until the morning. Who would lock up a thin, eager old man with long iron-gray hair and an attitude of kindly, innocent inquiry, particularly when he was well known for a past of only kindly servitude and reliability? Those who had known him best rather agreed that he should be allowed to roam at large. He could do no harm. His figure after a time became not so much a commonplace as an accepted curiosity, and the replies, "Why, no, Henry; I ain't seen her," or "No, Henry; she ain't been here to-day," more customary.

He was an odd figure in the sun and rain, on dusty roads and muddy ones, encountered occasionally in strange and unexpected places, pursuing his endless search. Under-nourishment, after a time, although the neighbors and those who knew his history gladly contributed from their store, affected his body; for he walked much and ate little. The longer he roamed the public highway in this manner, the deeper became his strange hallucination; and finding it harder and harder to return from his more and more distant pilgrimages, he finally took a few utensils from his home store and, making a small package of them, carried them with him in order that he might not be compelled to return. In an old tin coffee-pot of large size he placed a small tin cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, some salt and pepper, and to the outside of it, by a string forced through a pierced hole, he fastened a plate, which could be released, and which was his woodland table. It was no trouble for him to secure the little food that he needed, and with a strange, almost religious dignity he had no hesitation in ask-

ing for that much. By degrees his hair became longer and longer, his once black hat became an earthen brown, and his clothes were threadbare and dusty.

For all of a year he walked, and none knew how wide were his perambulations, nor how he survived the storms and cold. They could not see him, with homely rural understanding and forethought, sheltering himself in haystacks, or by the sides of cattle, whose warm bodies protected him from the cold and whose dull understandings were not opposed to his harmless presence. Overhanging rocks and trees kept him at times from the rain, and a friendly hay-loft or corn-crib was not above his humble consideration.

The involute progression of hallucination is strange. From asking at doors and being constantly rebuffed or denied, he finally came to the conclusion that although his Phœbe might not be in any of the houses at the doors of which he inquired, she might nevertheless be within the sound of his voice. And so, from patient inquiry, he began to call sad, occasional cries, that ever and anon waked the quiet landscapes and ragged hill regions, and set to echoing his thin "O-o-o Phœbe! O-o-o Phœbe!" It had a pathetic, albeit insane, ring, and many a farmer or plow-boy or country housewife came to know it even from afar and to say, "There goes old Reifsneider."

Another thing that puzzled him greatly after a time and after many hundreds of inquiries was, when he no longer had any particular dooryard in view and no special inquiry to make, which way to go. These cross-roads, which occasionally lead in four or even six directions, came after a time to puzzle him. And to solve this knotty problem, he devised the simple system of standing in the center of the parting of the ways, closing his eyes, turning thrice about, calling "O-o-o Phœbe!" twice, and then throwing his cane straight before him. In whichever direction it fell that way he went, even though, as was not infrequently the case, it took him back along the path he had already come. He was not so far gone in his mind but that

he gave himself ample time to search before calling again, but he had the strange feeling that sometime he would find her. There were hours when his feet were sore and his limbs weary, when he would stop in the heat to wipe his faded brow, or in the cold to beat his arms. Sometimes, after throwing his cane, and finding it indicating the direction from which he had just come, he would shake his head wearily and philosophically, as if contemplating the unbelievable or an untoward fate, and then start briskly off. His strange figure came finally to be known in the farthest reaches of three or four counties. Old Reifsneider was a pathetic character. His fame was wide.

Near a little town called Waltersville, in Green County, perhaps four miles from that minor center of human activity, there was a place or precipice locally known as the Red Cliff, a sheer wall of red sandstone, perhaps a hundred feet high, which raised its sharp wall for half a mile or more above the fruitful corn-fields that lay beneath, and which was surmounted by a thick grove of trees. The slope that slowly led up to it from the opposite side was covered by a rank growth of beech, hickory, and ash, through which threaded a number of wagon-tracks crossing at various angles. In fair weather it had become old Reifsneider's habit, so inured was he by now to the open, to make his bed in some patch of trees of this character, to fry his bacon or boil his eggs at the foot of some tree, before laying himself down for the night. His was a light and inconsequential sleep. More often the moonlight, some sudden wind stirring in the trees, or a reconnoitering animal, would arouse him, and he would sit up and think, or pursue his quest in the moonlight or the dark, a strange, unnatural figure, half-wild, half-savage-looking, but utterly harmless. That particular lull that comes in the systole-diastole of this earthly ball at two o'clock in the morning invariably aroused him, and though he might not go any farther, he would sit up and contemplate the dark or the stars, wondering. Sometimes in the strange processes of his

mind he would fancy that he saw moving among the trees the figure of his lost wife, and then he would get up to follow, taking his utensils, always on a string, and his cane.

It was in the second year of these hopeless peregrinations, in the dawn of a similar springtime to that in which his wife had died, that he came at last one night to the vicinity of this little patch of woods that crowned the rise to the Red Cliff. His far-flung cane, used as a divining-rod at the last cross-roads, had brought him thither. He had walked many, many miles. It was after ten o'clock at night, and he was very weary. Long wandering and little eating had left him only a shadow of his former self. It was a question now not so much of physical strength, but of spiritual endurance that kept him up. He had scarcely eaten this day, and, now exhausted, set himself down in the dark to rest and possibly to sleep. Curiously, a strange suggestion of the presence of his wife surrounded him. It would not be long now, he counseled himself, although the long months had brought him nothing. He fell asleep after a time, his head on his knees. At midnight the moon began to rise, and at two in the morning, his wakeful hour, was a large silver disk shining through the trees to the east. He opened his eyes when the radiance became strong, making a silver pattern at his feet, and lighting the woods with strange lusters and silvery, shadowy forms. His old notion that his wife must be near to him occurred to him as it usually did on occasions of this kind, and he looked about him with a strange, speculative, anticipatory eye. What was it that moved in the distant shadows along the path by which he had entered, a pale, flickering will-o'-the-wisp that bobbed gracefully among the trees, and riveted his expectant gaze? Moonlight and shadows combined to give it a strange form and a strange reality, this fluttering of bog-fire or dancing of wandering fire-flies. Was it truly his lost Phœbe? By a circuitous route it passed about him, and in his fevered state he fancied that he could see the very eyes of



“ ‘O Phœbe! Phœbe!’ he called. ‘Have yuh really come?’ ”



her, not as she was when he last saw her in the black dress and shawl, but a strangely younger Phœbe now, the one whom he had known years before as a girl. Old Reifsneider got up. He had been expecting and dreaming of this expected hour all these days, and now, as he saw the feeble light dancing, he peered at it questioningly, one thin hand in his gray hair.

There came to him now for the first time in many years the full charm of her girlish figure as he had first known it in boyhood, the pleasing, sympathetic smile, the brown hair, the blue sash she had once worn about her waist, her gay, graceful movements. He walked around the base of the tree, straining with his eyes, forgetting for once his cane and his utensils, and following eagerly after. On she moved before him, a will-o'-the-wisp, a little flame above her head; and it seemed as though among the small saplings of ash and beech and the thick trunks of hickory and elm that she signaled with one pale, gray hand.

"O Phœbe! Phœbe!" he called. "Have yuh really come?" And hurrying faster, he fell once, scrambling lamely to his feet,

only to see the light in the distance dancing illusively on. On and on he hurried, faster and faster, until he was fairly running, brushing his ragged arms against the trees, striking his hands and face against impeding twigs. His hat was gone, his lungs were breathless, when coming to the edge of the cliff, he saw her below, among a silvery wonder of apple-trees now blooming in the spring.

"O Phœbe," he called. "Oh, no; don't leave me!" And feeling the lure of a world where love was young and Phœbe was as this vision presented her, he gave a gay cry of "Oh, wait, Phœbe!" and leaped.

Some farmer-boys, reconnoitering this region of bounty and prospect, found first the tin utensils tied together under the tree where he had left them. Months after his body was found his old hat was discovered lying under some low-growing saplings the twigs of which had held it back. At the foot of the cliff they found him, pale, broken, elate, a molded smile of peace and delight upon his lips. No one of all the simple population knew how eagerly and joyously he had found his lost mate.

## Identity

By WELLS HASTINGS

DO you remember Perigord,  
The grocer on our street?  
*What, sour old Jean, the crafty-eyed,  
With shuffling, slippered feet,  
Who weighed his thumb so often,  
Whose sugar was so strange,  
Whose gold 't was always well to ring  
Whenever he made change?*  
Perhaps; but, friend, I mean that one  
Who gave his life to save  
A comrade in that last great charge—  
Jean Perigord the brave.





"The slow-footed and slow-witted will be eliminated or kept at home"

## What Are Gasolene's Intentions?

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "In Our Town," etc.

Illustrations by John Sloan

**I**N earth and sky and sea are multiplying notices that a new age has come, a new power, a new method of locomotion.

Call this new power gasolene. What its intentions are to us we may justly ask, for a new power is more than an addition to our armament. It does things *for* us, yes, but it does things *to* us, too.

What it will do to us will be as if it had all been planned out beforehand by some sentient being. The drastic changes gasolene will make ought not to take us so completely by surprise as steam's changes did our forefathers. We should be a lot more scientific-minded, abler to prophesy. We can see plainly now what twenty years ago they hardly guessed at, that steam's intentions were to break up the home; at any rate, "the home" as

understood by Alexander Hamilton and his modern instance, "the hill-billy"—a place, that is, where industry is carried on, and from which the surplus over the family's needs goes to market.

Steam shelled industry out of the home as one shells peas: put it in the factory; the family, father, mother; and the children tagged after, and home survived merely as a place to eat and sleep.

Applied to transportation, though, steam did even more. It dissolved the population which had caked and clotted in one parish for a thousand years, and made it fluid to run uphill about the earth, uphill from low income to a higher. Nobody lives now where he was born if he can get away. We're here only till something better somewhere else turns up. The attics under the ancestral shingles,

full of horsehide trunks that hold the brocaded satins in which our great-great-grandmothers danced with Lafayette—you just read about them in the story-books; they don't exist.

The only thing that goes clomping right along just as if steam had never happened is the dear old Constitution. For all it has ever heard, the patent on Pickard's new and brilliant invention of the crank-and-fly-wheel whereby the back-and-forth motion of a piston-rod can be transformed into the round-and-round motion of a wheel—for all the Constitution knows, Pickard's patent still has six or seven years to run, and Watt, too grudging to pay royalties, will have to wait till it runs out before he can perfect his engine, run by the vacuum of condensed steam.

Gasolene has probably no serious intentions upon industry. Whatever happens to that further will be along the lines laid out by steam, nothing revolutionary. What little of the home remains may safely be left to the cost of living to break up, which cannot be otherwise than high

more than sixteen heat-units out of a hundred; gasolene gets twenty-four out of a hundred. Still, hooked up with the dynamo, the steam-engine will be chugging away successfully long after you and I have gone to bed in a pine box.

But when you talk of the changes gasolene will work, applied to transportation, you certainly have something to talk about.

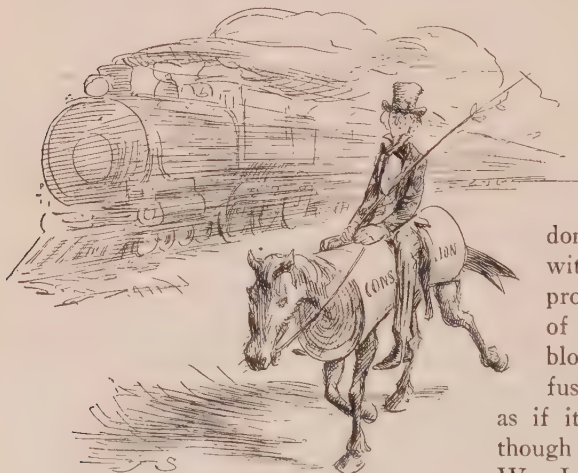
The Saul of steam hath slain his thousands, and if David hath not yet slain his tens of thousands, that is because he 's only a stripling. Let 's see, is this next annual automobile show the sixteenth or the seventeenth? In 1898 there were just fifty-eight automobiles in the United States, and now I hear that there are two millions—about. To be strictly accurate, I should have to look up the figures in next year's almanac.

Kill us? Of course gasolene means to kill us. Read your newspaper. Note the curtness of the chronicles of automobile fatalities. Space is too valuable for routine stuff. No doubt the relatives and friends grieve for the victims; it 's only natural that they should, but for the rest of us to brood upon such matters and to say that something ought to be done about it, that 's kind of morbid, don't you think? Kind of looking on the dark side,

don't you think? There is no light without a shadow. Every great improvement brings a certain amount of violent death, but ought one to block the wheels of progress by being fussy about human life? It is n't as if it were in any way scarce at all, though how it will be after the European War I do not know.

That 's our attitude. Call it happy-go-lucky if you will, but, I ask you, what three words could be more eloquent of Americanism than "happy" and "go" and "lucky"?

This is a matter that will adjust itself. In the course of time the slow-footed and slow-witted will be eliminated or kept at home. Children will be systematically in-



"Just as if steam had never happened is the dear old Constitution"

to those who buy by dribs and dabs. It is not afternoon yet to the steam-engine. Do not think it. It is probably close on to twelve o'clock as far as its perfectibility is concerned, although one would think there might be room for improvement in a device which, at its best, cannot utilize



structed that there are two places where they must not play, the railroad track and the street, since both are the habitat of high-speed heavy bodies. Walking the picket-fence used to be looked upon as risky, but I should think it safer than the sidewalk on a skiddy day.

Now that eternal punishment has gone out, a person ought to have something to cling to in the hour of trial. And survival of the fittest is *such* a comfort every time you get across the street all in one piece! It sort of establishes your position for you, don't you see? Despite secret misgivings, you *must* be worthy, for you 're still alive.

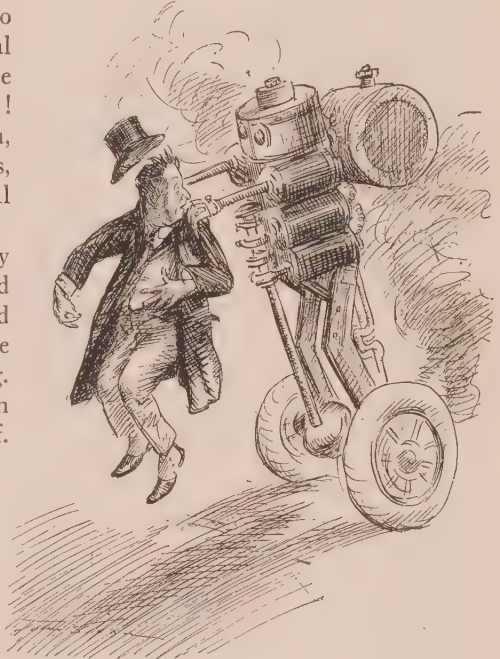
I certainly agree with those who say there ought to be a stringent law passed to keep the automobiles down to a speed that any one can dodge, just as I think the sun ought to rise to-morrow morning. Nothing can be more disconcerting than to expect phenomena that don't come off. To those who hold that such legislation does no good, the answer is that it does do good to the law-book printer, and also it gives employment to judges for their seventeen thousand dollars a year, which is certainly good wages for that sort of man.

But if you ask me whether passing speed laws will make automobiles go at a safe rate along our present roads—my dear sir, do be reasonable. England once had an excellent law of that sort. Steam-railroad men pronounced it admirable. It provided that every vehicle propelled by other than animal power upon the public highway should keep within four miles an hour, and always be preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red lantern by night. A pattern for speed legislation!

In England it was repealed by act of Parliament; in America it would be repealed by act of placing the thumb to the nose and waggling the fingers at the constable.

The automobile goes too fast for all that nonsense. There are some who say they do not enjoy the scenery so much in an automobile as they do behind a white

horse that walks 'with its front feet and trots only with its hind ones. But what do they want of scenery, for goodness' sake? To see every leaf? Fortunately, these people are few. Most of us love the thrill that comes from going as though we were shot out of a gun, a thrill comparing



"What are Gasolene's intentions?"

favorably with the scariest scootings of the scenic railway.

Some say an automobile can go a hundred miles in less time than it would take to stay at home, but that is doubtless an exaggeration. It is the fastest means of locomotion on earth except the *aëroplane*, which, strictly speaking, is n't on earth when it is going 135 miles an hour. But, then, the *aëroplane* is not yet competitive with the auto. It needs to be a wee bit safer, for few of us have the philosophy of the Irishman who, was heard to say while passing the tenth floor rapidly, "Well, here goes for a divel iv a boomp, annyways!"

The best that steam can do for us in the way of speed is at the rate of 112½ miles an hour. Ho! if it comes to "at the rate of," gasolene can do a mile in 25.4 sec-

onds, which is— Let me figure. 25.4 into 60, how many times? Multiply that by 60 minutes—at the rate of 141 miles an hour. If you want 100 actual miles traversed, that was done in 58 minutes, 54.2 seconds, at Chicago, August 7, 1915.

By all means pass a law compelling this wild thing to keep down to the old white horse's trot. Amuse yourself.

If not in the home itself, gasoline intends to make great changes in the next thing to the home, the road. At present, as at any time in the last thousand years, it runs right past the Miller place, out of the front gate of which little children come on their way to school or to the grocery at the Corners, with a penny for candy in their fat hands; it runs right past old man Ellert's, who is getting hard of hearing, and whose left leg bothers him since he broke it in two places falling out of the haymow a year ago last spring; right past the cow-pasture gate, from which and to which, nights and mornings, Cherry and Brindle and Jersey Queen take their way, leisurely moving, and solid to bump against when going fast; there are dogs drifting up and down the road, and cats solemnly intent upon their life-work, riding the country of the song-bird nuisance; poultry there is also. Chickens, once feathered out, can get a gait on, but not so the fluffy little chicks, not so the hen-mother, with her self-important air, "Who but me?" not to be hurried for any sake.

A pretty pastoral scene. Take a good look at it while you may. It will not be here forever. Not with an engine, swifter than a locomotive now, yearning for a chance to show how swift it is,

Upon the public highway there are too many creatures seemingly possessed to get right in the way. When they are run over,—I'm trying to put it gently,—it tends to cast a gloom over an otherwise perfect day.

A railroad-track in the middle of every country road, with its "Stop, Look, and Listen!" sign would be far more sensible. You'd know when to expect trains; they'd be right in the one place, and they would stick to the track, in theory at least. But an automobile may be along any minute of the day or night on any portion of the highway, and, if anything goes wrong with the steering-gear, it may take a notion to come through the fence and part way into the house.

We shall muddle through for a while, letting things drift, but some day we shall begin to grow and plan like adults. Then there will be sidewalks for pedestrians on every road, isles of safety, tunnels under, and bridges over, crossings, and complete

exclusion of animal life, so that things *can't* happen that will cast a gloom over an otherwise perfect day.

I used to think the Federal Government might better spend its money for macadam turnpikes to avert the sure annual loss that comes from mud roads, as tough as taffy, than on battle-ships to avert the mere chance of loss by invading Japanese. A certain person, when he was President,

set me right, I'm glad to say. Mentioning this foolish thought to him in private conversation, he pounded on his desk and rasped out, "The man that thinks that is a greater traitor to his country than ever Jeff Davis was." After that, I could n't very well keep the thought.



"It gives employment to judges for their seventeen thousand dollars a year"

And look how right he was! For if the battle-ships they built then are the merest junk, what is macadam by this time?

The horse propels himself by thrusts, just as the early locomotive did when, though they felt pretty sure that wheels would roll, they did n't feel at all sure that driving-wheels would get along, though they might turn round. Every time a horse digs an iron-bound toe into the road he loosens up the surface. Along comes an automobile. Its weight buckles up a hump of rubber on the tire as it approaches contact with the ground; as it passes the contact with the ground, the rubber

snaps back into shape, creates a vacuum, sucks up the loosened road material, and scatters it. The hole grows with every passing car. The more frequent the travel, the more frequent the patching. County commissioners and township trustees are seeking earnestly a road material that will be as solid for automobiles as it is elastic for the horse; dustless and mudless; neither sticky in hot weather nor "slick" in cold; smooth, yet giving a toe-hold; continuous in surface, yet patchable in small sections; durable, but inexpensive. As well be on the lookout for a razor that will do to cut corn-fodder, too.

It is the horse that complicates the problem; without him it were simple. Build the roads of concrete. Laid honestly, and not too "rich wit' sand," they would last a thousand years, which is plenty long enough for anything to last, be it good or bad. It would cost a lot, but would it cost any more, spread out over twenty years, than the everlasting

patching and the new roads built in that time? And you 'd have something for your money.

But the horse, limping on roads of solid stone, mutely exclaiming "Ouch!" at every step—where does the horse come in?

Is that the real question, though? Is

n't it, When does the horse go out?

I am aware that this has been said before. When the steam-locomotive threatened the stage-coach and the wagon-train, it was thought to threaten the horse, too. It seems it did n't. If he lost one job, he found another. The plow, which for fifty centuries had been a crooked stick, iron-pointed, was turned into a steel tool with scientifically



"The mother hen, . . . not to be hurried for any sake"

plotted curves. McCormick invented the reaper; there was a multitude of inventions of horse-drawn implements for the farm.

But gasoline boldly invades the horse's own peculiar province, meaning to put him out of business altogether. The automobile carries passengers in small lots from front door to front door; the locomotive carries them by the battalion from station to station, leaving a gap between the station and the front door. Incidentally, the automobile has revived the roadside inn, which the horse could not keep alive.

But there is now no farm-work for the locked-out carriage-horse to do. In that line, too, the gasoline-engine beats him to death for cheapness and efficiency. It drags the traction-plow and the reaper, it works not only the hay-tedder, the thresher, the silage-cutter, the cream-separator, but after a day's work that would leave the horse too tired to move, it cheer-



fully pumps water, and turns the dynamo for the evening lamp not only in the house, but in the barn. Idle, it does not eat its head off, and when needed urgently, you do not have to coax it up to you, only to have it dash off playfully to the other end of the lot just as you're going to put the halter on. The main problem with the gas-impelled farm-implement is to make it small enough to fit the acreage of the horse-operated farm. But with the aid of the rapid increase of price of agricultural lands, doubling in ten years, the problem will be solved rather by enlarging the farm than by decreasing the size of the engine, for increased industrial power increases the size of the industrial unit. Take a good look at the forty-acre farm while you may.

Seemingly the horse is doomed. He was first of all a beef-critter; he may be that last of all. They say he is not bad to eat. Or he may linger as the dog does, a beloved bother, not a bit of use, but nice to have around.

We shall miss the horse terribly, and the flies and the typhoid. It won't be the same at all. But the disappearance of the peasant farmer, almost totally impervious to the instruction of the Department of Agriculture, will be a more important change that gasolene intends.

And it not only means to do things to the public highways; it has its eye on those quasi-public highways, the railroads.

The attitude of street-railroad companies to a complaining public in the past has been so snippy and up-stage that it is one of the easiest things in the world to keep one's heart from bleeding at the shrieks of agony emitted because the jitney is picking on them so. That the jitney is financially irresponsible in case of accident, and nothing like as prompt and generous as the traction companies; that the jitney cannot possibly earn dividends, and is good only to bring in cash to keep starvation from the door of the workman who has a ramshackle car, but not a real job; that the jitney institutes a wicked and reckless competition which destroys the property values of stable enterprises and

robs the widow and the orphan whose little all has been invested in traction stock—these may be all true, but tell it to Sweeney, not to us.

If Sweeney is alderman and, as such, passes on jitney applications for a franchise, he will be glad to hear such arguments: they will come in handy in explaining why he votes "No." But the rest of us have not only a resentful memory of the street railroad's past performances; we have also a romantic nature.

To have an earnest, brave young fellow with nothing but his indomitable courage and a cheap car go to a grapple with a purse-proud corporation, and in a little while have it squalling: "Quit now! You just leave me be!" why, that is the sort of story-book we have been reading ever since we could read. The earnest, brave young fellow should marry the traction magnate's daughter, certainly; but that comes in the last chapter, and we have only started on the book.

Doubtless the jitney's destructive competition with the street-cars will not last long,—keep your eye on Sweeney,—but while it lasts we shall gladly pile in, ten or twelve of us in one runabout, just to get even with the traction company. It's a matter of principle with us.

And we do not exactly let our love for the steam-railroad run away with us, either. If gasolene intends a hard rap for the steam-railroad, few flags will be half-masted, few bells tolled. But even with concrete highways, screened from leg-travel, I just don't see transcontinental freight moved by the gas-engine. One locomotive can pull a mighty long string of cars, you know. Oh, well, let steam have the long hauls, and gasolene take the short hauls. There should be nice pickings where the rates for local freight are just enough to keep horse-hauling out.

The long string of freight-cars on the steam-railroad is up-to-date enough. It is at each end of the string, where it frays out into component fibers, where the car-loads are gathered and dispersed, that it is old-fogy; right there appears the motor-truck.

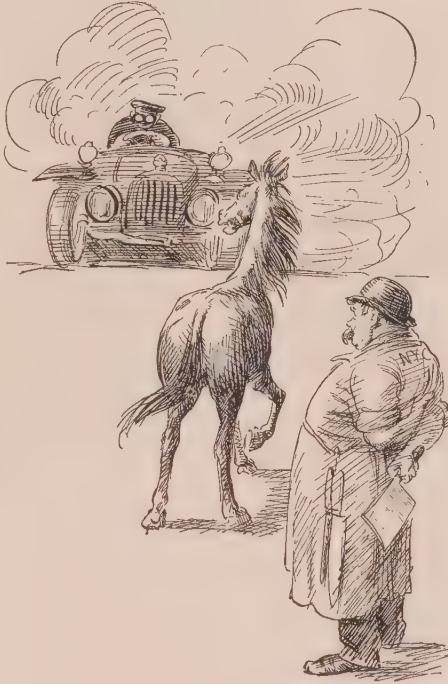
Improved transportation widens the circle of the market. From the circumference to the center come garden-truck, butter, and eggs, and all such hitherto paying heavy tribute to the railroad or shut out; from the center to the circumference come bread and beer and butchers' meat, groceries, dry-goods, candy, tobacco, ice-cream—all kinds of wares in increasing number and variety. Traveling-salesmen, making their rounds of country stores, buy gasoline, not mileage-books. Even the summer people's furniture comes and goes now by automobile vans in one day instead of ten.

Five-ton motor-trucks go far and fast and carry much. With steel-tired trailers, they have already put the locomotive out of business on many of the "feeder" lines. Some of these keep their tracks from rusting by running combination-cars—combinations not only of freight and passenger traffic, but of motors. For the gas-engine is efficient only at a certain speed. It does not lend itself to gradual *accelerando* and *ritardando*; its change of tempo should be made by change of gear. But your railroad car should gradually gather speed, and as gradually part with it, and so, on these supplanters of the locomotive, the gas-engine drives a dynamo which yields the "juice" to drive the electric motor, facile to accelerate and retard.

There is so much to say! I have to leave out such a lot! But just consider for a moment what gasoline has done to change the aspect of the mining industry. Out in the desert there is mineral beyond the dreams of avarice, but the prospector's

burro cannot carry enough water for himself, let alone for the man. To-day even Death Valley holds no terrors for the high-powered car.

Not so patent as the changes in our outward life that gasoline intends is the change in our inward life. We are to have a different sort of mind. Every new kind of locomotion has done that, but not purposively, so to speak. When we ceased to fling ourselves from springing bough to bough, using all four hands, and began to get about only on our hinder pair, leaving the front pair free to take hold of objects, to examine them, to utilize them if we could, we changed our mind from brute to human. Also, the mouth, no longer needed as a vise or as a pocket, grew more closed up, and so able to make consonantal sounds, to form words. And



"Seemingly the horse is doomed"

language changes the mind, though sometimes you might not think so.

When it was discovered that the ox and the horse were not only good to eat, but to get about with, and that two wheels could carry more than two lodge-poles dragged along; when it was discovered that a hollowed log, outfitted with a paddle and later with a sail, was much superior to swimming, especially in cool weather, these changes in the mode of locomotion directly and indirectly made all the difference between the listless mind of the savage and the alert mind of the classic period.

But with them alone humanity could get only so far, and there it stuck as in a bog until the steam-engine, a new kind

of power, came along and pulled it out. It introduced into the world a new kind of mind, just the kind that progress has to have. If the world we live in is unsatisfactory, you may say it is the will of God that it should be so; that gets you nowhere. You may say it is the law of nature it should be so; that gets you nowhere, either. But when by accurate measurement of lengths and weights and temperatures and modes of motion you understand that everything is what it is because of process, then it comes to you that what process has made process can make over. Then if you like not the fashion of this world, you can alter it. It may well be that the possession of a small, round grain of faith enables one to say unto this mountain, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea," but if you want it done, you lay down tracks, put locomotives and gondola cars on them, install steam-diggers at one end and barges at the other, and make Goethals superintendent of the job. It is a totally different world not only outwardly, but inwardly from what it was before steam came.

I am afraid you did not get the full force of what I said earlier in the article about Pickard's patenting the crank-and-fly-wheel, whereby the back-and-forth motion of the piston-rod is transformed into the round-and-round motion of the wheel. You would think it could n't take them till 1781 to invent that. You would think the crank would be invented not later than the Wednesday following the invention of the wheel. But there was a famine of the kind of mind that can measure accurately and work to measurement, fertile in mechanical expedients. There was luxuriant profusion of the theological mind able to identify the will of God with the will of pastors and masters and all who are set in authority over us, there was a plenty of the juridical mind which clearly sees that the universe is governed by law and derives sustenance from the inference that legislation is much the same as law; but how non-existent was the mechanistic mind that thinks only in terms of process is shown by the fact that Watt

could not get a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter bored more nearly to the round than three eighths of an inch wider one way than another! He had to pack his far-from-steam-tight piston "with paper, putty, cork, and old hat."

Such has been the development of that mind that to-day you may take a dozen automobiles of a given pattern, dismantle them to the last bolt, toss the pieces into a heap, and, without picking and choosing and trying on, re-assemble them all and ride them away.

Henry Ford's machine-shop has no file! This, to my mind, merits more the laurel crown than the fact that he is the champion of transportation against ostentation or even that he applies to industry the daring novelty that a well-fed horse works better than a rack-o'-bones. Watt could put up with three eighths of an inch out of the way, but an error of 1-1000 of an inch (less in the cylinder) will send the part to the scrap-heap, not to the bench.

The mechanistic mind is wonderfully more frequent since the steam-engine, but gasolene intends it to be general. And here is also where Henry Ford deserves well of the future. It was he who broke down the Selden patent and let down the bars to everybody to invent. So great was the multitude that rushed in to solve the problems of the self-propelling wagon that we hardly realize how many and how great they were, all but two of them uncovered by a patent.

In the questions department of a newspaper there are three that oftenest repeat: "Does a man born in this country of alien parentage have to take out naturalization-papers in order to vote?" "Is there an Edison star?" and "In going around a curve, does the outer or the inner wheel tend to rise?" We may know that being born into a country is one of the most naturalizing things there are; we may feel pretty certain that Mr. Edison never made a star, lighted it, and sent it up into the sky to shine among the others: but as to wheels going around a corner—well, what's your opinion? Is it the outer or the inner wheel that tends to rise?

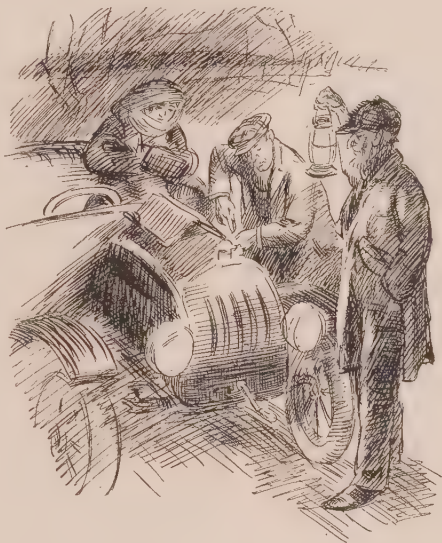


It was needful to know, in solving the problems of the self-propelling wagon, just what the process of turning a corner is. In the horse-drawn vehicle, the true George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Chief-Justice Marshall, Union-and-Constitution-forever way is to have the front axle turn on a pivot, the fifth wheel. Whichever way it turns, it is always at right angles to the plane in which each wheel revolves.

But an automobile engine is too heavy to be trusted on a pivot. How are you going to turn a corner, then? Get out and heave her head around?

A device whereby the front wheels revolve on spindles, elbow-jointed to the unmoving front axle, swerved this way and that by the steering-gear, and never at right angles to the front axle except when going straight ahead, and not quite parallel to each other at any time—it is a device that works admirably. It can turn shorter than the fifth wheel, but I'm sure it is n't constitutional.

You may not know for certain which wheel tends to rise going around a corner, but you can see that the outer wheel must run considerably faster than the inner. But the rear axle is the driving-axle. If you had never seen a differential, how would you go about it to devise a way so that either driving-wheel will automatically go faster or slower according as it is the outer or the inner wheel going around a corner?



"You've got to find out what is wrong"

You might not have been able to *invent* it in the first place, but you can *understand* it now. You may not have known when you started out which was the way to turn a nut to loosen it, but, willy-nilly, gasoline forces you to get a mechanistic mind. When you break down nine miles from anywhere, you've got to find out what is wrong, what this thing is for, and that thing, how it works, what is the process.

With two million automobiles in the country now and more being bought every day, is it not fair to suppose that gasoline intends that the mechanistic mind shall become general?

And then what? The world at present is very far short of applying the machine process to all it has to

do. The machine process is not exclusively an affair of greasy cogs. "Wherever manual dexterity, the rule of thumb, and the fortuitous conjuncture of the seasons," says Professor Veblen, "have been replaced by a reasoned procedure based on a systematic knowledge of the forces employed, there is the machine process, though there be no mechanical contrivances." Applied to agriculture, to education, to the political and social structure, what may we not expect from the machine process when we learn more of its possibilities?

Even now upon the screen of time is flashed the legend, "One minute, please." The operator of the moving-picture show is engaged in changing the reel that has run so long.



# A New Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe

By LILIAN McG. SHEPHERD

TIME has recently revealed a picture of Poe and two of his friends that has been carefully hidden away for more than half a century. Few people outside the Allan family ever knew of its existence.

This portrait of Poe, which represents him as standing while his two companions are sitting, is most interesting. It has never been certainly ascertained who Poe's companions are, but it is supposed that they were his chosen friends at the University of Virginia—Miles George of Richmond and Thomas Goode Tucker of Virginia.

The daguerreotype from which this group is copied was in the possession of Poe's foster-father, Mr. John Allan, and at his death passed into the hands of his second wife, who died about 1880. From the time of Mrs. Allan's death the picture had been carefully preserved, with Mr. Allan's personal letters, family relics, books, and private papers, until April, 1914, when Mrs. William Price Pryor, granddaughter of Mr. John Allan, unpacked the carefully stored mementos, and showed the picture to a few friends in my presence. It is now in the possession of Mr. Orrin Chalfonte Painter of Baltimore, a patron and lover of art and literature whose devotion to Poe's fame and memory led him to give thousands of dollars to the new monument now being executed by Sir Moses Ezekiel, and also lovingly and faithfully to guard Poe's monument in Westminster churchyard, making it beautiful with flowers in winter as well as in summer. I am permitted to use this picture through the courtesy of Mr. Painter.

The handsome old home in Richmond, corner of Fifth and Main streets, where Mr. Allan died, has long since passed away. Poe occupied the second-story back room. Mrs. Pryor tells me: "My old mammy said that my grandfather had three mirrors put in this room, which was Poe's [it was octagon-shaped] 'because

Old Marster knew that Marster Edgar loved to see hisself, so he had them built that a-way.' That octagon-room was afterward mine. It had a high-posted bed, with a very handsome canopy over it, and the bust of Pallas stood in an alcove 'just above the chamber door.' "

The country house was on the plantation known as Poplar Hill. This was Mr. Allan's summer home, fifty miles above Richmond, on the James River. Here Mr. Allan raised tobacco, and much of his wealth came from this source.

Poplar Hill plantation was closely associated with Poe's holidays when a student at the University of Virginia.

The old mammy who cared for Mrs. Pryor when as a child she resided with her grandmother, the second Mrs. Allan, remembered Poe distinctly, and described him as "the handsomest young gentleman ever seen." She used to tell how "Marster Edgar" would come over from the university, about twenty miles distant through the country, with a party of young college friends, and indulge in his favorite pastime, which was to gather together at night all the horses, mules, and cows on the place, tie tin pans to their tails, and drive them for miles up the road.

Much has been said, in various biographies, of the kindness of the first Mrs. Allan to Poe, and it has been insinuated, if not actually stated, that the second wife was in part the cause of the rupture between Poe and his foster-father. This statement, however, is denied by the Allan family. Mrs. Pryor has frequently told me that the second Mrs. Allan had never seen Poe but twice, and then only for a moment. "My grandmother earnestly declared to me that Poe was beloved by my grandfather, so much more than his own children," she said, "that even if she had had the disposition to separate them, she would have found it an impossible undertaking."



An unpublished daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe is standing





# Children of Hope<sup>1</sup>

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

## CHAPTER XVI

A HEART INHABITED BY PURE MEMORIES  
IS NOT IN DANGER

WHEN one who was much loved has passed away, there often follows for the bereaved some periods of incredulity, as if the tragic fact might presently be proved a dream. Thus it was with Frossie after the funeral of Camillo Olivuzzi.

He had been so rich in vital energy, so serenely confident of happiness, that at times it was hard to think of him as vanquished. Surely such strength and courage and tenderness had not been banished from the earth? Sometimes, as the hours came round when he had been accustomed to appear, she found herself growing tense with an irrational expectancy. Perhaps in another moment she would see him approaching with his quick, lithe step, smiling as on that afternoon in the Cascine when he had told her, "It is folly to doubt for an instant." Ah, how passionately she would then throw herself into his arms, cling to his dear body, and cry, "I have had a dreadful hallucination; yet I felt all the while that it could not be true; the future owes us too much."

But those trysting-hours passed. Once more night let down upon the world its mourning-veils. To all her father's timid suggestions of a change of air Frossie responded:

"His grave is here."

And whenever she went out, Camillo's grave was her objective.

But invariably her cab stopped first at the flower-stalls in the Mercato Nuovo. The flower-women, who had somehow learned her story, stared after her as she drove on, rigid in her black gown, the fine bouquet of white roses laid across her knees. Alas! it was too late for violets in June, the month that was to have provided her wedding-day.

Sister Aggie wrote from England a letter full of genuine distress, perhaps the sincerest and kindest lines that she had ever penned. John Holland, who had read of the tragedy in a newspaper, sent a note from Alexandria; he was as far away as that! And one day Domenico, the little door-porter, brought Frossie another card from Baron di Campoformio. She remarked, in her new, colorless voice:

"I 'm not at home, Domenico. And you can say so, without coming to me, any time that gentleman calls."

But there were visitors to whom she could be kinder.

After a decent interval Fava and Azeglio had resumed their visits. Once more Federico solemnly set the tea-table beneath the palmetto; cigarette-smoke adulterated the perfume of the flowers; Gianina, the maid, looking from a window above the gallery, muttered to herself:

"Like June a year ago except for a black dress and an empty chair!"

For always, when the company were assembled, there seemed to be one chair too many, which nobody had the courage to remove.

Nor could they refrain for long from speaking of the absent one. In this fragrant place, vivid with many blossoms, swimming in the sunshine of an afternoon which had been intended for delight, their voices unconsciously were hushed, as if they felt near them an invisible presence, or at least that influence which is said to impregnate spots where the dead attained their highest earthly raptures. Certainly, if his shade were capable of haunting Florence, it would come straightway here, where he had been happiest, where those who had loved him were assembled now.

Then they were silent till Toto Fava rose with a sigh. Frossie gave him a warm hand-clasp.

"You are good to come here and talk of him," she faltered.

"Eh, Signorina, I shall come as long as I am permitted, and as often," answered Fava. And he sent at Thallie, from his squint-eye, one more entreating look.

But Thallie, knowing just what look was coming, had averted her head.

Nowadays she was sorry for Fava; she wished for his sake that he would get over his desire to marry her. For though many another girl, in pique or weariness or cynical self-immolation, might have accepted him long since, Thallie felt that if he proposed to her a thousand times her thousandth answer would be "No." It was not that she still regarded him as ugly: these months of familiarity had somehow lessened the extravagance of Toto's features. Nor was it that she found him uncongenial now: one could not help thinking kindly of him since Camillo's death. But even if she could have brought herself to marry a man with whom she was not in love, that step would have been prevented by another scruple. In her morbid introspection Thallie always perceived an indelible stain on her heart.

Of a nature extremely sensitive and unsophisticated, imbued with an acute appreciation of morality, she suffered the most exquisite torments when contemplating, in her bed at night, the consequences of her fault. Out of the artless past her innumerable dreams of love rose up to mock the future: the wedding-scene that she had so often pictured even in her childhood was engulfed by a cloud the color of lead, from the midst of which a great hand, adorned for some reason with a graved carnelian, emerged to point accusingly at her breast. The march from "Lohengrin" was drowned out by a terrific thunder-clap; the wedding-guests fled through the gloom with gestures of aversion, and in the ensuing silence a clear peal of laughter sounded, the laugh of the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

At least it would disarm them all if she entered a religious order. She saw herself in a medieval cloister that was bathed in an eternal peace, wearing the chaste robes of a penitent sister, meekly painting altarpieces.

But the churches, those famous sanctuaries of conservatism, had as yet no use for altarpieces in the Post-Impressionist style!

And even Mr. Goodchild found it hard in these sad days to make progress with his tragic poem.

Here it was mid-June, and the legacy had not arrived. Aurelius, in fact, was becoming anxious on that score. As for Aggie, one saw from her letters that the delay was getting on her nerves.

But, then, everything was getting on Aggie's nerves just now. She believed that England was an unlucky place for her. Cyril, to be sure, was as much the worshipping lover as during the honeymoon, while the Bellegrams, perhaps because of the young couple's present expectations, were now quite amiable. But Aggie was losing the poise and shrewdness with which she had formerly been well equipped; and this mental disability, keeping pace with her physical distress, proved especially annoying at the moment. Just

now, if ever, she needed all her wits about her.

The fact is, Cyril's relative in the foreign office sometimes ran down to Devonshire for a week-end at Twelve Chimneys. On his second visit at least Aggie ought, in ordinary circumstances, to have used her wiles to good effect in suggesting to him that a court-dress was really necessary to complete her fragile charm.

But he was a lean and icy gentleman, scant of hair, with teeth of doubtful authenticity, who had been well inoculated against folly in his youth. Ever since, as befitted a clever person on the way to statesmanship, he had obtained his best recreation watching others play the gull. Indeed, so well was he versed in the tactics even of feminine diplomacy that at the first move he seemed to anticipate the whole elaborate play.

Here, at last, was an antagonist worthy of Aglaia's highest art, and she not feeling well enough to accept the challenge!

At any rate, she was able to write to her sisters that Cyril was about to be appointed "a consul to Japan." And, as consuls still seem to many persons no less splendid than ambassadors, this announcement created a profound sensation in the Pension Schwandorf.

Mr. Goodchild lost no time in forwarding this news to Zenasville. His letter was crossed by one from Selina Inchkin. She wrote:

You will be rejoiced to know that the "Thespian Art" in Zenasville is nobly keeping pace with the pulse of the U. S. A. Last week our Dramatic Society gave a magnificent stadium performance of "The Trojan Women" by Euripides, at the base-ball grounds! The "diamond," as I believe it is entitled by the so-called "fans," provided the stage; yours truly appeared in the rôle of *Hecuba*. But, alack! the acoustics were miserable; in fact, were wholly absent! All the while that I was delivering my lines with the body of *Astyanax* on my knees,—he was Mrs. Gookin's child, and surprisingly heavy for his age,—some of the rabble in the "bleachers," as they are facetiously dubbed,

kept shouting, "Louder!" Many of these creatures—I can call them nothing else—actually got up and left: good riddance to bad rubbidge, say I! But, as the "Zenasville Recorder" said next day, "It was an occasion worthy of the best traditions of our wide-awake and bustling city, and Mrs. Selina Inchkin, whose mimetic art grows ever riper, acted with more than her customary brio, adding still another jewel to her long chain of marvelous impersonations, and at times reaching heights of afflatus that a Bernhardt might have envied!" So, you see, it was a success. My only regret is that you were not in our midst to play *Poseidon*. Tell me, are you never coming back? Ira is always saying. . . .

And so forth.

In a postscript she added:

Poor old Dr. Numble passed from this life the day after our Stadium Play. It seems that he took it badly because he was not consulted on the costumes and the "*mise en scène*," being, as you may remember, convinced that he was a metempsychosis of Alcibiades, or Perseus, or some other "Trojan" warrior. Though the afternoon of the presentation was quite warm, he insisted on walking to the ball-grounds; and all through the tragedy, even while I was acting, kept fretting and fuming at what he called the inaccuracy of the "production." Naturally he was mistaken, for everything was designed by Miss Viola Stallwigggon, the principal in the Zenasville Art Academy on Birch Street! Nevertheless, he was much excited, and went home and smashed his cane against the mantelpiece, and had a stroke. Heigh-ho, such is life! None of us can exceed our allotted "span," and the poor Doctor was certainly very close to the "century-mark," as they say.

So Dr. Numble was gone!

Aurelius, dropping the letter, let his silvery beard descend upon his breast. Never again would he hear the tapping of that cane, the asthmatic wheezing of that voice, or see, emerging into the zone



of lamplight, that ancient visage, half-wild, cadaverous, full of a senile greediness for the warmth and laughter and refreshment of the studio.

"Yes," sighed Aurelius, "art is long, and life is short indeed! Even a hundred years are not enough for all the tasks suggested to the creative brain. But surely the universe only appears to defeat those aspirations of mankind? Surely the labors which seem so cruelly cut short are merely interrupted? In the mysterious future we shall begin again where we left off? That would account for the precocity of genius."

Princess Tchernitza, when next he called on her, assured him that those suppositions were correct.

"You are quicker than most to grasp the principles," she told him. "It is possible that even in this life you may perceive the dharma, the eternal law."

And she admitted that it was safe for him to read the Bhagavadgita and the Upanishads.

She received him in a cubbyhole crowded with exotic gimcracks, the air heavy with attar of rose, exhaled from her voluminous green robes. Aurelius sat attentive on a Turkish cushion: the Bulgarian towered above him on a divan covered with swastika-signs and triangles. Her mountainous bosom heaved as she exhaled a cloud of cigarette-smoke. Her thickly powdered countenance, with its wealth of chins and sprouting moles, imitated the drowsy benignity of Buddha. Her deep voice rumbled like an oracle in a cavern as she instructed the disciple.

"But you, Princess, have attained a consciousness of your past lives?"

"Of many."

"And you were?"

"Well, once I was the Roman Emperor Vitellius. To-day his gluttony still tempts me a little; but, thank God! in this incarnation I have yet to spend a million lire on a banquet!"

"You Vitellius! It makes my head whirl."

"Ooy! I could show you, in this room, some things which would make your eye-

balls roll on the floor. You have read how Madame Blavatsky called flowers through the wall, received letters instantly from the ends of the earth, or, in a trance, communing with two Tibetan mahatmas on the astral plane, uttered aloud the messages of those we call the dead? Rest assured that the secret did not die with her!"

Aurelius grew still paler at the thought: "To speak with the beloved dead! To know for sure that all is well with them!" But Princess Tchernitza, even as his lips were forming the impassioned plea, solemnly raised a hand as fat as a pincushion and glittering with many rings.

"Not yet!"

And, to change the subject, she began to rhapsodize about Bulgaria.

She had been born near Vrshetz, not far from the Serbian border, on the Stara Planina, the "Old Mountain," which foreigners call the Balkan Range. Her ancestral home, the castle of a long line of princes, had stood on a peak so high that few of the pine-trees had found courage to climb up to it. Far below, through a void where eagles floated, one saw the valley hamlets nestled amid plum-orchards, the roads where creeping specks were buffalo and oxen, the village green, no bigger than a postage-stamp, where on Sundays the peasants danced, pin-points of blue and crimson, to the music of the *gaida* and the *gusla*.

But the Tchernitzas had lost their aery to a rapacious creditor; they had forgotten, she said, to "keep white money in reserve against black days." And now she was an exile here in Florence! But sometime she would find the wherewithal to buy her castle back.

With a sensation of melancholy, derived from that recital, Aurelius strode back toward the center of the city. The declining sunlight shone in his eyes; a ruddy mist flooded the Borgo degli Albizzi; the cornices of the six old palaces seemed dissolved in flames. In Via del Corso the cook-shops, open to the street, were already seething with activity: fires blazed behind the turning-spits; the big pewter

dish-covers on the counters reflected the sunset like vessels of fine gold.

The Piazza Vittorio Emanuele shone as though fresh from the hands of a myriad gold-beaters. The Café Hirsch rose from behind a hedge of metal tables that nearly filled the footpath.

"I'm late! My favorite place will be gone!" But no: the nook inside, close to the plate-glass window, was being held for him by Constantine Farazounis.

Aurelius apologized for being tardy. The Greek's flat, vermilion lips displayed a servile smile as he replied:

"But I cannot expect for you to think of me, my sir, when so many more interesting peoples are begging of your notice. Only, remember, all coins of friendship is not good at the bank."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, do you remember, long ago, when I first met you on the train, how I said to you, 'Beware of tricks in Florence'? Well, they are still here, those tricks! See to it as you don't fall into them, my gentleman!"

"Even now—"

"These things are none of my business, as much as you please, excepting, out of my fond heart for you, I would not like to see you in some trouble. It is not my fault if I am passing in Via de' Leoni when you are stepping in the Hôtel des Grands Ducs."

"One moment," said Aurelius, with sudden stateliness. "The Hôtel des Grands Ducs, as it happens, houses a lady in regard to whom your point is badly taken."

"A vaudeville actress, perhaps," exclaimed Constantine Farazounis, with a despairing gesture.

"Well, sir, and what then? Must I take up the cudgels even with you, my old friend, on behalf of that persecuted Muse, Terpsichore?"

The other rolled his thickly fringed eyes in a disagreeable manner.

"I have warned you," he said, and drained his coffee-cup to conceal a bitter look. "Remember, I have done my all!"

Aurelius, softening at these words, in-

closed the Greek's sticky fingers in a generous grip.

"And I thank you sincerely for your good intention. But if you knew the recipient of those calls of mine, you'd see the unworthiness of your suspicions, and, moreover, gain from acquaintance, instead of idle hearsay, a nobler impression of the stage."

"No doubt," Constantine assented in a smothered tone. And it was some time before he broached the subject of the buried treasure.

It appeared that an agent of his in Egypt, a faithful blackamoor whose life he had saved long ago, had sent word to him that some German archæologists were nosing round the pyramid. This certainly meant that the treasure was in danger of discovery. In another month those wretched Teutons might pounce upon that untold wealth themselves.

"But this is most distressing," gasped Mr. Goodchild. "We—I mean you—would be left completely in the cold!"

"Yes," Farazounis assented gloomily. "We—I mean I—have waited almost too long."

"Unless—"

The Greek, flashing at Aurelius a side-long look, began to figure on the marble table-top. A drone escaped him:

"Fares, camels, bakshish, tent, foods, Turkish pounds, English pounds, dollars."

Their heads were close together. Out in the street a man in a shabby coat, moving aimlessly among the tables, stopped to stare at them with a peculiar expression. It was M. Alphonse Zolande, the painting-teacher. He had let his white imperial grow again.

Unaware of this surveillance, Constantine Farazounis whispered:

"My sir, it is a verree, verree great adventure. I do not dare to tell you how much in dollars it must needs."

"Come, let's have it, anyway!"

"Not less than fifteen thousand."

"Merciful Heavens!"

"On the other side, the profits! Millions upon millions!"



“Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I ~~love~~ you, don't turn away from me!”



Trembling, Mr. Goodchild stammered:

"But fifteen thousand dollars! Besides, the legacy is still held up. And, after all, the money is n't mine to use."

"All right, my gentleman," said Constantine, presently, with the shrug of a fatalist. "We kiss good-by, you and me, the idea of being millionaires."

And he rubbed from the marble every pencil-mark, as if effacing the aspirations of a lifetime.

After that, for several days, in the Café Hirsch Aurelius had only Otto to keep him company.

Nowadays the little Swiss waiter hovered round Mr. Goodchild like a bee about a sugar-pot. In his rubicund face despondency had been replaced by feverish eagerness. At the slightest chance he resumed his account of the enormous profits to be derived from "chic hotels." He even knew of a property for sale on mortgage, a hostelry between Nice and Monte Carlo, just where the most fashionable traffic in all Europe passed along the Corniche Road. A coat of paint, a fresh sign-post,—inscribed "Hotel High-Life," perhaps,—a genius in the kitchen, and the place could be turned into a Golconda!

But here was the same dilemma: the legacy, even when it arrived, would not be Mr. Goodchild's to invest.

He tried to escape those tempting thoughts in recreation.

Respect for the memory of Camillo, which forbade attendance at the Alhambra Music Hall, did not prevent Mr. Goodchild from calling at the Hôtel des Grands Ducs. In the Tesore's seedy sitting-room, beneath the fresco of the stout lady pestered by a swarm of Cupids, Aurelius began to feel at home.

She warned him that she was no longer going to treat him as company.

Curled up in a ragged arm-chair, she kicked off her slippers in order to examine the heels of her diaphanous silk stockings. She confessed that when a pair showed holes, she threw them out of the window. Her excuse was that at present she could not afford a maid.

Possibly that was why everything about her was in such confusion.

Petticoats, the wash just delivered, soiled plates, scent-bottles without stoppers, now frequently intruded into the sitting-room. Here and there, on a piece of furniture, one found a half-eaten bonbon which had not suited her taste. The music-scores were soon stained with coffee in a fine Bohemian manner. Then, between two visits, there appeared on the wall a broad red splash, as if from a glass of wine, the height of a man's head.

How in the world had that happened?

But the International Star herself, no matter what condition her apartment might be in, always exhaled a sort of luxuriant daintiness, the significance of which was lost on Mr. Goodchild.

One afternoon when he had been ushered up-stairs before he was expected he saw in the corner a cane with a golden sphinx's head.

"What! You know my good friend Farazounis? He is here?"

She explained that the cane belonged to the hotel proprietor, who had just called to raise her rent. The poor man was lame; she could not imagine how he had forgotten it.

"Remarkable! It is exactly like the one I gave to Mr. F—— last Christmas!"

"Zat is nozzing. My fazzer, blessed soul, 'ad one almost ze same, only it was a full-lenk lady in a leetle baizing-suit, like at ze Lido."

A door in the bedroom, giving on the hall, slammed shut. The breeze, no doubt? Silence fell; to Aurelius the warm air seemed unaccountably freighted with suspense. Nella Tesore was standing motionless before him, her undulous form outlined, beneath the folds of her pale-yellow negligée, in a pose of almost classic symmetry. Her near-set eyes, dilated till they seemed immense, turned slowly humid.

She whispered:

"An' you 'ave not been jealous when you see zat cane?"

Aurelius felt his hands turn cold, perhaps his feet as well. For a moment it was

as if the brains had been scooped out of his head. In a voice which he hardly recognized he managed to reply:

"I—really—I assure you—"

To this denial she responded in accents the pathos of which she had never equaled on the stage of the Alhambra:

"*Ohimè*, zat I zould wiss you were a leetle bit!"

But there came to Aurelius, like the wind from an illimitable sea, a memory that swept him from the present safe into the past. Once more old vows and old resolves formed above him that high arch of rainbow hues which cut the heavens straight from his youth to the hereafter.

And presently he was able to say:

"My dear, I—you see, when my poor wife passed away, I decided not to marry again. But I should deem it the greatest honor in the world to—yes, to be a father to you."

## CHAPTER XVII

### THALLIE MAKES A DISCOVERY THAT TAKES HER BREATH AWAY

FOR a week Aurelius was distressed by the thought that Nella Tesore had fallen in love with him. His conscience, always tender, tormented him; he wondered if unwittingly he had said or done anything to inflame her heart. After recalling in detail his every visit to her, he decided that he ought not to hold himself responsible. It was one of those catastrophes that are not to be foreseen; in short, it was fate! Her karma, no doubt, had made it necessary for her to suffer from an unrequited passion.

For the Tesore's affections seemed destined to remain unsatisfied. After that one moment of frailty, Mr. Goodchild had not wavered. This is not to say that he fled into a desert and played the anchorite. On the contrary, a pitying interest, a vague feeling that he had incurred some serious obligation, now drew him more often than ever to the *Hôtel des Grands Ducs*.

Maybe in time he could undo this mischief? He would try to show her that love, as the majority of human beings un-

derstood it, was really a 'will-o'-the-wisp; that pure friendship, just as Plato and the Primitive Christian Church declared, was much more gratifying.

Nella received him with a touching timidity, her laughter gone, her eyes downcast, her voice unsteady. Her indoor attire was less sophisticated now; her countenance was gradually cleared of make-up. The lobes of her ears denuded of their imitation pearls, she sat in the dilapidated arm-chair darning stockings! She seemed a different woman.

She complained that "for some reason" her gay little songs all stuck in her throat. Then she expressed disgust at the triviality of her impersonations: it no longer pleased her to appear behind the footlights in spangled skirts and a bersagliere hat, to chant the adventures of pretty shepherdesses. She felt in her breast nowadays a capacity for tragedy; she might still, if the opportunity appeared, become a *Grammatica*, a *Duse*. But that could never happen in Italy; her public, accustomed to this present style, would not take her seriously as a tragedienne. Yet there were other countries; for instance, Argentina. And she conjured up a scene, possibly in Buenos Aires, wherein a new star might rise to the dramatic firmament amid the plaudits of a great Italian colony.

Mr. Goodchild found nothing incongruous in this picture.

"But zat alzo takes money," she sighed. "Ah, yes, more money zan you zink! For zere is one—what do you say?—one sad *segreto* in my life."

"Let me share it!" Aurelius pleaded.

"Ah, zat is somezing I must suffer in myself."

One afternoon, however, when the slovenly page-boy had sent him straight up-stairs, Mr. Goodchild paused with his hand raised to knock at the Tesore's door. Behind the thin panels her voice rang out fiercely in Italian:

"And I say that if you do, I will take a walk to the police about another matter, maybe a little matter of forged paintings!"

A man's voice, smothered by rage, but somehow familiar, retorted:

"You threaten me, you? And this although I had him first!"

"What of that, imbecile? Is n't there plenty for both of us?"

While Aurelius was not well enough acquainted with Italian to understand the words, it was impossible to miss the fact that a quarrel was in progress. Frightened by those violent tones, amazed that some man was on such intimate terms with the Tesore, he stood trembling, uncertain whether to rush in and protect her or to withdraw. In the end he crept down-stairs, abashed by the thought of having listened even for a moment at her door. Perhaps this was the mystery in her life?

When he returned, to apologize for his involuntary eavesdropping, she admitted that he had discovered her sad secret.

It seemed that she had been born at Posilipo, near Naples, of poor, but honest, parents, who had left her an orphan at an early age. One saw her, in the dark hours that followed, thrown upon the world with only three assets, her voice, her beauty, and her virtue. She had become, by force of circumstances, one of a troupe of street-singers; the young man who played the mandolin was soon infatuated with her. Too late she discovered that he was a member of the Camorra, and that the marriage ceremony had been performed by a pickpocket gotten up for the occasion in the cassock of a renegade priest.

Yet despite his duplicity the scoundrel had loved her in his way. Three years he had held her in subjection, had driven her with mingled blows and kisses to sing to his tune, though the notes that she uttered rose from a breaking heart. Her pathetic airs were soon famous in that emotional city,—she became a sort of Neapolitan Esmeralda,—but it was the Camorra, instead of the populace, who, figuratively speaking, gibbeted her. For by dint of bloodcurdling threats they used her to forward their nefarious schemes: it was she, in the dark alleyways

behind Santa Lucia, who mewed like a cat while the victim was approaching. One morning when the mandolin-playing rogue was found riddled by stilettos she thought that at last her day of liberty had come. But no: the Camorra did not permit such easy resignations from their ranks. They compromised thus far: she was allowed to retire from the active list to the reserve, in which she must remain through life, subject to any call from the Supreme *Camorrista*, unless she bought her freedom by a contribution of twenty thousand lire to the protective fund.

So this was the shadow that hung over her, the knowledge that at any moment she might be forced again to do the bidding of those villains! Indeed, that fatal hour was already imminent. A great coup was being planned in Naples; she had been picked as the decoy. The man with whom Aurelius had heard her quarreling was an emissary from the *Capo Camorrista*, demanding of her that nauseating service.

Was it any wonder that she, who wanted only to be good, should reproach her parents for having brought her into the world?

This neat tale stupefied Mr. Goodchild. But suddenly, in a noble frenzy, he leaped to his feet.

"Never! Never! Divine Providence will not permit such diabolical things! Give me the names of those wretches, yes, and their soubriquets! I 'll inform the carbineers! No, I 'll wire a friend of mine, who has just returned to Naples from Alexandria, a Mr. Holland. He 'll know how to set the law on them."

The Tesore, shaking her head, reached out to press his hand.

"Not zat, my poor frien'. You mus' not even w'isper it. Some would escape; an' ze nex' day, even here in Firenze, I zould be dead."

"But this is frightful—a pure heart shackled to iniquity! By Heaven! something shall be done!"

"Twenty zousand lire does not grow like olives," moaned the International Star.



He clutched his brow between his hands. What a dilemma! Certainly, his first duty was to his children. But surely they, too, would agree that four thousand dollars was a small amount to sacrifice in order to drag a woman from a whirlpool of depravity? Suppose he explained to them the calamity which had befallen Nella? But wait, he had promised the Tesore not to breathe a syllable; he had even given his word to Toto Fava not to mention the Tesore! Ah, these promises in which he had been gradually enmeshed! What a snarl everything was in! Why had he ever left the peace of Zenasville, Ohio?

He went home. He could eat no dinner. When Frossie and Thallie grew alarmed, he explained, with a tragic gesture, "Those executors!" He rolled into bed well assured of a sleepless night.

Twelve o'clock had long since struck; the last roistering young blades had passed beneath the balcony, bellowing their ribald ditties. Aurelius noticed a beam of lamplight under his daughters' door. He scrambled up, donned his bath-gown and blue carpet slippers, knocked softly on the panel. One bed stood empty. At the writing-desk, in kimono and horn-spectacles, sat Frossie, fountain-pen in hand.

"Not working!"

"I must do something," she muttered. "If I go on doing nothing, I shall soon be crazy."

"But at this time of night!"

"This is the time of night when I need to occupy my mind."

And after Mr. Goodchild, mournfully wagging his beard, had shuffled back to bed, she bent her plain, strong face once more toward the sheet of foolscap, on which she had written:

All was silent, so far as mortal ears could hear. Through the darkness towered the cypresses, vital, intelligent perhaps, like souls ordained to live out their lives in one spot, without the desire for wandering, or the knowledge of what wandering might bring them. And Dora, gazing from them to the broken column that shone amidst the

laurels, asked of the starry sky, "Why was I not as firmly rooted in my birthplace as these happy trees, instead of being gifted with the mobility that has brought me here, half-way around the globe, to scatter my tears upon a tomb?"

It was the conclusion of the first chapter of still another novel, which, in tracing the life of a young woman widowed on her marriage-day, was designed to make the whole world, or at least the English-speaking part of it, weep sympathetic tears. And why not, if there was truth in the theory that all such work was pervaded by a dynamic force, that the reader felt precisely as much emotion as the author had experienced while writing? For Frossie, as she penned those pages, could not forbear to weep herself.

She still made her daily pilgrimage to Camillo's grave. Kneeling down beside the mound, she removed from the turf every twig that had been wafted there. Then for a long while she sat back on her heels, contemplating the butterflies which hovered round the tombstones. Thallie, who often accompanied her, at last persuaded her to come away.

Once, as their cab was leaving the cemetery, there appeared a limousine all too familiar to both of them. The motor-car stopped; the door swung open; Baron di Campoformio sprang out, bareheaded, into the road. But Frossie called sharply to the coachman, "Drive faster!" At full speed the cab flashed past Campoformio, who, choking in the dust, raised his eyes beseechingly to Frossie's averted face.

And Thallie was no less agitated than her sister; for once more she had met the coldly calculating stare of the chauffeur Antonio.

There was now no doubt that he had identified the masked and hooded fugitive from the carnival ball.

So there descended upon Thallie a new dread, scarcely less sickening than that which she had endured after Reginald's flight, while wandering through the misty streets at twilight, and peering with an awful speculation at the river. "Murder

will out." The old saying throbbed in her ears as her heart-beats were quickened by reviving terror. Now Thallie knew the sensations of the criminal who cannot be at peace; now she understood the phrase, "And every bush an officer." And every motor-car that neared the Pension Schwandorf was a limousine upholstered in plum-colored cloth, as cozy as a little boudoir. And every hand that set the pension bell to jangling was the hand of the chauffeur Antonio, who had become her Nemesis.

Sometimes, slipping out alone, Thallie took cab for the suburbs. To delude herself into the thought that she was leaving Florence and her fears behind forever, she penetrated the country-side as far as Grassina or Galluzzo. In the rural loneliness, where olive-trees twisted their blanched limbs beside a brook, she bade the driver stop, alighted from the cab, entered the silvery groves. Here, at last, silence enfolded her; a simple fragrance rose out of the fertile earth, and from the clear heavens was spread a benign refugence, a divine invitation to serenity. Laying her hands upon her breast, Thallie raised her pure young face, and with her sky-blue eyes wide open, her lovely lips parted, she whispered:

"O God, Thou knowest that I 've never meant any wrong. Please, this once, forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive those who trespassed against me! Don't punish me any more! I promise to be a good girl all the rest of my life."

She returned home determined that thereafter every act and thought should plead for her release from chastisement.

But a lingering uneasiness, added to the heat of the Italian summer, once more absorbed the roses from her cheeks. All her energy evaporated; she could no longer paint pictures even in the Post-Impressionist manner. She wondered how she had ever hoped to be a famous artist. One afternoon, putting away her easel and her paint-box, with swimming eyes she descended to the garden. In the leafy arbor, close to the gate-posts still decorated with their crumbling urns, she

sat down beside Frossie, to whom Domenico had just brought a note of condolence from Mme. Bertha Linkow.

The prima donna, her season at the Metropolitan long since finished, was now at St.-Moritz. John Holland, writing from Naples, had informed her of Frossie's tragedy. It was evident that her warm heart had suffered at this news. "For you should know," she had scribbled, in her quaint, Germanic-looking script, "I feel myself a kind of old sister to my dear little Frossie, notwithstanding I am so seldom-times blessed to give her a good hug in my proper person. And to my dear little Thallie it is understood! Yes, and to Aggie also! But for you, poor lamb, so big as are my arms in one direction, I could to-day wish them still bigger already in another; yes, big enough to reach from Schweiz to Florenz! Never mind; maybe that, too, will happen yet."

"That last sentence looks almost like a joke," was Frossie's comment. "But I 'm sure she did n't intend it so. Do you think she means that she may come to Florence presently?"

Her sister made no reply.

"Thallie, you 're crying!"

"It 's nothing. Only I think I 've just said good-by to art. Now I know how Aggie felt when she found out that she was never going to be a singer."

"But, Babykins, if you 'd only go back to your old style!"

"It 's no use. This afternoon I seemed to see it all in its true light. I simply have n't got it in me. And I 'd rather stop now than struggle on just to be a flivver. But, O Frossie, it 's so hard to give up the idea of being somebody!"

And once more, behind the screen of leaves and blossoms, the sisters mingled their tears. How many tears were shed, how many sighs were uttered, that summer in Mme. von Schwandorf's genteel pension! Even the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry now struck a depressing note at tea-time.

At last Aurelius received the long-awaited documents from the executors. His daughters fortunately were out.

In obedience to the will of Jabez Outwall, deceased, they had forwarded in care of the Bank of Italy, Branch of Florence, for the benefit of Aurelius Goodchild, Esq., on his proper identification and signature of the customary papers of release in the presence of the American consul, a draft for the sum of fifty thousand and nineteen dollars—

"What!"

For the sum of fifty thousand and nineteen dollars and eleven cents, this being, after deduction of the claim of five thousand three hundred dollars, cash advance and interest at six per centum, made by the Bank of Zenasville, Ohio, the pro-rata share due to Aurelius Goodchild, Esq., according to the schedule of distributions annexed to and forming part of the adjudication filed in the above estate.

Fifty thousand dollars! A half of what he had expected! Fifty thousand and nineteen dollars and—hideous mockery!—eleven cents! His first coherent thought was: "My poor girls! My babies! And I must tell them this!"

Cramming the fatal documents into his coat-tail pocket, he rushed out, in the heat of the day, to the American consulate, as if, should he delay another instant, even this pro-rata share of the estate might somehow be wrested from him.

The consul accompanied him to the Bank of Italy; the release was signed and attested; the money was placed on deposit, subject to Mr. Goodchild's call. When the consul had departed, Aurelius still stood in the street before the bank, staring fearsomely at that substantial façade, half expecting any moment to see frenzied depositors forming, pass-books in hand, in a long line. He became aware of a bitter taste in his mouth; he discovered that he was mumbling a black cigar which somebody must have pressed upon him in the course of the negotiations. He tore this weed from his polluted lips and hurled it to the pavement. A boyish ragamuffin swooped down upon it with a chirrup of delight.

"Perhaps the signore also has a match?"

Aurelius, after mechanically feeling in all his pockets, staggered away toward the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

On the far side of that square, the very stones of which seemed boiling in the heat-vibrations, the Café Hirsch danced up and down before his eyes. He remembered Constantine Farazounis and the buried treasure.

A straw to grasp at! More than that—a chance to recoup, to swell the legacy far beyond its formerly imagined bulk, to divide among his daughters, instead of this miserable sum, the "untold riches of an ancient dynasty"! He no longer felt the scruples which had forbidden him that golden project. On the contrary, the Egyptian adventure now floated through his panic like a sublime inspiration, a veritable godesend.

But those German archæologists who had been snooping round the pyramid! Oblivious to the fact that the Greek had ceased to appear at the café, Mr. Goodchild set out, between walking and running, across the hot piazza.

Half-way, a new thought stopped him in his tracks. He leaped at a passing cab and cried:

"Hôtel des Grands Ducs!"

And five minutes later, his face streaming, the veins on his forehead congested into knots, his patriarchal beard in extraordinary disorder, he burst into the Tesore's sitting-room.

She rose to her feet in amazement. Her face was whitewashed; her lips were covered with carmine; her black bang was glossy with pomade. The pale-yellow negligée, the costume which any one but Aurelius would have compared to the habiliments of Venusberg, enhanced once more, with its peculiar artfulness, the opulent contours of the International Star. But, then, this was not Mr. Goodchild's usual calling-hour.

His heart was pounding so that he could hardly croak:

"When is it for, this Neapolitan outrage?"

Her near-set eyes gave forth an irrepressible flash.



"Day after to-morrow!"

"Then I am in time to save you!"

"Madonna!"

"Yes, yes; I am justified now, because I shall make it up many times. My daughters will never miss it when I pour into their laps the profits of a certain wonderful investment. They will still be rich, and you, to whom I owe an obligation so delicate that it is not to be expressed in words, will be free of the tyranny which has darkened all your life. And there, in a new world, before a different public, no doubt in Buenos Aires, you will have your heart's desire at last!"

"Argentina," she faltered, clutching the chair-back, pallid beneath her white-wash. "But Argentina is so far from you, an' zo eggspenzive!"

"One moment!"

Galloping down-stairs, he sprang into the waiting cab.

"Banca d'Italia!"

When he rushed back to her, he had with him in Italian money the equivalent of five thousand dollars.

"The rest," he panted, "is for traveling."

After staring dumfounded at this fortune in her hands, she jumped at Aurelius and twined her arms about him.

"Ah-h-h-h! now I know zat you do loaf me!"

And because joy gave her an unusual strength, while he, for his part, was almost foundering from his exertions, the benefactor could not prevent that momentary treason to the dead. But the next instant, eluding the International Star, he gained the door on bending legs. Even for Mr. Goodchild, conversant as he was with the ideas of Plato and the early Christian Church, so lately re-fortified in the high resolves of half a lifetime, this last emotional climax was one to be escaped without delay!

"To-morrow!" he gasped.

"To-morrow!"

The door came shut behind him. The shoulders of the famous black broadcloth coat were well smeared with liquid powder, but Aurelius was safe. If he had but

known that so far as this cajolery went, he was now safe forever!

He dashed off to the Café Hirsch.

The place was empty at this torrid hour; only Otto was there, seated at the table by the plate-glass window, oblivious to the flies that buzzed around his rosy jowls, nodding over a copy of "Die Woche." But when Aurelius rushed in, the little Swiss waiter stood up with a look of consternation.

"Himmel! it is Mr. Gootschild, stroken by the heat!"

"Monseer Farazounis?"

"Not here, as you can see."

"His address!"

"Ach, Mr. Gootschild, the address of that gentleman he has not been giving it away on hand-bills. But do sit down for a moment, yust to please Otto. *Da!* Now a leedle something cooling, a syrup of limes and seltzer? I could even make cold a towel for your head?"

"I tell you I must find him instantly!"

"So? Then supposing I should send a boy to the police, where is recorded all the domiciles?"

"That 's it! Only be quick!"

But the period of waiting that ensued seemed endless to Aurelius. He was sure that the Greek had left Florence in a huff, that this gorgeous opportunity was to be denied him. His fright returned; perhaps he had been a bit hasty in giving the Tesore that five thousand dollars. Again he jerked out his watch. An hour, and no news of Constantine! This certainly meant ruin. His rolling gaze encountered the Swiss waiter, standing at a distance, watching, in his old attitude of dejection.

The hotel on the Corniche Road, between Nice and Monte Carlo!

Almost without his bidding the words tumbled out of Mr. Goodchild's mouth:

"Otto, if you can set up in that business on a capital of twenty-five thousand francs, I 'll back you."

The waiter's countenance turned ashen. Tearing off his apron, the badge of hateful slavery, he staggered forward to kneel at Mr. Goodchild's feet. The tears fairly squirted from his eyes as he kissed the

hand of this wild-eyed liberator, this disheveled demigod, who had made his dream come true.

"Mein Gott! Das neue leben!"

Constantine Farazounis entered the café.

His swarthy visage, too, was pale; even his flat lips, beneath the crinkly mustaches, had lost most of their vermilion hue; his coffee-colored eyeballs, however, were uncommonly bloodshot. Furthermore, all his features expressed the excitement of a man to whose conscience a sudden call suggests a dozen possibilities, ranging in attractiveness from ready money to a cell. But when he had shot a glance as swift as lightning round the bare café, he came forward with a more assured mien, folded his arms, bestowed on Aurelius a look in which reproach and suffering were admirably blended.

"Well, here I am, my gentleman."

"Thank Heaven! I thought I had lost you!"

The Greek, still motionless, like an effigy of injured friendship, contented himself with raising his eyebrows sadly.

"And?"

"Oh, Farazounis, believe me, if I have in any way offended you, it was not through lack of confidence or gratitude. But now the qualms that restrained me have been swept away; it is not only a pleasure, but a duty, to accept your generous proposal. I conjure you, tell me that your offer still stands open!"

The Greek responded:

"My sir, I have not a hard heart. I bear no malices. I remember other days when we gave each to each those tokens of affection. So even now I am willing to say yes. Is it come, the money? Then I shall start to-night for Egypt."

And while Aurelius, arm in arm with Constantine Farazounis, was making one more journey to the Bank of Italy, there occurred in another part of town a meeting which, if it had come about a few days earlier, would have saved the Good-child family considerable worry.

Thallie, too restless to await the evening breeze at home, had ventured out for

a walk. Chance brought her finally to Santa Croce. She entered the cool church, unaware that for half an hour a man had been following her.

She found herself almost alone in that historic edifice, the many haphazard embellishments of which gave it a motley appearance. As she wandered up the nave, between massive columns of *serena* all adorned with antique coats of arms, the heels of her little buckskin shoes clicked loudly on the pavement studded with the lids of tombs. From each of the western windows, set with fourteenth-century stained-glass, a shaft of polychromatic light descended, to enfold for a moment the white-clad, lissome figure that floated toward the transept. The man who was hesitating on the threshold gave vent to a long sigh.

Pausing, casting round her an uncertain look, Thallie recalled some traditions of this sanctuary. Here many of Italy's illustrious dead were laid at rest. Beyond that doorway the Inquisition had forced Galileo to recant. And once upon a time, when Fra Francesco da Montepulciano held the pulpit, this nave had resounded with the wails of thousands swooning from remorse—a vast cry had rolled against the rafters, "*Misericordia, misericordia, misericordia!*" Hark! Like an echo from the past a smothered groan drifted through the silence.

Or was it the response of her own heart, still condemned to suffer for the folly of a moment?

"But all my life so far," she thought, "has been made up of foolish dreams and sad awakenings."

A moss-rose, given her by a former model whom she had just met in the Mercato Nuovo, was pinned to her belt; she wanted to place this flower on the tomb of Michelangelo, whose genius she had recently derided. She turned to enter the right-hand aisle, where that great Florentine lay buried. An unhappy man was standing in her path. It was M. Alphonse Zolande, the painting-teacher.

How old he looked, with his wrinkled, leathery face, his snow-white pompadour

and mustaches and imperial! He was shabby again: the velveteen coat was fine no longer; the pointed boots, bereft of lacquer, were split across the toes. To-day his faded, flowing tie exhaled not the slightest scent of chypre. The perfume-bottle was empty.

His chin jumped up and down half a dozen times before he could articulate:

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I beseech you, don't turn away from me!"

She stood looking at him in pity.

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I must entreat you first to pardon me. I have suffered so much, thinking that to you I must always be a hateful creature. But how can I hope for you to understand my weakness—you, who are like that rose!"

Her delicate skin began to flush as she responded in unsteady tones:

"I understand, and I forgive you."

"Ah, how angelic you are! But who should know that better than I? How many times have I not cursed my ignoble faculties, which refused to acknowledge that you were different from others, like a saint enshrined behind candles of pure wax!"

At this she bowed her head.

The painting-teacher whisked out a tattered handkerchief in order to blow his nose.

"But I shall not bother you with words which are of no interest to you. This is the last time, Mademoiselle, that you will have to bear the sight of me. I am going back to Paris. In departing I want to do you the only service in my power. Mademoiselle, there is in Florence a certain Greek who calls himself Constantine Farazounis. You know the name? At least Monsieur Goodchild does, for every day they are together in the Café Hirsch, Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. But this Farazounis is a rascal, a cheat, a thief. He will end by ruining your father."

Much disturbed, she said:

"It's kind of you to tell me this."

"Mademoiselle, it is you who are kind to listen. And now, because this meeting can hardly be a pleasure to you, adieu, and good luck forever."

M. Zolande did not presume to offer his hand; but Thallie extended hers. His collar was broken at the folds. She ventured gently:

"It seems to me there was still a week or two of my tuition due you—"

He started back, his leathery face disorganized by shame.

"No, Mademoiselle!"

On a sudden impulse she unpinned the moss-rose from her belt.

"At least you'll accept this in memory of those mornings when I used to make your coffee?"

Gingerly he took the rose between his fingers. His knees sagging, he watched her pass through the polychromatic shafts of light from the stained-glass windows, like an immaculate young soul progressing from one glory to another over a pavement of old tombs. She went quickly, for her throat, too, was swelling. Both were thinking of the happy hours, four flights up-stairs in Via de' Bardi, when age had groped backward in the hope of love, when youth had reached forward in the desire for fame. Both knew that the longings which had beautified those days were never to be fulfilled.

She had gained the Lungarno before she recalled Constantine Farazounis.

Reaching home, she flew to Frossie with this news. When Mr. Goodchild appeared, the two girls confronted him. Aurelius had no choice but to tell them everything.

In the midst of her dismay there came to Thallie, as naturally as a faith in a superior being whose protective powers were infallible, the thought of John Holland. And for some reason it seemed neither strange nor presumptuous to send to him in Naples this telegram:

We are in trouble. Could you come to us?

That same night the answer was delivered at the pension: John Holland would arrive in Florence next day.

Thallie went to the railroad station to meet him.

Although too uneasy to have felt, while



dressing, the slightest interest in her appearance, she had never looked more charming than on that fiery forenoon of July. Her linen frock, touched here and there with Florentine embroidery, short enough to afford a glimpse of silken ankles, increased her habitual suggestion of a virginal freshness. Her wide hat, of white straw trimmed with snowy poppies, enhanced the fine auburn of her curls. And the shadow from the hat-brim, though emphasizing the delicacy of her face, did not abate the luster of her throat, ringed round with the two-fold rimple.

In the smoky station resonant with the noise of locomotives, amid the sweltering crowd assembled at the ticket-taker's barrier, Thallie stood waiting. A stream of passengers and porters began to flow out through the gate. Behind the barrier she caught sight of a tall, thick-set figure, a calm, strong face, and, extended toward the ticket-taker, a large hand ornamented with a graved carnelian.

Wrapped in a somber reverie he came toward her, followed by a man-servant and a porter laden with valises. His illegible eyes were attracted by her white dress. He almost stopped short; but the next moment she felt the firm pressure of his hand.

"You came all alone, on this broiling day, to meet me!"

She was astonished at the unnatural stiffness of his smile. Despite the heat, his fingers, wrapped round hers, seemed cold to Thallie. And suddenly, not from his look or tone of voice, but just by the flash of intuition which pierced her developing heart, she realized at last that the celebrated John Holland was in love with her.

## CHAPTER XVIII

FAREWELL, GOLDEN CITY, RICH WITH SO  
MANY GRIEFS AND JOYS!

WITHIN an hour of his return to Florence, John Holland proved that even an historian of dead races may be a man of action.

He drove straightway to police headquarters. There he got the addresses of

the Swiss waiter and the Greek adventurer. Since he did not hope to find Farazounis still in Florence, he went next, accompanied by a young detective as handsome and romantic-looking as a *Romeo*, to the Hôtel des Grands Ducs. The rakish door-porter with white, woolly hair informed him that the lady, despite her obligations to the Alhambra Music Hall, had departed for the north the previous evening.

"For the north?"

"Yes, Signore. By the Genoa express."

John Holland reflected that a woman of ordinary cunning would say north when she was really going south. On the other hand, one slightly more adroit, anticipating that a possible pursuer would disbelieve her, might divulge the true direction. There was also to be considered the question of ships outbound for South America, though John Holland suspected that for the present Switzerland or France would seem safer to the International Star. Of course it would be possible to question the baggage-handlers at the railroad station. But since the Tessoré's haul was three times less important than the Greek's, John decided to leave the tracking of the vaudeville actress temporarily to the police.

He took time, however, to drop in at the Café Hirsch.

Otto Bürglen, "age forty-seven, Swiss citizen, waiter by profession, short, stout, blue eyes, hair blond, but scarce, face round, no distinguishing marks," had the day before thrown up his job in a spectacular manner. In fact, according to the café-keeper, he had suddenly gone mad. He had been violent before the patrons, had raved of boundless wealth, and, after grossly insulting the whole personnel, had rushed away announcing that he was the proprietor of a "chic hotel at Monte Carlo."

At Otto's lodgings a shriveled crone declared that the Swiss had departed for the Riviera.

Possibly this fellow, at least, was more of a fool than a knave. John Holland suggested to the detective that, as a first



“Well, it was good to have known it even for this little while.”

resort in Otto's case, the police send a telegram to the Franco-Italian border.

But there remained the question of Constantine Farazounis.

His attic room in Via Santa Reparata revealed the peculiar disorder which a fleeing criminal produces. Ragged odds and ends of clothing were strewn about; an old trunk yawned empty beneath a garish lithograph of "the Incomparable Nella Tesore"; a heap of charred paper lay cold in a greasy saucepan. The young detective, examining a towel, vouchsafed:

"He took no baggage, and he has done away with his mustaches. Still, that need n't disturb us. These Orientals always make off, by instinct, toward the south."

"I agree with you. As a matter of precaution, you might tell the Brindisi police to watch all ships clearing for the East. I fancy, though, that I shall run into him in Naples, somewhere between Via Roma and the Corso Garibaldi."

"You go after him, Signore?"

"By all means," John Holland replied, with a smile which gave his rugged features a new look. "We ought to have lots to talk of, he and I: we're both so fond of archæology."

An hour later he was speeding back to Naples.

The only notice that the Goodchilds had of this departure was a scribbled line delivered by the cabman. John Holland bade them not worry if they failed to hear from him for several days. And, indeed, they were destined to endure a fortnight of silence and suspense.

What was he doing?

Thallie could scarcely share in full the anxiety of the others; she was too much preoccupied by her discovery. At one moment, remembering his celebrity and age, she called herself a goose; but soon, reviewing that moment of clairvoyance in the railroad station, she felt that if there was a goose in this galley, it certainly must be a gander. One moment: she did n't quite mean that! John Holland, even if he were tempted to fall in love with twenty years, could never appear ridiculous. Like everything that he did or said

or wore, this state of mind would have to seem, somehow, correct and sensible. After all, there must be many men of forty who married girls hardly more than half their age? In some cases such a union might even be excusable: for instance, when the man of forty was "exceptionally well preserved, a strong character, a sympathetic nature?" Yes, one could imagine how a young woman in very special circumstances might be sufficiently attracted by that type.

"But, goodness! for me it would be out of the question!"

And looking askance, her cheeks burning, she found herself picturing, with an unpleasant agitation, this new conjecture, so different from the speculations that had once enthralled her.

Yet one result of her discovery was an accentuated dread of Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur. This emotion, as it turned out, was not unreasonable.

On a sultry afternoon—there seemed to be a thunder-storm brewing somewhere—Mr. Goodchild sat huddled beneath the palmetto in a blue funk. His grand hopes denied, his confidence in his fellow-man extensively disturbed, his optimism crushed, he shrank into his chair afraid to raise his eyes toward the shuttered windows of the annex, where his daughters were.

Domenico, the little door-porter of the pension, came softly to him with the words:

"Somebody is asking for you in the vestibule. I think it's Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur."

It was, indeed, Antonio, in whip-cord livery, fumbling his cap, with eyes obsequiously cast down, but for all that showing on his broad, ignoble countenance a look of sullen resolution. As Mr. Goodchild came forward through the hall, the chauffeur measured that tall, frail figure with an avid gaze. A species of smile drew back his lips; after bowing, he squared his shoulders with a better confidence.

"Well, Antonio! You have a message from the baron?"



"No, Signore. I have come on a trifling business of my own. Is there some place where we can speak in private?"

Aurelius, oblivious to Domenico's distress, courteously ushered the chauffeur into the parlor, cool, shadowy, full of cuckoo-clocks and painted tambourines and old brocades that gave forth an odor reminiscent of the little yellowish house in Zenasville. Antonio had the good grace to decline a chair.

In tones which were meant to be confiding and pathetic, he informed Mr. Goodchild of his longing to emigrate to the United States. He was weary of driving motor-cars for a pittance; he wanted to be rich. He had a friend in New York; perhaps Mr. Goodchild knew him: the name was Mike Innocenti. This Mike, though only a taxicab chauffeur, sometimes made on wet days as much as fifty lire profit. For a struggling man of family like Antonio—since there was an ailing wife, not to mention the seven poor little ones on view to date—a daily income of fifty lire, well, body of Bacchus! one could understand its charm! The only obstacle was the cost of getting there.

"I 'm dreadfully sorry," Aurelius faltered, "but at present I really could n't assist you."

For a moment Antonio looked at him with eyes half shut.

"Nothing?"

"Unhappily, it 's quite impossible."

"Not even in return for something that you don't want known?"

Mr. Goodchild's comprehension of Italian was still so slight that he had to ask Antonio to paraphrase this speech. An expression of bewilderment overspread his face.

"What secret do you mean?"

Antonio, coming close, assuming a flushed and dogged look, as who should say, "Here goes," began to whisper in Mr. Goodchild's ear.

The afternoon quiet of the Pension Schwandorf was shattered by the roar:

"Reptile!"

Domenico came flying. Mme. von Schwandorf, bounding out of her boudoir-

office, found herself possessed of the agility of forty years ago. Both rushed into the dim parlor. What a sight met their eyes! Aurelius Goodchild, disciple of Epictetus, was throttling Baron di Campofornio's chauffeur!

Antonio was a sturdy rascal, plumped out by much farinaceous food and wine, inured to muscular labors; yet Aurelius shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. A fearful strength equipped the father's spindling arms; his whole lean frame was suscitated by a supernatural energy; his visage, paper-white above the bristling, gray-and-sandy beard, resembled the face of an infuriated god—say Jupiter, in the act of blasting the impious with thunderbolts. And in fact, so frantic was his rage, so complete was the transformation of his nature, that if he had been let alone a moment longer, Baron di Campofornio would have needed a new chauffeur.

But Mme. von Schwandorf and Domenico were there. In the end they pried Mr. Goodchild's fingers from Antonio's throat. That wretch, already groveling, fell to the floor; Aurelius, staggering back, collapsed upon a divan. His breathing was so stertorous that Mme. von Schwandorf took it to be an apoplexy.

Aurelius had to be carried to his bed; he who had lately been so prodigious was now as weak as water. It was the reaction from a frenzy such as he had never known before.

"What have I done?" he lamented. "I 've laid my hands in violence on another; I even meant to kill him. Heaven forgive me, if the provocation was n't ample!" And to Thallie, in a broken voice, he quavered, "Imagine, he tried to tell me—" But turning his head on the pillow, he concluded, "No, Babykins, in your presence I could n't so much as hint at what he said."

As for Antonio, he left the neighborhood of the Pension Schwandorf at full speed. But he had not run far when shame and rage made him feel as if he were going to explode. Discovering that his throat was still capable of emitting oaths, he cursed all the way from Santa

Maria Novella to the duomo. Thereabouts a great thirst for revenge pervaded him. He slunk into a wine-shop, tossed off some glasses of punch, rearranged his torn collar, and set out for the cavalry-barracks.

He inquired of the sentry if Lieutenant Fava was within.

Lieutenant Fava was at that moment about to set forth for a visit to the Pension Schwandorf. Spick and span, his boots glossy, his rat-tail mustaches wonderfully waxed, fresh chamois-skin gloves tucked into his sword-hilt, he descended from his quarters to the whitewashed barrack-entry. The troopers of the guard, arising from their bench, saluted. Toto Fava, glancing not unkindly toward the full-length mirror just inside the gates, began to wet a Toscana cigar all over, preparatory to igniting it.

Antonio timidly approached. With the gestures which an Italian peasant uses to convince superiors of his devotion, he whispered. Toto Fava, his unfortunate visage perfectly expressionless, at last succeeded in lighting his Toscana. When he had it drawing well, he spoke not to whispering Antonio, but to the troopers of the guard. He said:

"Kick this fellow into the street."

The order was obeyed with true military despatch. Between the boots of the troopers and the cobblestones before the cavalry-barracks there seemed to be small choice in respect of hardness. Antonio the chauffeur, while limping rapidly away, concluded that this tale of his was an unlucky one.

But Toto Fava never paid another visit to the Pension Schwandorf. To his comrades he did not seem different, except that for a while at hurdles and while riding down precipices he was possibly more reckless than before. He resumed his saunterings with dark-eyed ladies in the Circonvallazione; and if his sallies lacked their former snap, one laid it to the heat. Sometimes, in the café which served the lieutenants of the regiment as a mess-room, he smiled sardonically when love was made the topic, and filled his glass too

often. But even his bosom-friend Azeglio had to guess. There was good blood in the homely, impecunious Sicilian.

In the pension garden, no longer embellished by the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry, tea-time was a forlorn hour nowadays. Amid the courageous roses, still holding out against the August heat, Aurelius and his two daughters sat nibbling biscuits in a painful silence.

One day when they were sitting under the palmetto a rustle close at hand, a scent of rose-geranium, made all three look up together. There before them stood Mme. Bertha Linkow!

Her blue Teutonic eyes were dancing; her wholesome pink-and-white face seemed surrounded by an aureole of delight; her figure, incased in pongee silk, slightly more corpulent than when they had last seen it, was shaking with merriment at their surprise. Then her solid arms embraced both girls at once; two smacking kisses resounded, and the sisters felt a warm, exuberant affection flowing straight from the prima donna's broad bosom into their hearts.

"Ah, the dear children! Still the same delicious red curls, the same so-starlike eyes! Still here beneath the palm-tree! And this precious father of theirs, this saint out of a holy picture, that I thought I was not again to see until in heaven! Look out now! While I am kissing your daughters I might make a little mistake!"

"To think, you here in Florence!" Fros-sie cried.

"No, in Viareggio. Viareggio for the swimming, and the swimming for the figure. Imagine, in my last week at the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti says to me, 'My dear, your *Venus* is perhaps becoming too Rubensesque even for the Rubenses: remember *Tannhäuser* was not conceivably a Turk!' So this summer, God willing, I swim away some portions of my waist-line! Every day at Viareggio I am the first to plunge into the sea. As for those who come after, the villains, they make out to walk timidly along the shore and ask me if I have left them any room!"

"Then," said Thallie, her face falling,

"you 're only here for another afternoon call!"

"I am only—*Ach*, little beautiful, you are more than ever like a flower! Yet there is something new already in the face. I know: you are growing up in this hothouse of a Florence! And Frossie, poor chick, how I made my eyes red for your sake! Come, that will happen again, right off, unless we talk of other things. *Herrlich!* once more I am in time for tea! And for these sweet little sugar-cakes, which I do not dare to eat in Viareggio, where all those rascals would write of it immediately to Mr. Gatti! No, my dears, I am resolved to sneak off here to you as often as you can bear it."

Indeed, that was the first of several visits to the Pension Schwandorf.

She came laden with yellow roses that matched her hair, as if the garden was not already smothered with them. She brought chocolates from Giacinta's tea-room in a satin box no pinker than her cheeks. They told her all their troubles—or nearly all. Her intense vitality invigorated them and gave them courage; her jokes brought a smile now and then even to Frossie's lips. It was as though a bracing wind was sweeping through the stale, familiar pension from Alpine heights where edelweiss bloomed amid the snow.

She scouted their fears that John Holland would not succeed in his mission.

"If you knew him as I do!"

It appeared that Bertha and John were friends of long standing: they had met in Paris while she was studying singing. What outings they had taken together in those carefree days with a crowd of students as gay and sympathetic as so many characters from "*Trilby*"! Ah, if one thought him serious by nature or lacking in waggishness, she could tell a story or two! She wagered that there were some solemn gentlemen in Paris—yes, bewiskered members of the ministry—who would grin like boys at the mention of John Holland's name!

Thallie, while listening to these rhapsodies, began to wonder, "What was between them in those times?" Had the

prima donna and the historian loved each other? Was Mme. Linkow's enthusiasm due to a lingering sentiment? It occurred to Thallie that she had never seen those two together. She hoped that their next meeting might take place before her eyes.

Her wish was granted. One afternoon, just as the opera-singer was rising to depart, John Holland walked into the pension garden.

In a suit of light homespun, his soft collar pinned under a purplish cravat of knitted silk, he did not look like a man who had just stepped off a train. His dark, rugged face, which could not have been handsome even in those Paris days, seemed in some way refreshed, perhaps as a result of his long quest. His calm, gray eyes, which Thallie expected to see turned first to her, were arrested by the sight of Mme. Linkow.

"What! Not really Bertha!"

And without the slightest confusion he sustained the prima donna's rush, her vigorous embrace, and the amazing, the disillusioning, the shocking tribute of a kiss on each cheek. Worse still, one large hand, ornamented with a graved carnelian, encouraged the infatuated woman with a pat between the shoulders!

"He's a philanderer," thought Thallie in the bitterness of outraged pride.

But one could hardly say that John Holland had been philandering in Naples.

His first act, when they were all seated round the tea-table, was to draw from his wallet a bundle of Italian bank-notes. It was the fifteen thousand dollars that Aurelius had given Farazounis.

"You found him!"

"Yes, we had quite a conversation."

The knuckles of the celebrated historian were covered with court-plaster.

"And he is now in jail, I hope," exclaimed Bertha Linkow.

"By this time he is probably in Greece. I trust," said John Holland, turning to Mr. Goodchild, "that I did n't go against your wishes in avoiding the inconvenience and publicity of a trial?"

"No, a thousand times," cried Aure-



lius, beside himself with relief and charity. "I should not be able to sleep for thinking that while I had the money back, that unfortunate creature was languishing in some Bastille!"

"Very well. Now we come to Nella Tesore. Prepare yourselves for bad news."

The International Star had been traced to Genoa, to Milan, and to Venice; there she had vanished. The police believed that she had slipped into Austria; John Holland suspected her of having embarked from Triest for the New World. But even if she was caught, there might be some difficulty in proving that the five thousand dollars was not a gift.

"And so it was," Aurelius stammered.

"If I told you her real history, would you insist on thinking so?"

"Alas! how could I deny that such was my intention at the time?"

"Well, that 's a question we can put aside until we find her—if we ever do, and if the money is n't spent. There remains the case of Otto Bürglen. At Monte Carlo I learned—"

"You 've not been to Monte Carlo, too!"

"Certainly, and got this report from the police."

Whereupon he translated the following:

"On July 29 ultimo, there was registered at the Hôtel des Commerçants, Avenue de la Gare, Monaco, one Otto Bürglen, age forty-seven, short, stout, blond, bald, Swiss citizen, by profession a hotel-proprietor. To the owner of the Hôtel des Commerçants said Otto Bürglen communicated that he, acting in partnership with an American millionaire, was about to purchase and open the 'Petit Trianon de la Mer,' a small hostelry on the Petite-Corniche between Eze-sur-Mer and Eze, formerly operated by one Jules Borghées, but lately closed. On the morning of July 30 said Otto Bürglen set out for the 'Petit Trianon de la Mer,' but returned at noon in a state of excessive perturbation, to announce that the price of said hostelry had been raised, and to accuse the owner of the Hôtel des Commerçants of

having telephoned to said Jules Borghées in abuse of said Otto Bürglen's confidence. Being ejected from the Hôtel des Commerçants, said Bürglen was subsequently seen by many residents of Monaco wandering at random about the principality and talking aloud in a disorderly and alarming manner. On the morning of July 31—"

John Holland paused with the remark:

"The police of the Prince of Monaco have omitted something here. If they had been less discreet, they 'd have recorded at this point that our Otto, distracted by disappointment, went to the casino, played roulette in order to gain the balance of the sum demanded by Jules Borghées, and in less than three hours lost the equivalent of five thousand dollars. The police report concludes:

"On the morning of July 31 the body of Otto Bürglen was found at the bottom of the port, near the foot of Rue Caroline. The pockets of the deceased contained one franc, twenty centimes. Buried, August 1, at the expense of the principality."

They were silent, touched one and all by this end of a sorry and confused ambition. At last Aurelius, in a choking voice, vouchsafed:

"He at least was honest!"

And that was Otto's epitaph.

Jabez Outwall's bequest had yielded something over fifty-five thousand dollars. The cash advance from the Bank of Zenasville had reduced this sum to fifty thousand. Ten thousand more had been lost with Otto and the International Star. With what remained of the letter of credit, the Goodchild family now possessed a little more than forty-two thousand dollars. Decidedly, Aurelius was no longer rich!

He murmured:

"Three goes into forty-two fourteen times. My girls will have only fourteen thousand dollars apiece. Ah, what a come-down!"

"As if we 'd let you do that!" cried Thallie, with flashing eyes.

"As if we ever meant to!" amended Frossie, so firmly, so indignantly, that no further argument was possible at the moment.

John Holland sat motionless, watching them with his gray eyes, which would have shown them, had they thought to look at him just then, more than his usual sympathetic comprehension of mankind. Aurelius would have seen that this majority was fond of him even in his guilt: Frossie would have perceived in the death of that other guest the effect, more pity of an elder brother; but what Thallie would have learned anew was left to Bertha Linkow to discern. Yet the prima donna was less taken aback than one might have expected. She turned her head away, stared for a while at the roses opening for the night, and finally closed her eyes in order to squeeze back two tears. What had caused that moisture, compassion, a poignant feminine response to the adjacency of love, or love itself?

The morning of her departure in the recesses about them. The hot sunbeams having liberated the very essence of the roses, where it is contained before budding. All the richest tints and every brilliant pearl seemed to await in breathless expectancy the issue of these mortal thoughts. A fairy spell, a sad, sweet influence of great sadness, seemed just over the fragrant, smothered drosses, this enchanted garden which contained so many joys and griefs. But the hour was broken by the voice of Mr. Goodchild.

"It means that our days in Italy are finished."

"Yes," his daughters assented softly. "It means that our days in Italy are finished."

For one this realization evoked the picture of a grave where fading flowers would no longer be replaced, on which falling leaves would gather to produce an impression of neglect. For another there was the memory of a season bright with varied hopes that had one by one evaporated, but had left clinging round all objects here a sort of tenuous mist, an im-

palable veil through which Florence was a glimmer exquisitely far away. But to Aurelius, depressed as he was by the thought of leaving all this warm, elaborate beauty, there came, as a breeze at the twilight that closes an hour excessively fulgurous and splendid, these verses of James Whitcomb Riley:

There bide the true friends—  
The first and the best;  
There clings the green grass  
Close where they rest:  
Would they were here? No:—  
Would we were *there*? . . .  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!

He raised toward the fronds of the columbina his aquiline nose, pale, sensitive, and sanguine, already illumined anew by an incorrigible eagerness and trust. He quoted from the sage:

"Require not things to happen as you wish, but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well."

And indeed it seemed that there was nothing to do but accept the prospect of Zenasville, Ohio.

This idea made John Holland thoughtful. He had a plan whereby that return might be postponed. He asked the Goodchilds to come away for a month or two to some quiet, pleasant region as his guests.

He himself had been thinking of going up to the Italian lakes; he would probably take a house beside the water; he even knew of a villa on Lake Como which could be rented for as long or short a time as he desired. It would be a pity to go back to Zenasville without having seen those parts.

"We saw them on our way down from Geneva," said Thallie, with something between trepidation and resentment quivering in her voice.

"A flash of Lake Maggiore from the window of a train!"

"Really, Thallie, I don't think you're very grateful," Frossie exclaimed.

"I did n't mean to be ungrateful," her

sister answered faintly, shrinking lower in her chair.

In the end, John Holland's invitation was accepted.

The Goodchilds, making the last rounds of Florence, filled their eyes once more with that richness to which they felt they were never to return.

They viewed again the Tribune in the Uffizi, where were gathered the most precious of all the city's treasures, where, as Byron said, the air around was filled with beauty. Here, perched on a stool, a young girl in a gingham apron was trying to reproduce the flesh-tints of the so-called "Fornarina" with just such eager energy as Thallie had once shown.

Traversing the gallery that spanned the river, they found themselves in the Pitti Palace, before Giorgione's "Concert of Music," and Raphael's "Madonna del Granluca," and Titian's "Maddalena," whose ringlets were the very shade of Thallie's. They passed back to the Bargello, to contemplate the radiant child's head fashioned by Donatello. They even revisited the Accademia delle Belle Arti, to look at Botticelli's "Reign of Venus," because, alongside of the goddess, the three Graces were depicted. Leaving the Accademia, they found themselves presently in Via Cavour. To the north lay the military hospital. They hastily turned south.

The older streets, narrow, tortuous, decked out with chiseled niches, naïve medallions, and crenelated cornices, next attracted them. Once more they appreciated these vistas softened by age, refined by the quaint elegance of other centuries. The departing often regain the fresh vision of the newly arrived. To-day all Florence seemed to show them its first charm, like a beloved, but familiar, woman who for a moment, by a miracle, becomes a bride again.

But there were still more shrines to be visited on this pilgrimage—the Piazza del Duomo, where the Campanile exalted its magnificence, and the Piazza della Signoria, where the brown arches of the loggia roofed illustrious bronze and marble, and the high Piazzale Michelangelo, where,

from his pedestal, young "David" looked down upon the roofs and domes and towers, that panorama so little changed since his creator was inspired by the thought of him. There it lay below them, the golden city surrounded by its golden hills, the diminished river trickling beneath its bridges, the Lungarno ending, to the west, in the green blur of the Cascine. So it would go on shining through the years in its imperishable beauty. Well, it was good to have known it even for this little while.

They descended from the Piazzale. Lingerling thoughts of Michelangelo reminded them that they had omitted a last visit to the Medici Chapel. On their way back to luncheon they passed the American Church, where Aggie had been married.

Toward evening, when nearly everything was packed, Aurelius, stealing out alone, made for the Café Hirsch. At the marble-topped table behind the plate-glass window some strangers were sitting. Otto would never have allowed them to do that! But a new waiter, a gross Italian with bristling mustaches, wore Otto's number on his coat-lapel.

Sliding into another corner, Mr. Goodchild uttered huskily:

"Black coffee, please."

"Black coffee!" roared the new waiter, and stamped away to the buffet.

The artists, the journalists, all the familiar patrons of the Café Hirsch, were there disputing in strange tongues, laughing, eating pastry with a relish, as if nothing had happened. "How soon a place is filled; how quickly we are forgotten!" When his coffee came, Aurelius could not drink it. He rose. With shoulders bowed, with one long look around him, he shambled out into the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

"It will soon be dinner-time. I'll rest awhile in the garden."

In the garden he found neither Thallie nor Frossie.

Frossie was at the cemetery. She had carried there, and laid gently on the grassy mound, the last bunch of white



roses from the Mercato Nuovo. As she stood with lowered head beside the grave, a laborer drew near. She addressed him:

"I 'm going away to America. Will you promise me always to keep this spot as it is now?"

"Eh, Signorina, with God's help, I will do so," the man assured her. When she had given him some money, he added, "There is a certain gentleman who would make me step lively, anyway."

"Who?"

"The Signor Barone di Campoformio."

Thereafter Frossie wondered if she had not thought too harshly of the baron.

Across the city, on the Lungarno, Thallie was walking homeward in the dusk. Near the last bridge she paused to gaze down at the river rustling between broad banks of pebbles. The current, on this August evening, seemed scarcely deep enough to drown in if one were tempted to the trial by apprehension and despair. But how long ago that period of anguish seemed! Was it really she who had suffered so much when Reginald ran away? To-night she could visualize his face without a pang. She could even wonder how she had ever loved him.

Bertha Linkow had been right: the Thallie on the point of leaving Florence was not she who had entered that glowing crucible fourteen months before.

Next morning they were all afoot betimes, snatching mouthfuls of coffee, locking trunks and bags, peeping into cupboards. The baggage went down the stairs; the rooms, their beds stripped, the chintz covers of the chairs askew, looked suddenly uninhabitable. Men came for the piano that Aurelius had given to Aggie when all believed she was going to be a famous singer.

The Goodchilds, leaning from the windows, kissed their hands to the garden.

In the hall, full of knickknacks, watercolors, and sprays of pampas-grass, were gathered the domestics who had served them. There was Federico, the saturnine, but kindly, waiter, and his wife Giannina, and Domenico the little door-porter, and the chef, who had once prepared a fine wedding-breakfast, in his white cap. They received their tips, voiced their thanks, and wished one and all godspeed. But Domenico, who knew that Mr. Goodchild was no longer rich, looked as if he would have been happier with a less generous fee.

As for Mme. von Schwandorf, drawing Aurelius into the boudoir-office redolent of bergamot, she whispered:

"Look here! This last week's board at least! Just for all the pleasure I have taken in your long, long visit, let us call that much my treat!"

"Impossible! But thank you all the same."

"The cab!"

They crowded the vestibule. Mme. von Schwandorf embraced the sisters like a mother. She thrust into their hands some silver souvenirs tied up in ribbons of red, white, and green.

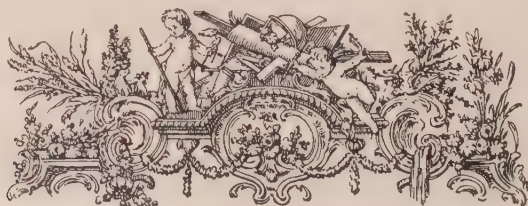
"So that you will not forget to come back soon!" she cried, her old eyes winking rapidly beneath the yellow frizzes.

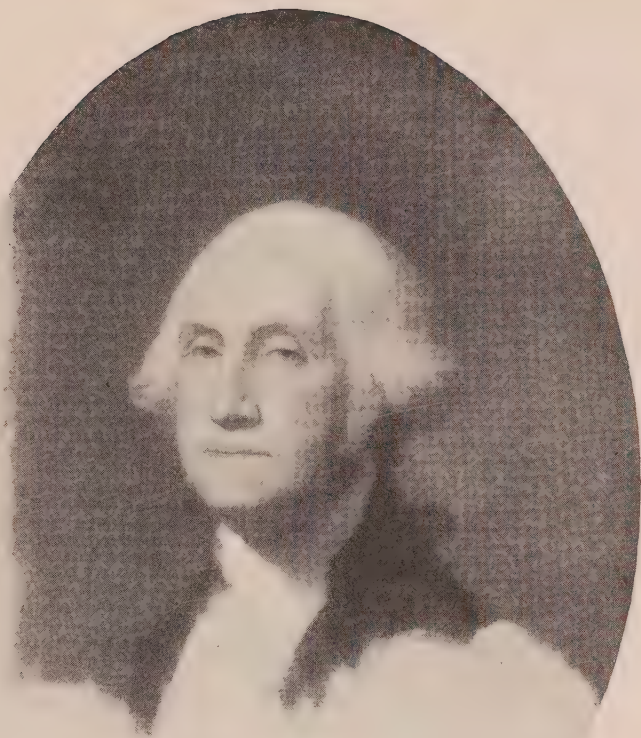
The cab bowled through streets where people were sauntering with a strange indifference. At the railroad station John Holland met them. This time their compartment in the train was marked "First Class."

The wheels were turning.

They felt that they had left something of themselves behind in Florence.

(To be concluded)





From the painting by Gilbert  
Stuart, owned by the  
Boston Athenæum

George Washington

# The Amazing War of 1812

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

## *Part IV*

**J**AMES MADISON, who succeeded Jefferson as President, was a warm personal friend of the latter, and had been for eight years his secretary of state. He was Jefferson's logical successor, too, according to the custom that had grown up of bestowing the office upon a man of great prominence and long service. His

mind was of the same quality as Hamilton's, if less brilliant, and Jefferson used to declare that he was the one man in the Republican ranks who could answer that colossus of Federalism. Although now of Jefferson's party, he had begun his political life as a Federalist, and his admirers called him the Father of the Constitution

because he was the author of the resolution that brought about the Convention of 1787, with its train of momentous consequences. Despite his ability and this grandiloquent title, he was personally insignificant and uninspiring.

"What Presidents we might have had, sir!" a Washington barber lamented soon after Jefferson went out of office. "Just look at Daggett of Connecticut, or Stockton of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir! As big as your wrist, and powdered every day like real gentlemen, as they are. But this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem, sir! It is enough to make a man forswear his country."

Jefferson's face beamed as the two rode side by side on inauguration day from the White House to the Capitol, where Madison read his address in the newly finished Hall of Representatives. "I do believe father never loved son more than he loves Mr. Madison," wrote a spectator; "and I believe, too, that every demonstration of respect to Mr. Madison gave Mr. Jefferson more pleasure than if paid to himself."

Short and wrinkled, with a cast in his eye, and a voice scarcely audible in public speaking, the new President did not make a good impression as he began his inaugural address. He was pale and "trembled excessively," and the swaying motion of his body, and all the peculiarities of his poor delivery, including his air of having risen casually with no intention of making a speech and desiring above all things to escape, were as annoying as usual. But he gained poise as he proceeded, and Jefferson was convinced that his friend would develop equal assurance in dealing with the problems of his administration.

That night at Long's Hotel in Georgetown, where guests thronged to the first inaugural ball in the country's history, the ex-President was in evidence again, joyous and smiling, a contrast to the dismal little figure in black standing beside Mrs. Madison, regal in her yellow velvet, pearls, and turban. Some thought her the abler, as she was the better favored, of the

two. "As to Jemmy Madison," wrote Washington Irving, who had come with a host of others to seek office—"ah, poor Jemmy! He is but a withered little apple-john."

To an intimate this withered little man could talk delightfully, but in the presence of a crowd he retreated into bored and almost repulsive silence. He had had the misfortune to be born with the sober characteristics of an old man. Even in college he had been painfully correct and industrious, doing double work, and shunning the slightest appearance of frivolity. His president made the damaging assertion that during his whole stay at Princeton Madison never did an indiscreet thing. It was fortunate that his lively wife was at hand to supplement his lack of magnetism.

Madison certainly did a very brilliant thing for his own career when he persuaded the young and attractive Widow Todd to marry him. Blessed with energy and social tact, and that genuine love of her kind without which social tact is Dead Sea fruit, she had emerged from her Quaker chrysalis, donned the brocades of fashion, and entered heart and soul into his ambitions. She dressed his shrunken little queue with her own hands, saw that his black clothes were tidy and smart, and in every possible way, from such wifely service to the more subtle and intimate infusion of her own spirit into his apparent timidity and indifference, strove to make others recognize the qualities of greatness that she saw in her short and wizened husband.

She brought eight years of experience to her new position, for she had often acted as hostess at the White House during Jefferson's term of office; and his democratic experiments in the rule of "pele mele" had pitted her more than once against angry diplomats and their women-kind. In such encounters her infectious good humor usually triumphed, just as it enabled her to keep her old friends, even those who dressed in gray, while making worldly new ones. A story is told of her entertaining a staid and worthy Quaker



at dinner after her transformation into a woman of fashion. "Here 's to thy broad beaver, Friend ——!" she said merrily, raising her glass. To which he replied, letting his glance just sweep her bare bosom, to rest quizzically upon the paradise feather in her turban, "And here 's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy!" But the strictest could not make serious objection to her frank and open pleasure in pretty things, and all were forced to admire the social generalship with which she helped on her husband's projects. She did not invade the realm of politics. That was her husband's business. Hers ended in the drawing-room.

Madison's ability proved to be intellectual rather than executive. His

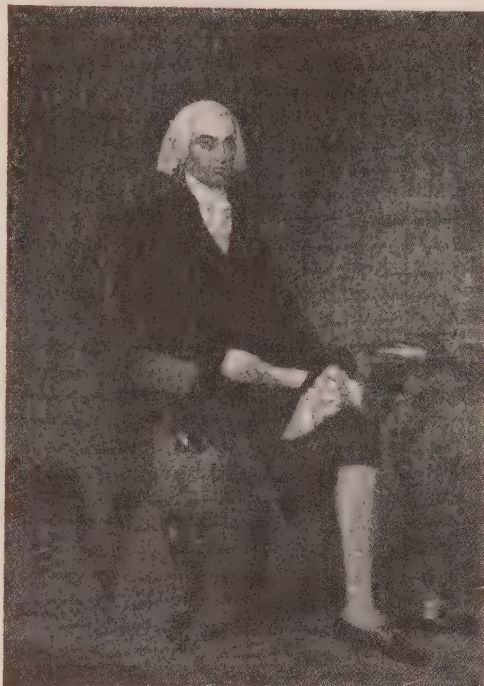
long experience had been with public measures, not in directing men; and while Jefferson concluded the eight years of his Presidency with virtually the same cabinet he chose at the outset, Madison's counselors changed with the frequency of April weather, and, like April weather, not always for the better. One secretary of state, two secretaries of war, and one each of the navy and the treasury retired in haste, either voluntarily or by request, and there were other changes of a less painful character. As the years went on, the war department became the post of greatest difficulty; and after Monroe entered the cabinet as Madison's secretary of state, circumstances compelled him to act also as secretary of war at three or four separate periods.

Since the National Bank, which had

been established by Hamilton for a period of twenty years, was to end by law in 1811, questions of finance would naturally have loomed large in this administration; but in retrospect Madison's term of office is occupied, to the virtual exclusion of

other matters, with the preliminaries, the fighting, and the aftermath of the War of 1812.

The greater part of his first term slipped away in seasons of alternate hope and gloom. War had seemed almost inevitable when Jefferson retired from office; then for a time the cloud seemed to be lifting. The Embargo had given way to the less stringent Non-Intercourse Act, which forbade American ships to trade with England or France, but permitted trade



James Madison

elsewhere. The British minister at Washington, over-sanguine, promised that if this act were not enforced, his country would stop its tactics of capture and search and allow our ships to go where they would, unmolested. Madison, believing he had authority to make this promise, agreed to the terms, and American vessels to the number of a thousand or more joyfully shook out their white sails and put to sea, only to find that the agreement was disavowed and that the English captured our vessels and impressed our seamen more vigorously than before.

Such acts had already exasperated the country to the limit of endurance. At this renewal of them the war party clamored louder than ever. Henry Clay, who was now leader of the Young Republicans in Congress, made speeches bristling with ag-

gression, to which Congress responded by voting to increase the regular army and authorizing the President to accept fifty thousand volunteers.

Clay also urged the building of ten new frigates, the policy of the last administration having in effect reduced the navy to a fleet of gunboats for coast defense, with a tendency to capsize in anything but a mirror-smooth sea. But the feeling that a navy was dangerous to a republic still persisted despite national satisfaction over the outcome of our war with Tripoli. Clay therefore dwelt artfully on the need for ships to protect the mouth of the Mississippi.

Monroe in the cabinet was as ardently in favor of war as Clay in Congress; but Madison held off. Perhaps he was constitutionally averse to the great step; perhaps he felt that the country was ill prepared, whatever the justice of her cause. His delay was not for lack of thought upon the subject, for three years before he became President he made a study of the British position as to neutral trade, and summed up its results in a pamphlet which he caused to be laid on the desk of every senator and member of Congress, a study that John Quincy Adams thought "not inferior to the works of any writer upon those subjects since the days of Grotius."

The Young Republicans lost patience and declared that he "could not be kicked into a war," and, as his first term was nearing its end, cast about for somebody to nominate in his stead. They approached Jefferson; but Jefferson had managed to keep up at least a fiction of peace while President, and showed no desire either to supplant his friend or to resume office at this critical moment. It has been asserted and denied that the war party finally forced Madison to action by this threat to nominate some one else. At any rate, war was declared; whereupon both sides fell to abusing him, the Young Republicans for having delayed so long, the Federals for daring to make war at all. They called it "Mr. Madison's war," and waxed sarcastic over the effrontery of one who "glim-

mered in harmless debate in times of peace" presuming to interfere in world politics.

Some of them voiced the opinion of Europe that he was only the tool of Napoleon, who was using the United States as he would use Bavaria or Saxony, and had ordered Madison to stab England in the back "while her hands were tied." This European idea, absurd as it seemed in America, is scarcely surprising in view of the neat chain of circumstantial evidence. Napoleon's plans had materially aided our purchase of Louisiana, and the money paid for Louisiana had all gone to finance campaigns against England. The nations gathering to deal the French emperor a crushing blow could scarcely fail to see in this inopportune declaration of war another proof of secret understanding, and to frown upon a measure that distracted England from their common purpose and cut off food-supplies that otherwise might go to feed their own armies.

The chances of the struggle, as seen from the far side of the Atlantic, appeared from the first more favorable to the United States than when viewed nearer home. The poor harvests, the wretched financial condition of England, even the bad weather from which she suffered, helped by aggravating local distress. And the first news of actual fighting to reach Europe was Captain Isaac Hull's dramatic capture of the British ship *Guerrière*, which more than counterbalanced his uncle William Hull's surrender of Detroit without a blow, word of which was received at almost the same moment. British sea prestige was very dear to Englishmen and very real to other nations. In conjunction with the disquieting events on the Continent,—Wellington's troubles in Spain and Napoleon's entry into Moscow,—the loss of the *Guerrière* assumed magnified importance, and Europe began to look upon this new war with growing respect.

But it would have been a very bold prophet who could have predicted its course and final outcome, since the War of 1812 was one of those freaks of history

wherein facts and figures and conclusions tumble over one another to bring about results at variance with expectation and common sense.

In the first place, the wrongs and injuries that led to it were not directed primarily against the United States. England and France were striking at each other's commerce. Ours, being in the way, suffered the fate of the innocent bystander. For a time it appeared uncertain which of these countries was to be our enemy; yet the two had been at swords' points for years, and it would seem that the foe of one must necessarily become the friend of the other.

After war was declared, it was found that New England, the part of our country that had suffered most from British depredations, was most bitterly opposed to it. In Rhode Island bells were tolled as for a funeral. In Massachusetts the governor proclaimed a fast. In Connecticut representatives of all the disaffected regions met in the Hartford Convention and proposed to break up the Union as a lesser evil.

The United States was virtually without a navy, yet by some miracle our ships accomplished incredible things on every ocean of the globe; while on land, where we had an entire population to oppose to an enemy that came by ship-loads a distance of three thousand miles, we seemed unable to fire an effective shot.

Fighting ended by common consent, not because of our success in battle. Our one brilliant land victory did not take place until the signatures upon the treaty of peace had been drying eleven days. That treaty failed even to mention the chief cause of the war, and the outcome of the whole topsyturvy struggle was to gain for us an amount of consideration quite out of

keeping with the numbers involved or the intensity of the contest.

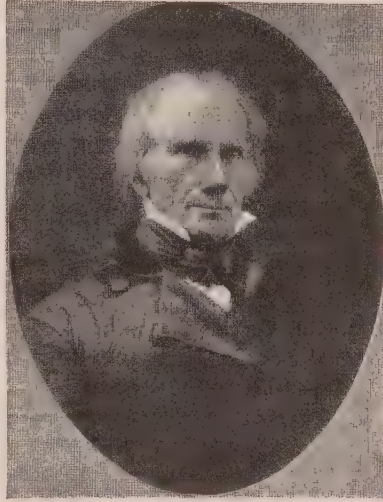
Of course such inconsistencies are only apparent. As Admiral de la Gravière remarked, "Fortune was not fickle, merely logical." Injuries had made the innocent bystander an active participant, and protests

and retaliation having failed, the alternatives were war or complete withdrawal from the seas.

England and France had treated our commerce in the same way, but England was the stronger. It had passed into a saying that when France launched a warship she was only adding it to the British navy, and in the long run England captured nine hundred of our vessels as against five hundred and fifty seized by the French.

England, moreover, added to injury of our trade the insult of habitually taking from our vessels such sailors as she chose to impress into her own navy.

Although we had a whole population to draw upon, it was poorly trained for fighting, if, indeed, it could be said to be trained at all. The regular army was a mere handful, and its higher officers were most of them incapacitated by age or infirmity. The militia lacked everything a militia should have except individual courage. Hence it is not strange that what little fighting took place on land did not redound greatly to our credit. The young and enthusiastic war party had declared that there was no need for a navy; this was to be a land war. But the fighting refused to stay on land; even the long Canadian border, by a Hibernicism worthy of the other eccentricities of the conflict, resolved itself into a land frontier composed mainly of water, lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, and Champlain, with the Detroit and Niagara rivers, being strate-



Henry Clay



gically of more importance than the unbroken wooded solitudes of northern Maine or New Hampshire.

Our tiny navy, on the other hand, was well trained and waiting. Within an hour of receiving official notice of hostilities Commodore Rodgers put to sea with his five ships. Even the way in which victories seemed to roll out from this nucleus toward every quarter of the globe is not so mysterious, after all, for as in the case of the children of Israel at the Red Sea, the forces of nature took sides, and "a strong wind" helped the weaker party.

One glance at the map that shows ocean currents makes this clear. Our frontier was very long. Beginning in the Gulf of Mexico near the mouth of the Mississippi, skipping Florida, which still belonged to Spain, it began again at the southern limit of Georgia, extending from there to the Bay of Fundy, and then westward as far as population existed or hostilities might reach.

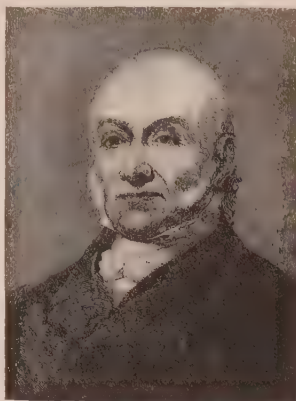
The British owned two points from which to attack us: Bermuda and the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles gave them a base from which to menace New Orleans and the Southern coast; while Halifax, their main base in the Western Hemisphere, furnished them the point from which to attack our Northern harbors, strike at the fisheries of New England, and provision Quebec, England's principal depot for the Canadian waterways. But all British war-vessels ordered to America, no matter whether their destination was Halifax or the South, were obliged to sail directly toward our shores.

Our navy's tasks were three: to keep British ships and supplies from reaching Halifax or entering the St. Lawrence; to intercept those bound to the West Indies; and lastly, to harass British commerce wherever found. The declaration of war put an end to the small remnant of trade

that had managed to survive the Embargo, but it released American merchant ships and their well-trained crews for other work, and they speedily entered the navy or took out letters as privateers and began to prey upon British trade. The English reached our shores in numbers large enough to threaten and burn as far inland as guns could carry, but they were never rich enough in secrets of inlet and harbor to prevent dozens of such vessels slipping out to sea, manned by a class of sailors that Great Britain had already paid the unwelcome compliment of gathering into her own navy to the number of six thousand or more.

So the "fir-built things with a bit of striped bunting at their masthead," as the English press derisively called our ships at the outset, grew under the stimulus of British guns into a very efficient navy that was heard and felt not only on our own Atlantic seaboard, but off the coasts of England, Ireland, and Portugal, the West Indies, the shores of British Guiana, at the easternmost point of Brazil, the Canary Islands, Chile, the Galapagos Islands, even in the Marquesas group in far-off Polynesia—a confusion of hemispheres and continents unaccountable until it is seen how all were bound together not only by patriotism, but by ocean currents and the winds of heaven.

As was the case in our war with the Barbary pirates, these encounters might have taken place in the Mid-



John Quincy Adams

dle Ages. Steam had indeed been harnessed to move upon the waters, but it had not been adopted for the battles of life. The one steamer on Lake Champlain was speedily remodeled with schooner rigging because its machinery gave endless trouble. The *Fulton*, prototype of modern ironclads, with its ram and its few heavy guns, was launched only toward the end of the conflict, too late to influence the character of the fighting; and torpedoes, tried and



The *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. War of 1812

found wanting during the Revolution, were frowned upon not only because they failed in their purpose, but because they were a new and "dishonorable" mode of warfare.

Sails were still the motive power, and seamanship was a matter of superlative skill nowhere shown to better advantage than in the three-days' chase that Captain Hull led five British commanders, using every artifice and expedient, venturing into perilously shallow water, kedging and towing when the wind failed him, and escaping at last in a heaven-sent squall of wind and rain. A month later he sought out one of the five and closed with him in the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. The battles were for the most part duels of the old sea-rover type, echoes of which reach us across the century in words fast becoming obsolete and actions already consigned to melodrama. The fighting was no child's play. The clash of cutlasses and grappling-irons, the falling of masts and entangling rigging, fierce courage, and a fiercer regard for the gallantry of war, as when the British Captain Dacre sent his ten Americans below so that they need not fight against their countrymen—all these things went into it. A heart-warming amount of courage went

into it, and a heartrending amount of carnage, too. When the Americans from the *Wasp* boarded the *Frolic* after forty minutes of fighting in tremendous seas, they found only four men alive, one seaman still at the wheel, and three officers, all wounded. War was indeed hell then as now, but it was a more showy and picturesque hell than the cold-blooded, machine-made, mathematically calculated inferno of twentieth-century battle.

With the same long ancestry of sea-rovers behind them, British and Americans acquitted themselves, man for man, equally well. The difference lay in their training. As a rule the Yankee sailors had practised their calling in varied forms since childhood, and could turn from setting sails to firing guns, from ship's carpentry to hand-to-hand fighting, as occasion demanded. The British, trained to only one kind of sea duty, were less versatile. The greatest difference lay in marksmanship; and in this English gunners were scarcely to blame, since a conservative and economical Government limited the number of shot that could be "wasted" in mere practice, making it so small that it amounted to none at all; while the Americans, with reckless extravagance, were continually aiming and firing their

guns and practising at close range with small arms and single-stick. In the few cases where the preponderance of training and discipline was on the other side, as it was in the fight between our *Chesapeake* and the British *Shannon*, whose commander loyally disregarded hampering orders of Government, victory remained with the best gunners.

The Americans fought and captured, and fought again until in turn they were captured. Porter on the *Essex*, losing his consorts hundreds of miles from a friendly harbor, pushed on rather than turn back, doubled the Horn, broke up the British whaling industry in the Pacific, and lived for a year and a half upon the enemy, capturing all his supplies, even the money with which to pay his officers, before the hour came when the *Essex* had to strike her flag. In the first six months of such warfare America captured from England as many ships as the latter had lost to the whole world in the previous twenty years.

On the Canadian frontier the contest grew into one of ship-building as well as of ship-fighting. The problem there was to get complete control of the inland waterways, and this could be done either by capturing the enemy's vessels or by forcing them into port and keeping them blockaded. When one side launched a ship, the other tried to outclass her by a larger and better one. The falls of Niagara made it necessary to maintain separate fleets on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, thus doubling the labor. On Lake Ontario, where this preliminary warfare of planes and saws was carried to the greatest length, Kingston and Sackett's Harbor were the respective headquarters of the British and the Americans. On Lake Erie the Americans were at Erie and the British at Detroit, which had been surrendered by General Hull at the beginning of the war.

All supplies except timber for such contests had to be brought from a great distance. For the British they came from England; for the Americans they were hauled by wagon from towns on the Atlantic coast by way of the Mohawk

valley, over roads so bad that in effect the source of supply was farther removed than England itself. Crews also had to be provided on both sides, since trees never grew that could be fashioned into sailors. British tars could indeed be moved from place to place, but Americans could not be ordered to the lakes against their will, since at that time men enlisted in our navy only for duty on particular ships. Population on our side of the Canadian border was sparse, and the service was one of hardship and small pay. Americans who took part in the battles in which these ship-building contests ended were therefore a strangely mixed company, coming from a distance, often at great personal sacrifice. It is said that of the 430 men under Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie over one fourth were negroes, and many more belonged to state militia. On his side Barclay had Indian sharp-shooters and British regulars as well as the lake sailors and frontiersmen who made up a large proportion of both fleets.

That these fresh-water sailors fought with as much gallantry as their brothers on the high seas the story of the lake contests fully testifies. Perry, erect in his little cockle-shell of a boat, with his flag floating over him and shot plowing the water on all sides, is a picture that has stirred the blood of American school-boys for the last hundred years; and there were other lake battles as creditable and picturesque, if not so dear to school historians.

On salt water and fresh the sailors acquitted themselves well, and won the stakes for which they played; but rarely has there been greater discrepancy between prophecy and fulfilment than in the land operations of this War of 1812. The Young Republicans boasted that they would carry hostilities into Canada, capture it without an army, and dictate peace at Halifax. They counted upon the sympathy of Tories who had departed from among us during the Revolution and also on help from French-Canadians—vain hopes both. The French-Canadians showed that they felt themselves of an alien race, and loyal subjects of King



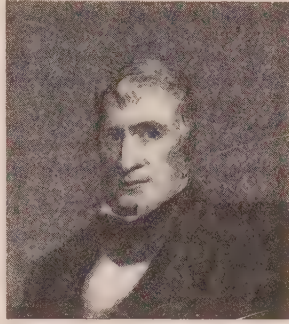
George had seen nothing to change their minds since the battle of Bunker Hill.

The American army proved as fruitful in disappointments as the navy was prodigal of glorious surprises. Here, also, fortune was merely logical. Musters and training-days had degenerated into seasons of carousal or at best into political rallies. Each independent American prided himself on knowing how to shoot and was confident that he had courage to defend his home; but he strongly objected to having any other man, particularly a neighbor whom he knew in the damaging light of horse-trades and prayer-meetings, order him to do either. The militia, therefore, while made up of the best fighting units in the world, was yet woefully deficient.

The small regular army was a mere skeleton, with many necessary parts missing. These were supplied by Congress with all possible speed. One of President Madison's letters mentions "a very large batch of nominations for the army, of twenty-five thousand, which must be followed by others." As invariably happens when so many are called, few are divinely chosen to lead in battle. As Jefferson once said, "The Creator has not thought proper to mark those on the forehead who are of stuff to make good generals." Instead of gaining victories, most of them lost reputations. The few older officers who had served in the Revolution fared rather worse than the untried men. General Hull opened the ball by surrendering Detroit and the whole of Michigan Territory without firing a shot, was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot for cowardice, but pardoned because of his fine record in the earlier war. A second attempt at invading Canada a few months later, while not so disastrous, was equally barren of victory. General Wilkinson, squandering in ill-considered and fruitless movements the little honor he managed to bring out of his entanglement with Burr,

was also court-martialed, and though acquitted, was never again trusted with a command. Things were going very badly. Madison proposed to make Clay a general, since his ringing speeches for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" had power to rouse patriotism and inspire hope.

"But what shall we do without Clay in Congress?" was asked in remonstrance, and the question was justified. Clay was needed in Congress and had a wider field of usefulness outside the army than within it. In time the war developed officers of true metal, like Jacob Brown, who was a born general although a Quaker farmer; young Winfield Scott, equally predestined to military glory; and William



William Henry Harrison

Henry Harrison and Andrew Jackson, whose exploits in this war carried them far on their road to the White House. But temporarily the outlook was not cheerful.

Stonington, Connecticut, and Lewiston on Delaware Bay were bombarded. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was burned. Cape Cod saved its salt-works only by paying a ransom. In the Northwest the situation was seriously complicated by Indian troubles, Tecumseh, the powerful Shawnee chief, having made an alliance with the British in the hope of ending once for all American encroachments upon Indian lands. It was against these party-colored allies that Harrison won his victory and his military reputation at the battle of the Thames. In the South also, in that wild region into which Burr had fled after his arrest, there were Indian uprisings. The Creeks lived wedged in between growing American settlements and the semi-hostile Spanish frontier, while to the south of the border were the troublesome Seminoles. These likewise seized the opportunity to regain, if possible, lost ground. Andrew Jackson and his Tennessee militia were sent to cope with them. Jackson had almost as much difficulty with his troops as with the savages, but, show-

ing himself as fiercely impetuous in dealing with mutiny and famine as in striking the foe, gained a notable victory at Horseshoe Bend, and established once for all his character as a general to be obeyed.

After all, only the very edge of the country suffered from the English. We were holding our own, though apparently doing nothing more. In truth, however, experience and careful drill were improving the army. The best men at this imperative, if monotonous, duty was the handsome General Scott, the most showy product of the war. A lawyer by profession, not one of his rather spectacular early experiences was more spectacular than the way he turned soldier, as heroines of ghost-stories turn gray, in a single night. It happened, according to his own account, at Richmond, whither the budding lawyer had gone to attend the Burr trial, looking on it as a fine professional study, and by no means oblivious to the dramatic interest of the crowded court-room. The proclamation issued by President Jefferson after the *Leopard's* bold attack upon the *Chesapeake* reached Richmond late one night and threw the town into a state of excitement. It forbade British war-ships entering American rivers or harbors for water or provisions, and called for volunteers. Scott belonged to no military organization, but the next morning found him in the ranks of the Petersburg troop of cavalry, fully equipped, "having traveled twenty-five miles in the night, obtained the uniform of a tall, absent trooper, and bought the extra fine charger" upon which he rode. The uncertain course of the Government made him hesitate for some years between law and arms, but there was never any doubt of his real vocation, and the War of 1812 gave him experiences in active service ranging all the way from that of prisoner to successful general, not omitting an excursion into regimental medicine. In this he dealt with a threatened outbreak of cholera, supplanting the efforts of a scared and drunken surgeon by his own heroic, if irregular, methods and literally forced his men to keep well "by command." But

the greatest service he rendered was through persistence in drill and discipline. The Government trusted such matters entirely to Providence, furnishing no text-book or manual to its officers. Scott improvised one from a French work on infantry tactics, formed his officers of all grades into squads, and drilled them mercilessly ten hours a day, weather permitting, and gave attention at the same time to sanitation and other details of camp life, of which his soldiers were as innocent as babes. The value of his work was appreciated, and his became the recognized system of the Government, remaining in use until the Civil War, when new inventions in guns and ammunition made changes necessary.

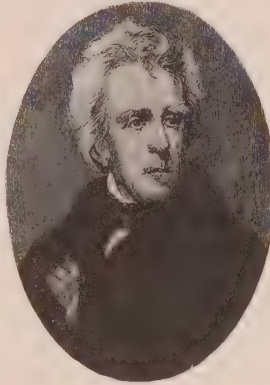
Matters dragged along with no decisive result until the summer of 1814, when a lull in the fighting on the continent of Europe enabled England to send to this country a larger force than she had hitherto been able to spare. In August the British Admiral Cockburn arrived off the coast of Virginia with twenty-one vessels, bringing with him General Ross and three or four thousand veterans of the Napoleonic wars. Unable to prevent a landing of this force, Commodore Barney of the American squadron disembarked, to make what feeble resistance he could, with the aid of militia, at Bladensburg, a few miles from Washington. He was taken prisoner, and the invading force marched on toward the capital. Such of its inhabitants as could get away fled, taking their most precious and portable valuables with them. The archives of the state department were hastily bundled into linen bags and carted off to Leesburg, thirty-five miles distant; and President Madison and his cabinet disappeared into the Virginia woods. The spectacle was not inspiring, yet it would have done the country no good had these high officials waited patiently at their desks to be taken into custody.

Of the subsequent burning of Washington, the less said the better for American pride or British glory. Ross of Bladensburg, to use the title conferred on the

British commander by the regent, lost his life at Baltimore within the week. The invaders themselves were never very proud of the exploit, which was vehemently denounced in the House of Commons. A story easy to believe is told to the effect that English officers sailing up the Potomac on this ungrateful errand uncovered as they passed the burial-place of Washington, and remained with bared heads until Mount Vernon faded from sight. But respect for his ashes did not prevent their reducing to ashes a large part of the city that bore his name.

Mrs. Madison, cheerfully assuring her husband that she had "the necessary firmness and courage to remain in the President's house" when he rode away to find what was left of the army, makes quite the most heroic figure in the picture silhouetted against the burning Capitol and the bursting shells of the navy-yard. "My friends and acquaintances are all gone—even Colonel C. with his hundred who were stationed as a guard to this enclosure," she wrote her sister. "French John [a faithful servant] with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate and lay a train of powder which will blow up the British should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken."

She waited until the enemy was virtually at the gate, delaying even then until Stuart's large portrait of Washington could be wrenched from its frame and added to her carriage-load of government property. "Our private property," she wrote, "must be sacrificed." Then she, too, drove away, and French John, forbidden to carry out his bloodthirsty desires, carefully locked the White House door, deposited the key with the Russian minister, left his mistress's pet macaw at the house of a friend, and retired to Philadelphia to await the outcome.



Andrew Jackson

A storm that broke in tropic fury the day after the British entered Washington, unroofing houses that their torch had spared and burying some of the invading soldiers in its ruins, did more to hasten their departure than they would care to admit. Warned that the enemy had discovered his whereabouts, Madison spent the last hours of this storm in a miserable hut in the woods, where his wife joined him; and after all manner of danger was over the bedraggled administration returned to take up its labors in such quarters as were still habitable.

At the end of a campaign of a week or more in the neighborhood of Baltimore, productive on the American side of Francis Scott Key's patriotic song "The Star-Spangled Banner," and on the British side of little that endured save the death of Ross, the English departed to join Sir Edward Pakenham, relative and able lieutenant of Wellington, who had been sent to take New Orleans.

The military situation at the mouth of the Mississippi was not reassuring, and the administration could do little to better it; but it did the one thing needful when it put in command that same angular Andrew Jackson who had already made several brief, but effective, appearances in American history. He arrived on the second of December, and instantly set every local resource to work, dominating factions, and coercing all to united action in throwing up earthworks, mounting guns, and searching out every available ounce of ammunition.

The campaign lasted from the eighth of December, when the foremost of the British vessels anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, to the eighth of January, when the decisive battle of New Orleans was fought, eleven days after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent.

Peace negotiations had indeed been going on almost as long as the war itself.



The Czar of Russia offered his services as mediator, through John Quincy Adams, our minister to Russia, in September, 1812, virtually as soon as he heard of it. The delays of winter mails brought his friendly offer to Washington in March, 1813. It was instantly accepted, and James A. Bayard and Albert Gallatin were sent to help Adams in the negotiations. They reached St. Petersburg late in July, and there learned that England had declined the czar's offer. Hoping that the refusal was not final, they waited. In November England proposed to reopen negotiations, this time directly with the United States. British diplomatic dignity and the slow course of communication again delayed matters, so that it was early August, 1814, before the English and American commissioners began their joint sessions in Ghent. Two more Americans, Henry Clay, leader of the war party in Congress, and Jonathan Russell, minister to Sweden, had been sent to join Adams, Bayard, and Gallatin.

The mutual relations of these five men were not free from friction. Adams and Clay were especially uncongenial. Adams, son of the former President, middle-aged, learned, and precise, "one of the kind of men that keep diaries," was dominated by Puritan austerity. Clay, ten years his junior, hot-tempered, and brilliant, though only superficially educated, according to Adams's standard, was emphatically no Puritan, and outraged Adams's sense of fitness a dozen times a day. Russell, a man of only ordinary attainments, was under the influence of Clay. Bayard showed a disposition to stick to his own opinion when it differed from that of the rest. To the genial and patient Albert Gallatin fell the difficult lot of peacemaker not only in acrid private disputes among themselves, but at the tedious formal dinners through which etiquette compelled the Americans to sit with their British antagonists and jest over the impossibility of ever agreeing. Thus weeks and months dragged on as they fought their way point by point to final settlement.

The treaty as signed on the twenty-eighth of December was variously regarded. Clay thought it "a damned bad treaty," and did not hesitate to say so. In certain high quarters in England, on the other hand, it was looked upon as a great opportunity thrown away. "An able minister would have continued the war," Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier declared, "until the Northern States withdrew from the Union, making a separate treaty with England; after which England could have raised the negroes of the South, marched to Washington at the head of an immense force of armed and disciplined black regiments, and dictated peace, making Delaware an independent black State in alliance with England." So much depends upon the point of view!

The treaty was certainly a great gain over Great Britain's original demand that the United States set apart all the territory now occupied by Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with large portions of Ohio and Indiana, to be a buffer between Canada and the Union, and for perpetual use of the Indians; that the United States, moreover, give Canada a piece of Maine through which to make a road from Halifax to Quebec; that it renounce the right to keep armed vessels on the Great Lakes, and assure to British subjects the right to free navigation of the Mississippi.

As finally agreed upon, it left the question of territory exactly where it had been at the beginning of the war, and it failed to mention impressment or the rights of neutrals, for which the United States had taken up arms. But it carried our point in fact if not in words. A speaker in the House of Lords declared that the Americans had "shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole of the conference," and in Canada it was predicted that such a disgraceful peace could not last. "Torrents of blood must flow" on both sides, the Montreal "Herald" declared, before a real peace could be obtained.

Despite the chagrin of those Americans who had talked so grandly about invading

Canada and dictating terms at Halifax, the treaty was welcomed at home with suitable and, for the most part, hearty rejoicings. One sarcastic newspaper asserted that more citizens of Massachusetts were hurt in celebrating peace than had been wounded in the whole course of the war. The manner in which news of the treaty became public shows the speed—or lack of it—with which important tidings traveled one hundred years ago.

The British sloop of war *Favorite* brought Mr. Henry Carroll, one of the American secretaries at Ghent, to New York with copies of the treaty on Saturday, February 11, forty-four days after the signatures were affixed. He departed next day for Washington, which he

reached shortly after dark on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 14. Meantime New York had been flooded with hand-bills and illuminated with candles, and the stock-market had responded to the joy sounding through the streets. Merchants, anxious to get advance word to their correspondents in the South, sent off an express ahead of Mr. Carroll, and on Monday morning, more than twenty-four hours before he and the treaty reached Washington, a Connecticut congressman asked the city postmaster to oblige him by delaying the departure of Southern mails for half an hour or so, an easy-going practice not uncommon, and always granted when asked for by a man of sufficient prominence. The postmaster, inconveniently inquisitive, insisted on knowing why. He was sworn to secrecy and told. Then he refused to shoulder the responsibility, and the matter was carried to the postmaster-general. That official declined to act without authority of the President. Mr. Madison declared that he would make the news public at once; but all felt hampered by the pledge of secrecy that had been given.

So Mr. Cole, the President's private secretary, was sent to the war office with orders to repeat the news as a rumor, vouching for nothing, but leaving each person to draw his own conclusions. An army officer, hearing Mr. Cole, volunteered to mount at once and spread the story broadcast as far as his horse could

carry him. Meanwhile the congressman, balked of his mails, sent off a private messenger, and these two, army officer and messenger, galloped in an exciting fifty-mile race to Fredericksburg, from which point an obliging innkeeper forwarded the officer's message. But it was all energy thrown away, for the British squadron off Amelia Island had notified Savannah on the very day that Mr. Carroll landed, and

the South had the news even before he left New York.

By noon of Monday the rumor, released by the President's order, was flying about Washington. Men flocked into the streets asking if it was true. At dusk the editor of the "National Intelligencer," the one paper published in the city, waited upon the President to ask the same question. He found Mr. Madison sitting alone in the twilight, apparently unconcerned. He showed an affable interest in the rumor and hoped it would prove true, but professed to know as little as his questioner and had no advice to give except to suspend judgment and await events.

Confirmation thundered down Pennsylvania Avenue the next evening in the coach and four that carried Mr. Carroll toward the office of the secretary of state. Again the streets filled with people cheering and gesticulating as the carriage clattered over the wooden bridge that spanned the Tiber.

That night the doors of the Tayloe house, temporary home of the President since the British burned the Executive Mansion, stood wide open, and all Wash-



Winfield Scott

ington, resident and official, crowded around Mrs. Madison, who did the honors while her husband and the cabinet, in another room, sat in judgment on the treaty. All were in gala attire, ladies in their choicest finery, judges in their robes, major-generals and aides and foreign ministers in their uniforms. Quarrels were forgotten and political animosities buried in hearty and general rejoicing.

In his character of newspaper editor, Mr. Gales was summoned from this happy assembly to the room where the President conferred with his cabinet.

Subdued joy sat upon the faces of every one of them. The President, after kindly

stating the result of their deliberations, addressed himself to the secretary of the treasury in a sportive tone, saying to him:

"Come, Mr. Dallas, you with your knowledge of the contents of the treaty derived from the careful perusal of it, and who can write with so much ease, take the pen and indite for this gentleman a paragraph for the paper of to-morrow to announce the reception and probable acceptance of the treaty."

This Mr. Dallas did in terms as stilted as those in which the command was given, for in such dignified and leisurely fashion was American journalism conducted in the year of grace 1815.

(To be continued)

## After a Quarrel

By ALICE DUER MILLER

WE have quarreled; ugly things have been said,  
 Bitter things, in a tone controlled, well bred,  
 Temperate; we weighed our words, lest the lust  
 Of cruelty lose the edge of being just.  
 We have quarreled over a trifle, one of those trifles  
 That strike their roots to the very heart of each,  
 To the cold and earthy places where even love stifles,  
 And kindness and friendly habit cannot reach;  
 Those unexplored vaults of the spirit, black, unknown,  
 Where each is a king, but a king ashamed, alone,  
 Afraid of the world, afraid of friend and foe.  
 Oh, human creatures must quarrel, my dear, I know;  
 But if we must, let's quarrel for something great,  
 For something final and dangerous—mastery, hate,  
 Freedom, or jealousy, virtue, death, or life:  
 For then two loves leap up on the wings of strife  
 Into the sun and air of their own souls' sight,  
 Locked together, joined, putting forth all their might  
 That love may survive or fail, or perish or win,  
 But perish not for a trifle. That is sin.







# The Greek King and the Present Crisis

By STANTON LEEDS

THE Balkans, where Constantine I, king of the Greeks, has taken position as the latest significant figure in the near-Eastern political procession, may properly be likened to a bottle. Their dark interior processes remain mysterious. This, too, is true: in the peninsula blood ferments as wine does. Events there have been as frequent as unexpected, but during the last year, to pursue the simile further, from that narrow neck only two figures, like genii, have loomed up with any tangible proportions, those of Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria and that imposing Cretan, Eleutherios Venizelos, lately Prime Minister of Greece. As a personage that it is possible to appraise definitely the Greek king is just emerging.

It is the purpose of this article not only to establish Constantine's relation, but his exact relation, to the present crisis, and to do so in a manner uncolored by sympathy for one side or the other in the European unpleasantness. Nor will this writing attempt either to justify or excuse the king of the Greeks; it merely seeks, with some claim to honest precision, to mirror Constantine's point of view. Anything more is for the reader's own judgment to supply.

To do even this it is first necessary to clear away the rubbish of opinion sedulously spread broadcast by certain portions of the American press. Let it be said at once, then, that the king is not pro-Teuton. He is primarily for himself and his people, the Greeks, and his attitude, based upon a common sense both manly and patriotic, has been bulwarked by events.

The belief that Constantine has German leanings has been premised on two facts: his wife, Sophia, is the German emperor's sister; at his brother-in-law's war

college in Berlin the future conqueror of Janina received his later military training. The value of this training he acknowledged handsomely when, in September, 1913, he was invested by the kaiser's hand with the dignity and baton of a field-marshal in the Prussian army, and declared in a speech of thanks that Greek victories could be ascribed first to the courage of the troops and then to the training "given me and my officers here at the staff college in Berlin." Later that month, at President Poincaré's luncheon in Paris, King Constantine lessened French indignation slightly by his tribute to the utility of the reorganization his army underwent by virtue of the visit paid to Athens in 1910 by General Eydoux and other French officers, a tribute which in no way lessened the forceful completeness of the king's previous statement.

Constantine's admiration for the German war-machine is admitted. He knows that machine, recognizes its efficacy, and feels that what the French gain by élan they lose by inferior organization; but to extend this admitted admiration into a declaration that the king is fully German in sympathy as far as the present struggle is concerned is misleading and, if you will, unjust.

"But," your traditional Missourian remarks, "the queen?" Precisely, the queen. Your diplomat, who has lived in Athens through troublous days, receives the query with that patient and deprecatory smile that disposes of all things uninformed. To those who know Constantine and his consort the question has its risible aspect, for of late years the king and queen's existence together has been little lightened by any term of affectionate agreement.

They have quarreled continually. For Sophia to recommend anything would be for Constantine to oppose it; a queen pro-Teuton would mean a king inclined toward the Allies.

This state of affairs gave rise naturally, perhaps, to the rumor that Constantine's illness last spring—a diplomatic illness is a good explanation of it—was the result of a disagreement between him and the queen. The first whisper bruited abroad—a whisper that accused Sophia of entering her husband's study, of provoking an altercation that ended in her seizing a paper-knife and stabbing the king—grew to such proportions that finally the Greek embassies gave it a public denial.

It was always ridiculous, this story, to those in a position to form an accurate mental contrast, to balance the king's physique—he may be described as almost burly—against the diminutive queen, pale from continual weeping; for during the troubles in Greece, when every circumstance threatened, Sophia rarely went to bed without first crying her eyes out. Only ignorant guesswork can picture her as really able to wound the king. For one thing, he usually wears a uniform, and uniforms are padded; and, too, their relations for a year or two have been so ordered as to preclude the possibility of her meeting him in other than formal dress.

Did Venizelos procure an attack on the king? This, too, seems a titbit of scandal certain portions of the American press have gulped down without the least regard to providing their readers with proper information. To those who without prejudice have returned the gaze of what an American diplomat recently described to the writer as "the mildest blue eyes ever a man looked into" this appears incredible. "Venizelos is incapable of meditating a personal plot," said this same gentleman. Placid, soft-spoken, the Cretan's manner is almost deprecatory, and it is on these very qualities that King Constantine depends completely in the present crisis. In overriding the constitution, the king is counting on the forbearance of Venizelos.

If he were a vengeful man, Venizelos would have crushed his enemies long ago. He has had the power, never the will, to do so. Of simple habits and the most meager income, Venizelos has lived quietly in the five years that have marked his premiership, by way of hospitality never so much as dispensing a cup of coffee or even a cigarette; he does not smoke. Always regarded askance by the royal family,—for several years the queen's method of reference to him was as "one of the little lawyers" Athens abounds in,—he has nevertheless established that family securely on Greece's throne, and has made Constantine a king in more than name only.

To understand the present situation in Greece it is necessary to remember continually that while Venizelos's point of view is civilian, the point of view of the statesman, the king is always a soldier. This broad generality in description extends to the king's appearance. Born of what is reputed to be the cleanest-lived, best-looking, best-educated, and best-behaved royalty in Europe, he has been made sturdy by military training. Huge, bulky, muscular, over six feet tall, and tending to baldness, as his father did and his brothers do, Constantine is peculiarly impulsive and generous. Patriotic, almost brusque in manner, he rarely takes the mild view of anything; but to arrive at the truth of him, we must tunnel deeper yet, and recognize the king as a wire through which the current of Greek opinion has passed.

What, then, has been the reshaping process, what the result which has given the Constantine who is now the puzzle of Europe?

His first taste of a disagreeable phase of the existence of modern royalty came at the close of the Turkish War of 1897. The crown prince, as he was then, a young man in his thirtieth year, executed a "strategic retirement" from Larissa that did anything but edify the Greeks. They name names, the Greeks do. The curtain fell on the Turko-Hellenic disagreement, leaving these descendants of Homeric

forebears with a crown prince whom they regarded as a coward. On the very threshold of potential importance Constantine found himself loaded with this handicap.

He did not check, on the contrary, he hastened his subjects' diminishing good opinion of him by his court and military policy. A prince rarely hears the truth. In the presence of royalty men put their best foot forward. Consequently, kings and heirs to thrones are flattered, deceived, cajoled to a point where they may well pray for magic glasses wherewith to recognize the truth. Constantine fell heir to an old disease.

He promoted favorites, and this policy, coupled with the native politicians' pursuit of their own venal self-interest, in 1909 brought on the smash of civil government. On August 23 of that year the Military League, an organization of patriotic, but arbitrary, officers, seized a hill outside Athens, trained guns on the capital, and demanded certain reforms, among them the removal of the princes from all authority in the army. Facing these conditions, Rhallis, then premier, resigned his place, and Mavromichalis headed a government which undertook to carry out the league's commands.

Crown Prince Constantine, the very iron of defeat nailed to his soul, asked to be retired as commander-in-chief. In the end he was granted a leave of absence, and went to Berlin to study. The other princes—they are so only by courtesy, for there are no titles in Greece save that of the king and his heir—were eliminated, and the following March the Military League, having summoned Venizelos to Greece, disbanded. The threat to the monarchy remained in abeyance, and in December we find the tall, angular Cretan announcing from the balcony of his hotel to an expectant crowd his hope that thereafter the crown would take a more active and determined part in affairs; in other words, his hope that in future the king would constitute himself the public's defender against the designs of irresponsible politicians.

Nor is that all. When Venizelos came to discuss the character of the Assembly that was about to meet, three times the crowd cried out "Constituent," and three times he answered "Revisionary," standing as firmly against the mob's encroachment as he would stand, and has, against any attempt by royalty to overstep the line. To such a deliverer there was presently returned a chastened crown prince, who in Berlin had learned military science till he could recite its maxims backward. Much of the understanding Constantine was able to come to with the new premier he owes, Greeks say, to the kindly offices of the American minister of that time, George H. Moses, in his sphere one of the most completely capable chiefs of mission known to our modern American diplomatic service.

Venizelos's belief—it is his chief point of agreement with the royal family—that the Greeks are not yet prepared for complete democracy was probably the main force that worked to permit the return of the crown prince. This belief renders ridiculous the largely discredited Rhallis's charge that Venizelos is aiming at a republic. If more proof is needed, witness the Cretan's acquiescence in the circumstances at present controlling Greek policy.

At that time, however, Venizelos was not Greece, and popular opinion, sullen, exacting, explosively pugnacious, still edged away from any tendency to accord a completely renewed confidence to Constantine. Not till General Sapounjakis dealt Venizelos a royal flush by his costly attacks on the hill of Bizani outside Janina in the First Balkan War did the premier's chance come to reestablish the throne in popularity. As his high card the Cretan played the crown prince.

Taking command of the Greek army about Janina, Constantine immediately moved his main attack from Bizani toward the west, where the forts were less formidable. Making few mistakes, treasuring every effective's life, the new commander pushed his forces carefully forward and upward. Finally Fort St. Nicholas fell before a spirited attack, and Con-



stantine spent the night having his big guns hauled to the eminence it occupied, in the morning opening fire on Bizani. Surprised and demoralized, the Ottoman forces withdrew into the city; on March 6, Essad Pasha surrendered with 33,000 Turks, and Athens went mad over victory—and the victor. Twelve days later the king was assassinated at Saloniki, and the crown prince succeeded as Constantine I.

As a soldier the new king was considered a precisian, a well-trained strategist, a commander lacking only in the supreme gift for leadership—the ability to sense and inspire the state of mind of his troops. To that last magic the docile Greek common soldier soon was to vote him heir.

There had already been conflicts at Nigrita, near Saloniki, between Greek and Bulgar. They began the day of Janina's fall. Many minor difficulties finally culminated in the action precipitated by the Bulgarian staff's orders of June 28. As the result of the Third Bulgarian Division's attack on both Greeks and Serbs, the Second Balkan War began the night of June 30.

Constantine took command, cleared the Bulgars out of Saloniki, advanced from Doiran to Kukush, and by July 3 found himself facing 115,000 Bulgars with 80,000 Greeks. There began then one of the swiftest and most merciless campaigns in the history of war. It was over in a month.

Everywhere massacre, pillage, arson, and rape characterized the Bulgar withdrawal. British observers found wounded Greek officers on the field with tongues slashed out and eyes gouged from their sockets. On July 13, Constantine protested to the powers. "Declare before the civilized world," he wrote to Venizelos, "that I shall be compelled to take vengeance in order to inspire terror in these monsters." During that terrible month a race antipathy, already as passionate as any of ancient days, acquired a new fury in Greek hearts.

At Kilkis, meanwhile, so rapid became the Greek advance that the Bulgars could hardly alter their artillery range quickly

enough to deplete it with raining lead. Finding the bridges over the Struma blown up, the Greeks halted, but only temporarily. Rolled through the twenty-mile Kresna Pass, the Bulgar rear-guard finally held. Over mountains seven thousand feet high the Greek infantry and artillery struggled, to descend on the Bulgars at Semitki, and, when ammunition gave out, to fight them with stones. Behind the line the Greek king made strategical rearrangements that won this last battle and the war.

During the month the Greeks had marched two hundred miles, taken 12,000 prisoners and 200 guns, and lost 27,000 in killed and wounded, a loss that brought their total casualties for both wars to 68,000 men. Greece gained 2,000,000 inhabitants and 56,000 square kilometers of territory by the peace of Bukharest, and was able to regard with complacency Bulgaria's casualty-list, numbering 156,000 men, and Bulgaria's gain of only 500,000 inhabitants.

In Athens that August the Greeks gave their king a medal inscribed "To The Bulgar-Killer." Recently, in Washington, a Greek waiter, serving two diplomats at luncheon, answered a question regarding the existing situation.

"Our king is a great soldier," the man said. "Unless we can win, he will not let us fight."

Right there you have King Constantine himself. There you have before you a man whose character, under the pressure of an unpopularity occasioned by early military inefficiency, was resolved into elementals as open to impression as a child's; a man whose character was reshaped by victory and the hard work that led to it; a man congealed in the mold of the people's favor; a soldier who believes that his future, his fortune, his throne is dependent on popular delight in his generalship; lastly, a prince whose outlook is focused by his subjects' faith, which rests implicitly in the conviction that between the Greek and the dreaded Bulgar stands a puissant protector, an invincible warrior, the king.

His whole experience teaches Constantine that to risk his military reputation would be to endanger his popularity and to court disaster and the loss of his throne; but this is merely the negative side of the picture.

It has frequently been asked why Constantine no longer seems to fear the Bulgar. It is precisely because he does fear the Bulgar that he has acted as he has. It is no longer *Servia and Greece* against the Bulgar, but Greece alone against that ancient enemy, and the king believes that the decisive struggle with Czar Ferdinand's people is yet to come. Then let the Bulgars waste themselves in the present struggle, while the Greeks conserve their powers; for with Ferdinand trapped into spending his troops against *Servia* and the Allies, so much the larger looms the chance of Greek success when the inevitable collision of Greek with Bulgar shall at last come. This is the positive side of the picture.

The king's first disagreement with Venizelos rested upon his own and his staff's opinion that not 15,000 or even 40,000 Greek soldiers would be effective at Gallipoli. The Greek staff told the Allies how best to take Constantinople. It should also be remembered that old Greek policy always aimed at an understanding with Turkey till the Ottoman Empire should be ripe to fall into Greek hands as part of a new Byzantine Empire. This policy Venizelos reversed. So, too, the relentless tramp of events has left behind the Gallipoli incident, a milestone marking what might have been.

The circumstances surrounding Venizelos's second resignation, in last October, are of more immediate interest. What the ex-premier has looked east to gain, through taking sides in the war, is not all to which Greece aspires. Epirus remains; there Italy blocks the way.

To discuss the arrangement with Italy, whereby that power has so far neither declared nor made war on Germany, would be pointless here; of interest is the unquestioned fact that Prince von Bülow, German ambassador at the court of Vic-

tor Emmanuel, returned to Berlin from Rome last May bearing a summary of the sea powers' agreement with the Italian Government as to the division of the spoils of war.

In late August a gentleman, described variously as a grand duke high in the councils of the Government or merely as a special envoy, but certainly a messenger from the German emperor himself, arrived in Athens. This man saw Constantine and made the privileged communication that only one sovereign makes to another, a communication the king would be in honor bound not to divulge. It has been urged that this gentleman saw not the king, but the queen, and that she told her consort of the communication. That seems beside the point. Unquestionably the full scope of the Italian agreement with the sea powers was declared to the king of the Greeks, with special emphasis on such particulars of it as menaced Greek aspirations. Whether Venizelos has now guessed the nature and content of the privileged communication made to his king in August is a matter for conjecture. Certainly, he has acquiesced in events, seen in the landing in Albania of an Italian expeditionary force not a menace to the German drive to the Bosphorus, but a warning to Greece to keep off.

His training has taught Constantine that the German army is the greatest the world has ever seen. When the sea powers asked him to fling his loved Greek soldiers against this invincible machine, when he reflected that the reward Greece had a right to expect for such service had already been promised to Italy, when he looked past the Bulgarian border into the heart of Rumania and saw that eager race mark time and hesitate, when he reflected on the inadequate force the Allies were sending to Serb assistance,—the privileged communication also set forth the Teutonic near-Eastern military dispositions at that time being planned,—is it any wonder that all his impulsiveness exploded in "No!" There is a sibilant quality to Constantine's speech that has led those who converse with him in English to say that

he lisps; certainly his great minister detected no lisp in his utterance that October afternoon.

If he, the king, has had to promise the kaiser to return Kavala to Bulgaria, what of it? Kavala is a port it will cost millions to develop to a point on a par with Saloniki; but while the Bulgars sink gold in the former, how will the Greeks not improve and strengthen the last-named port, already a city of 150,000 inhabitants, 75,000 of whom are sharp trading Jews?

Meanwhile let the Allies defend it against Bulgar-Teutonic attack.

If the Allies succeed in doing this, if, in future, they land there a force sufficient for real aggressive action—action informed with the possibility of success—then Constantine may be able to imagine a real use for the Greek army. That time has not yet come. It may come next year, unless by then Germany has opened a through route to Asia, Egypt, and India, and so nullified English control of the seas.

## CURRENT COMMENT



# The Threatened Bankruptcy of Europe

By F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE

IF wisdom does not come to the councils of Europe, we are going straight to European bankruptcy in a comparatively short time.—The Earl of Loreburn, formerly Lord Chancellor, in the British House of Lords.

WHEN the war began, certain people prophesied that it could not last more than a few weeks. "The financial structure of Europe will topple over in less than a month," they said, "and the march of armies will be brought to a standstill."

Nothing of the sort happened. At the very outbreak of war, it is true, some financial crises occurred, but the governments surmounted them by prompt action, and as months have gone by they have met every new financial embarrassment with various successful expedients. Thus fortified by the failure of the prophecy of a short war, some military critics are confidently predicting a war lasting for several years. The question therefore arises, "Is there any limit to the length of the

war fixed by economic and financial considerations, and if there is one, and the war goes on till this limit is nearly reached, what will be the state of Europe afterward?"

The first year of the war cost the governments of Europe about seventeen billion dollars.<sup>1</sup> It is costing them now at the rate of about thirty billion dollars a year, and when it is all over it will cost them about four or five billions more to demobilize. These figures include only government expenditure, and do not take into account the indirect losses suffered by citizens of the warring countries, the dislocation of private industry, or the losses suffered by overrun countries such as Bel-

<sup>1</sup> Billion is used throughout in the sense of a thousand million.



gium and Poland. How long can Europe bear this drain on its resources without becoming bankrupt?

At the outset there is a certain confusion in people's minds which needs to be cleared up. War costs money, they are told, to the extent of billions of dollars a year, yet at the end of a year of war the amount of money in Europe has certainly not been reduced by these billions; on the contrary, there is as much gold and silver and paper money in the banks and in circulation as there was at the beginning. What has happened? Has the money merely changed hands, and is the cost of the war really only the transference of money from one person to another? Not at all. The war has really cost—has actually destroyed—*things* to the value of all these billions of dollars; but the things destroyed are not gold and silver coins, but horses and motor-cars, cannon and rifles, shells and powder, clothes and food and numberless other products of men's labor.

There are three ways in which war might be brought to an end by financial or economic considerations. In the first place, the whole system of exchange—gold and silver coins, paper money, checks, bills of exchange, and other instruments of credit—might be so disorganized by the change from peace to war that the financial system would speedily break down. That is what the prophets of a short war thought would happen; they were wrong.

The second possibility is that the nations at war might be unable to divert enough of the ordinary activity of their countries into war channels to keep the war going. That was the supreme problem of the first year of the war. It was the problem of making enough munitions, enough uniforms for the soldiers, and enough of everything else required at once and month by month. At the time of writing this problem has only been partly solved, but as the countries get further and further away from their normal peace conditions and a larger and larger share of capital and labor is converted into war channels, the solution is more and more nearly reached.

The third possibility is that with the destruction and waste of war the time may come when in some countries, if not in all, the sustenance of the civil population will no longer be compatible with the continued prosecution of the struggle. The form in which this would show itself would be in the increase of the prices of necessities to a level out of reach of large portions of the people. This is the catastrophe to which the nations of Europe are daily drawing nearer, and which, unless other causes intervene to stop the war, must ultimately overtake some or all of them. Such a crisis would involve the immediate withdrawal of the nations affected from the arena of the conflict, and if these nations were essential to the continued resistance of their side, would bring an end to the war.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of the figures with which we are dealing it is desirable to compare the thirty billions of dollars, the annual cost to the governments of the war, with a rough estimate of the income and capital wealth of the belligerent countries. It is impossible to be anything like accurate on these matters because reliable statistics have never been obtained, but we shall be within reasonable limits of error if we place the total incomes of all the people, rich and poor, in all the belligerent countries at forty billions of dollars, and the total capital wealth at two hundred<sup>1</sup> billions.

These figures show that the annual cost of the war is considerably more than half the total income of the countries engaged and about one seventh of their total capital wealth. But any conclusions based on these figures as to the length of time the war might conceivably last are open to grave error. Looking rather to the rapidly increasing level of prices in Europe, it is difficult to see how the war could possibly go on for much more than two or, at the most, three years from the beginning without Europe becoming bankrupt, and

<sup>1</sup> This figure may seem low, but the most recent statistical investigation (see the Royal Statistical Journal for July, 1915) places the total capital wealth of the United Kingdom at about fifty billions of dollars, and none of the other belligerent countries has so great a capital.

it is inconceivable that the war will go on till this final catastrophe is actually reached.

To appreciate what is meant by the bankruptcy of Europe is not very easy, partly because the terms in use as regards men have to be strained considerably out of their ordinary meaning in order to apply them to a continent and partly because it is in the highest degree unlikely that the whole of Europe will, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous one-horse shay, all go to pieces at the same moment. It is better, therefore, to select certain countries and see what will be their condition after the war, provided it is brought to an end at some fixed date, as, two years from its beginning. From this may be obtained an idea of the ruin which will overtake Europe if the war is still further prolonged.

It is obviously impossible to prognosticate the form which the end of the war will actually take, therefore in what follows this factor has been frankly left out of account. It may be objected that this omission entirely vitiates the conclusions arrived at; but this is not really the case. It is true that the vanquished may suffer greater economic disaster than the analysis indicates; but neither victor nor vanquished can suffer less unless, indeed, the victorious countries may be able to recoup themselves by some colossal indemnity, though this is now regarded by most thinking people as unlikely, if not impossible.

The two countries singled out for special analysis are Great Britain and Germany, for both of which sufficiently full particulars are obtainable as to their financial position. They illustrate two widely different economic methods of conducting the war; but they cannot be regarded as typical countries because they are undoubtedly richer than most of the other belligerent nations, and are therefore capable of holding out longer against bankruptcy.

How will Great Britain stand if the war comes to an end in July, 1916? After bringing her soldiers home and disbanding all those she does not permanently require,

the Government<sup>1</sup> will have expended a sum of at least fourteen billions of dollars. Little or none of this has been found during the progress of the war, so that the country will be saddled with an annual charge in the shape of interest of some 650 millions. But this is by no means all. A huge sum will have to be found to provide pensions for disabled soldiers and for the widows and orphans of the killed. Further, it is an accepted maxim of British finance that a sinking-fund must be formed to wipe out the debt as years go by. The effect of these additions will be to bring up the total annual charge on account of the war to at least 850 millions of dollars. Previous to the war, national expenditure and taxation revenue balanced each other at just about 850 millions, so that the effect of the war will be to double the required taxation revenue of the country.

This bald statement hardly conveys the full gravity of the situation unless it is amplified in various ways. The first point to realize is that apart from the existence of the new national debt, the people of Great Britain will be essentially poorer owing to the war—how much poorer it is worth devoting a little space to discuss. It is true that the policy of the British nation has been to pay the full money-value of the things it has taken for the war. The employers who have converted their plant in order to make war munitions have been handsomely paid for their expenditure; their employees have received standard rates of wages and, working overtime, have made more money than usual. The coal-owners, ship-owners, and others whose industries are specially important in war-time have not only not suffered, but have made extra profits. Even the soldiers who have gone out to fight, though no money reward can recompense them for their heroic sacrifice, have been paid, on the average, wages fully equivalent to those they would have earned at home in peace.

<sup>1</sup>Throughout the discussion the part played by the overseas dominions of Great Britain has been left out of account; the finances of Great Britain in Europe have alone been taken into consideration.

But there is another side to the picture. An enormous number of businesses have been partly or utterly ruined. Trade has been so dislocated by the change from peace to war, and will be so much more dislocated by the further change from war to peace, that it will take years to recover. The rise of prices has impoverished great numbers of people. For a time peace will cause appalling unemployment. The overstrain of war work must be followed by a period of slackness and inefficiency. Finally, many taxpayers will have been disabled for life, and many have been killed. Striking a balance between these two conflicting factors, there is little doubt that when peace comes and the nation is faced with the problem of meeting the huge war debt, it will find that the people as a whole are poorer than they were before the war began. From this it follows that the same taxes will not bring in so large a return as they did in 1913.

The second point to be remembered is that an increase in a tax does not generally bring in a proportionate increase in the revenue from that tax. If, for instance, the excise duty in Great Britain levied on the production of beer and spirits, which in 1913 brought in two hundred million dollars of revenue, should be doubled, it would certainly not bring in four hundred millions. It might, indeed, scarcely bring in more than the original two hundred. The main result would be that less beer and spirits would be drunk, which, however satisfactory to the temperance reformer, would not be a solution of the financial problem. Customs duties which brought in 180 million dollars to the British exchequer in 1913 are in somewhat the same position. On the other hand, income tax and super-tax are not very much affected by this consideration; and partly owing to this and partly owing to the fact that these taxes are the principal means in Great Britain of attaching the funds of the well to do, there is little doubt that much of the required new taxation will be of this shape.

Before the war the British income tax and super-tax formed between them a

joint system of taxation of incomes graduated from a tax of about 4 cents on the dollar on moderate incomes up to about 12½ cents on the dollar on really large incomes. These taxes were doubled in November, 1914, and were again increased in October, 1915, so as to run from 11 cents to 35 cents. If the war lasts till July, 1916, further increases will be necessary; and it is not unlikely that for many years to come the tax will run from some 15 cents on the dollar up to as much as 40 or even 45 cents, so that the very rich will be called on to pay away nearly half their income every year to provide the charges involved by the war. This gives an idea of the approach to the bankruptcy with which Great Britain will be faced if the war lasts for two whole years from its beginning.

Turning to Germany, it will be found that the cost of the war to the German Imperial Government is approximately the same as the cost to the British Government. To those who have not followed the national financial statements the fact that Germany, with its much larger number of men engaged, is not spending at a much greater rate may come as a surprise. It is due partly to the fact that Germany is fighting at smaller distances from its base, partly to really greater economy, but largely because of its entirely different method of paying for the war. The German Imperial Government does not pay for what it takes. It demands sacrifices on the part of its citizens. It does not pay its soldiers in the field wages, but only the minute pocket money of five cents (American money) a day. Unless I am mistaken, it does not itself pay full allowances to wives and dependents of soldiers, but leaves these charges to be supplemented, where necessary, by the finances of the separate German kingdoms or by the municipalities. Similarly it makes a demand on other men not in the field for their services in mines and munitions at rates of wages less than they could command in open competition. Also, it has to a greater extent than the British Government prevented employers in certain cases from



making large profits, while a larger number of other businesses have been ruined. For all these reasons the impoverishment of the German people owing to the war is far greater than that of the people in Great Britain, and this despite the greater personal economy which the Germans have practised during its continuance.

At the same time, the war debt of the German Imperial Government for a two-years war will be nearly as great as in Great Britain, namely, twelve billions of dollars. This gives an annual charge for interest of six hundred millions; to this must be added a further fifty millions a year, the average amount by which the German imperial revenue fell short of expenditure in the years preceding the war. So that even if there is to be no sinking-fund and no pension-money, the additional revenue to be found by taxation will not be less than 650 millions and may easily be more. As in Great Britain, this means doubling the required taxation revenue of the country.

The chancellor who attempts to budget for Germany after the war will be faced, therefore, with the same problems already noticed in the case of Great Britain, except that his problem will be harder because the wealth of Germany was less before the war than that of her rival, and in addition the impoverishment caused by the war will be greater. As in the case of Great Britain, a large part of the imposts will have to fall upon the wealthy class either in the form of income tax or of a tax on capital, an experimental form of which was adopted shortly before the war. If the main taxation takes the form of income tax, it can hardly be less than thirty or forty or even fifty cents on the dollar.

Before proceeding to a final conclusion one exceedingly important reservation has to be noticed. In the analysis of the finan-

cial position of Great Britain and Germany after the conclusion of a war lasting two years it has been assumed that the expenditure of these countries other than that of paying the war charges will remain the same after as before the war. That is, of course, a very big assumption, but it has been made in order to have some basis from which to start. If this expenditure be materially increased or diminished, then to the extent of the alteration a corresponding additional burden or relief will be given to taxation. It is difficult to suppose that there can be any considerable alteration in the civil expenditure of the countries; but the military and naval expenditure before the war was enormous (in Great Britain about 400 million dollars a year, and in Germany about 350 millions), and it may well be that the political events at the close of the war may be such as to reduce materially these items. On the other hand, there are some people who believe that expenditure on armaments will be actually increased.

Further discussion of this question is outside the scope of this article, but the fact remains that the financial condition of Great Britain and Germany at the end of a two-years war, whether there be reductions in armament expenditure or not, will be exceedingly grave. Moreover, these two powers are among the richest of the belligerent nations, and up to the time of writing neither of them has suffered seriously from the destructive effects of invasion. The other countries, which are worse off in this respect, cannot fail to feel the situation still more acutely.

Such will be the effects of a two-years war. If the struggle is prolonged beyond that period, then for every additional month that it is continued Europe will draw nearer and nearer to that state of actual bankruptcy which the British ex-chancellor predicted.



# IN LIGHTER VEIN



## Light Breakfast

By LAWTON MACKALL

"HENRY dear," said Mrs. Blodger, gently, without raising her pretty head from the pillow, "it's nearly half-past eight."

"What!" exclaimed her husband, sitting up vehemently and staring at the clock. "Where's Maria? She's supposed to be here by seven, is n't she?"

"Perhaps she did n't come to-day."

"That good-for-nothing darky! I'll go and investigate." Plunging energetically into his bath-robe and slippers, he sallied forth on a tour of the apartment.

No Maria sweeping in the hall; no Maria straightening up the living-room or library; no Maria dusting in the dining-room; no Maria preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

"How provoking!" sighed Mrs. Blodger.

"Provoking? I call it outrageous."

"Yes; I'm sorry, dear, that this will make you late to your office."

"Oh, I'm not bothered about *that*, for I've just put through some new efficiency systems which enable me to accomplish a tremendous amount of work in a very short time. What I can't stand is having that darky *impose* on us."

"But, dearest, maybe she's sick."

"Then she could have sent us word by telephone. No; she's taking advantage of the fact that you are young and inexperienced. But she'll be sorry for it. I'll discharge her myself."

"Now, please don't get excited, dear. If you discharged her, it might be days

and days before we could get another," she said.

"That would n't make any difference. We'd simply take our meals out. Except breakfast, of course. *I'd* get that."

"You?"

"Yes. We'll start this morning. If you'll attend to the dusting,—later in the day, I mean,—I'll bring you your coffee before you get up, just as you're used to having it."

"But, Henry—"

"It won't be any trouble at all. Nothing is, no matter how unfamiliar it may be to you, if you go at it intelligently, scientifically." When Mr. Blodger was obsessed with an idea, it was useless to oppose him. The best policy was to let it take its course. "As I have often told you," he continued, "housekeeping could be greatly simplified if you women would only—"

Seeing that he was about to launch into a homily on efficiency, such as she had heard him deliver at least twenty times in the three months she had been married to him, she said:

"If you're going to get breakfast, had n't you better hurry and take your bath?"

"That's so," he admitted. Shuffling briskly to the bath-room, he was soon foaming at the mouth with tooth-paste.

There was a loud buzzing sound from the direction of the kitchen.

"Henry!" called Mrs. Blodger, "there goes the dumb-waiter. Shall I answer it?"

"No; I'll ho," he replied pastily out of

the corner of his mouth. Still busily agitating his tooth-brush, so as not to waste any time, he paddled to the dumb-waiter and called: "He'o! Whash you wa'?"

"Garbage!" replied a gruff voice. A rattling of ropes announced that the car was on its way.

Mr. Blodger opened the "sanitary garbage closet," and, screwing up his face and tooth-brush, seized something that was mighty unlike a rose. He held the pail out at arm's-length as he carried it to the dumb-waiter.

*Buzz, buzz, buzz,* went the buzzer.

"Huh?" gurgled Mr. Blodger, nervously swallowing a generous amount of tooth-paste.

"Garbage!" repeated the voice.

Mr. Blodger looked helplessly at the can on the dumb-waiter and then at his incapacitated hands.

"Put your garbage on!" roared the voice.

Mr. Blodger sputtered; then, extracting the tooth-brush with the fourth and fifth knuckles of his left hand, he shouted back indignantly:

"I 'id!"

"Then why did n't you *say* so?" And down went the dumb-waiter with a jerk.

Mr. Blodger returned to the bathroom. As he was in the midst of shaving, the buzzer sounded again. This time he was on the alert and ready for any argument. Leaving his razor, but not his lather, he hurried back to the kitchen in a combative mood.

"What do you want?" he yelled defiantly as he opened the door of the dumb-waiter. There was no answer; but facing him on the shelf of the car stood his empty pail, silent, stolid, indifferent to his bravado. He snatched it off and returned to his ablutions.

On account of the extreme lateness of the hour, he decided to finish off with a quick shower-bath, first hot and then cold. Just as he had removed his last garment, the buzzer sounded again.

"Aw, go ahead and buzz!" he said between his teeth.

As he stepped into the hot downpour, the door-bell rang.

"Whoever that is can wait."

But apparently the person in question had no desire to do so, for the bell sounded again and again. To complete the symphony, the telephone chimed in with its merry tune.

"Gwendolyn!" called Mr. Blodger, distractedly amid the roar of waters.

But she, having fallen into a pleasant doze while waiting for her breakfast, did not hear him. The bells and buzzer had by this time settled into a sustained chord like that of the whistles at New-year's.

Bounding out of the tub to the mat, Mr. Blodger wrapped his form, which still glistened with pearly drops, in his bath-robe, and clattered frigidly down the hall.

"Hello!" he cried, snatching off the telephone-receiver. "No, this is *not* Schmittberger the butcher!" Then he darted to the front door. Opening it, he found the postman waiting with a letter.

"Two cents due, please."

The buzzer continued its heavy droning, and the telephone started up again.

"Two cents, two cents," repeated Mr. Blodger in befuddlement.

The postman stared.

"Two cents; yes, two cents," reiterated Mr. Blodger, groping immodestly for pockets where there were none.

"You said that before."

"Oh, excuse me! I'll get it right off. Now, where did I put that purse? Let me think." But thinking in the neighborhood of that telephone was an impossibility. He would have to quiet the thing. So, clapping the receiver to his ear, he protested, "Hello! hello!"

"Will you *kindly* give me Schmittberger's butcher shop?"

"Good grief!" he exclaimed, letting the receiver fall. It swung by its tail, pendulum-wise, barking infuriated clicks.

Mr. Blodger staggered to the bedroom. With reeling brain, he ransacked all his chiffonier drawers for the purse which was lying in plain view on top. By the time he had discovered it and started back to



the door, the buzzer in the kitchen was having delirium tremens. Floundering to the spot, he gasped:

"What do you want?"

"Ice!" was the husky reply.

"All right, I 'll send it down. No, I mean, you send it up."

As the dumb-waiter rose, the temperature fell, and Mr. Blodger soon found himself in the presence of a beautiful blue berg. With chattering teeth, he reached forward and drew it to him. The door of the dumb-waiter closed automatically, and he was left alone in the kitchen with the iceberg in his arms.

How to open the ice-box was a problem. After attempting unsuccessfully to cajole the catch by fondling it with the corner of the berg, he tried nudging it with his elbow. It would not take the hint. Indeed, it refused utterly to move until he got down on his knees before it and rubbed it with his shoulder.

Finally, however, the door opened, disclosing a rival berg, attended by a throng of bottles, siphons, and butter-crocks. A cold, inhospitable crowd they were, resenting any intrusion.

Thus rebuffed, Mr. Blodger, who felt as though he were being frozen and cauterized at the same time, deposited the berg upon the cover of the wash-tubs. It coasted forward, threatening an avalanche. Clutching it at the brink, he paused, and wondered what he would do next.

The door-bell saved him the trouble of deciding. He had entirely forgotten the postman! Setting the berg upon a chair, he scurried out, and offered him a dollar bill, chattering apologies for the delay.

"Have n't you anything smaller?" asked the postman, impatiently.

"N-no, I d-don't think so."

"Then why did you keep me here all this time? I 'll have to come back later."

He started off.

"Stop! Wait a moment! I 'd rather make you a present of the ninety-eight cents. Oh, glory! that 'll have to be gone through with all over again!"

Discouraged and shivering, he leaned

against the side of the doorway. In so doing, his eye fell upon a collection of objects that had been deposited in front of the sill—the morning newspaper, a bottle of milk, one of cream, and a bag containing a long loaf of bread. He stooped over and gathered them up carefully one by one. Just as he had stowed away the newspaper under one arm and gripped the bag with his left hand and the two bottles with his right, the chilliness in him culminated in a sneeze, and everything fell.

Both bottles smashed. Landing just on the sill, they distributed their contents impartially outside and inside.

Finding that the proportion of the flood that the bread and the newspaper were able to sop up was small, though they did what they could, Mr. Blodger hastily procured a bucket and rag from the kitchen, where the ice was indulging in a flood of its own, and set to work mopping. As he sprawled out into the hallway, gingerly squeezing out ragfuls of cream and broken glass, the door opposite was opened and a handsome woman appeared, attired in fashionable street dress. She looked him straight in the eye.

Mr. Blodger clasped his bath-robe to him, made a frenzied recoil, slammed the door, and collapsed into the pool of milk.

"Henry dear, is breakfast nearly ready?" called his loving wife.

Enraged and dripping, he leaped up with sudden strength, and started for the bedroom, spluttering incoherent expostulations as he went.

At that moment there was heard the sound of a latch-key, and a grinning black face appeared.

"Good mawnin', sah. Somefin' seems to be spilt heah."

Fetching a large cloth, she set to work with easy dexterity.

Mr. Blodger, fascinated, watched the lake disappear.

"You bes' get dress', sah. Ah 'll have yo' breakfas' ready in a couple o' minutes."

"Thank Heaven you 're here, Maria!" he said fervently. "I was almost afraid you were n't coming."



## The Ballet of the Roof-tops

By CANDACE THURBER STEVENSON

DANCE, beggars, dance to the tune I am  
piping!

Master and man of the ballet am I,  
Monsieur the March Wind. Now up  
with the left foot!

Back with the right foot! Now  
flutter! Now fly!

All of the clothes that are hanging on  
clothes-lines

Over the roofs of the city I drill.  
Dance, beggars, dance to the tune I am  
piping!  
Up with the smoke-wreaths, and dance  
with a will!

Little white camisole, give us a *pas seul*!  
Float like a wraith, just as I do it—so!  
Sheets in the background, pray steady  
your flapping!  
Ready, you others! now, *pouf*! off you  
go!

Beggars, dance on to the tune I am  
piping!  
The sky 's your drop-curtain of  
quivering blue.  
And look! From the maze of the myriad  
chimneys  
Swirling and whirling the smoke  
dances, too.

Beggars, dance on mid the maze of the  
chimneys!  
Soon the play 's over; the maid comes;  
you 're furl'd.  
Little white camisole loved by a lady,  
Here 's your last chance; make your  
bow to the world!









